¶ The seuen first bookes of the *Eneidos* of Virgill, conuerted in Englische meter by Thomas Phaer Esquier, sollicitour to the king and quenes maiesties, attending their honorable cõsaile in the Marchies of Wales.

Anno. 1558.

xxviij. Maij.

The Letters

Virgil, commented in English Me-
tre by Thomas Phaer Esquire,
dedicated to the King and
Queenes most excellent
Maiesties
and
their
Honorable Coun-
cell.

Anno. 1558.

¶ *To our supreme Soueraine and Lady, Quene Marie, by the grace of God Quene of Englande, Spaine, Fraunce, bothe Scicills, Hierusalem and Irelande, defendoure of the faithe, Archeduchesse of Austriche, Duchesse of Burgundie, Millain and Brabant, Countesse of Haspurg, Flanders and Tyroll.*

MY translation of seuen the firste bokes of Virgilles Eneidos, a man of all writers moste famous and excellente, I doo of duetie presente and dedicate to your gracious highnes, beynge the moste famous and excellent princesse: with the trauaile of your poorest seruaunte, to you my moste souerain good Ladie, and onely redoughted maistresse. To the ende, that like as my diligence employed in your seruice in the Marchies, maie otherwise appeere to your grace by your honourable counsaill there: So your highnes hereby maie receiue the accomptes of my pastyme, in all my vacations, in whiche vacations I made the saied worke, since I haue been preferred to your seruice, by your right noble and faithfull counsailour Willyam lorde Marqueis of Winchester, my firste brynger vp and patrone. If this my beginning maie please your Maiestie, and by the same, your nobilitie & others, that shal vouchsaue to read it: I entende God willyng, to setforthe the reste as sone as I can (if leisour wil permit me.) And in the meane season, & euermore during my life, I shall praie almightie god for your preeminente estate, to encreas in all vertue, honor, prosperitie, and quiet.

Your graces moste humble seruitor and subiecte Thomas Phaer.

¶ A generall somme where=
of all the twelue Bookes of
Eneidos entreateth.

When Troye was destroyed by the Grekes, and their moste of nobilitie slain, Eneas being sonne to prince Anchises, and begoten of Uenus, a man of moste valiant courage and vertue (after great slaughter made on his enemies) was forced to flee his countrey, and taking with him his ymages and Goddes, whom he than worshipte for his auouries, withdrewe hymselfe to the Sea, with his sonne Ascanius, and his olde father Anchises and family, to whom, a great nomber of Troians, from euery quarter resorted, and ioynyng togithers vnder him, erected a nauie of .xx. shippes and departed to seas, perswaded by their Gods, that thei should come to a land, where their kyngdome should reflorishe. Firste he arriued in Thracia, & would haue remained there, but vnderstādyng that yōg Polidorus his cosin, was murthered there by the kyng therof, for his gold, he forsoke that couetous lande, after he had builded a citie, called of his name Eneas. From thens he sailed into Candy, where he was settled a while, but he felt his prophecie wrong expounded, and was put from thens by a Pestilens. Thā remembryng that his aunciente forefathers came out of Italie, and being better instructed by his Gods, that Italy should be his place & kingdome appointed: he cut another course to the land of Chaonia, where one Helenus raigned, beyng his kinsman a Troian, of whom he learned

learned many thynges touchyng his Prophetie, and was newly refreshed with men, armour, and treasour. He passed frō thens to the Yle of Scicill, and was there well receiued of king Acestes his cosin, and there he buried his old father Anchises, by which time, seuen yeres wer almoste expired. Than hauyng but a short iourney to Italie, he went thitherwardes out of Scicill, and by the waie was taken with an horrible tempest, and driuen from Italie an extreme course, to the Countrie of White Moores in Affrike, and after extreme desperation, was honorably there enterteined of the Quene Dido a widowe, with whom he ioyned in loue, and remained till his Goddes commaunded hym forthe, and thens he retourned in hast into Scicill. There for his fathers honoure he deuised games of actiuitie, and setforthe his Obite or yeres mynde, with greate solempnitie and triumphe, building a citie called Acesta, where he left moche of his people, & with the residue arriued in Italy at Cumas, but by the waie he lost Palinurus his chief Maister and Pilot. At Cumas that tyme vnder a gorgeous Temple, Sibly the Prophetisse enhabited deepe in the grounde, of whō at length he obteined, to be conducted to Limbo, and to speake with the soule of his father Anchises, and passed with her through all the places infernall, and at last to the fieldes of blisse, whom the Pagans tooke for their Paradise: where he conferred with his father, and of him was instructed of al his predestinations and fortunes: but before he descended with Sibly, he buried his noble Trompettoure Misenus. At his commyng vp he buried his nurse, and called that coaste of her name Caieta. Then he came saufe into Ty-

ber with all his Shippes, and landed his people, and shortly compounded to marie Lauinia, the doughter of kyng Latinus there reignyng, who before tyme was promised to kyng Turnus, vpon whiche occasion arose warre betwene ỹ two kinges, wherin most of al Italie conspired against Eneas, but he with helpe of a poore king called Euander, and of one Tarchon capitain of a great people of Etruria, who had expulsed Mezentius their kyng for his tyrannie, did so valiantly behaue hymself, that after moste greuous conflictes, he slewe king Turnus in combat, and wan the Ladie and the kyngdome by conquest. Of whose issewe afterwarde proceded the greatest Princes of the worlde, by whom Rome was founded, that sometyme was ruler of the vniuersall earth, and yet among all christen kyngdomes beareth no litle sway of auctoritie and dominion.

The first boke of the Eneidos of Virgil.

That my slender Oten Pype in verse was wont to sounde
Of woodes, and nerte to that I taught for husbandmen the grounde
How frute vnto their gredie luste thei might constrayne to bryng,
A worcke of thankes: Lo now of Mars and dreadfull warres I syng,
Of armes, and of the man of Troye, that first by fatall slight
Did thens arriue to Lauine lande that now Italia hight.
But shaken sore with many a storme by seas and landes ytost
And al for Iunos endles wrath that wrought to haue had him lost.
And sorowes great in warrs he bode ere he ỹ walles coude frame
Of mightie Rome, & bring ỹ goddes to auaūce ỹ Romain name.
Now muse direct my song to tell for what offence and why:
What ailyd to this quene of gods to driue thus cruelly
This noble prince of vertue milde from place to place to toile,
Soch paines to take: may heuēly mindes so sore in rācour boile:
There was a towne of auncient tyme Carthago of old it hight,
Against Italia and Tybers mouthe late look at seas aright:
Both riche in welth & sharpe in warre, the people it held of Tyre:
This towne aboue all townes to reise was Iunos moste desire,
Forsoke her seate at Samos yle and here her armes she set,
Her chare, and here she myndes to make (if all gods do not let)
An empire all the worlde to rule: but hard she had before me
Frō Troy should rise a stock, by whō their towres should al be tome
That farre & wide should beare the rule, so fearce in war to fele
That Lyby lande destroie thei should so fortune turnes the whele,
For feare of that, and callyng efte the old warre to her minde
That she at Troy had doen before for Grekes her frendes so kinde
Ne from her harte the causes old of wrathe and sore disdain
Was slakyd yet, but in her brest high spyte did still remain.
How Paris Venus beautie praised, and hers estemed at naught

Other bookes made by Virgill, before this great worke

He calles for diuine power.

Affrike or therwise called Lybya, did worship Iuno, which was enemie to Troians.

She abhorres ỳ stock & Ganimede whō Ioue to heauē had raught,
Thus stampd in her mode, she kest through all the seas to throwe
The selly poore remain of Troye that Grekes had laied so lowe.
The entent of this work is onelye to tell the beginninge of Rome.
And them that wild Achilles wrath, had spared aliue at last
From Italie she thought to kepe, till destnies should be past.
And many a yeare they wandred wyde, in seas and sondrie pyne,
So hōuge a worke of weyght it was, to bilde of Rome the lygne
Scant from the syght of Sicilyle, their sailes in mery aray
Iuno fretting with her selfe.
Went vnder wynd, & through ỳ seas, & salt fome made their way:
When Iuno her bethought again of her immortal wound
Onto her self. And shal I thus be conquerd and confound:
And shal I leaue it thus ỳ she: shal yet this Troyan king
For all my worke to Italie this people safely bring:
I trow the destnye wils it so: but dyd not Pallas burne
A fleete of Greekes, and in the seas them did all ouerturne
For one mans sinne and for the faut of Aiax made to fall:
She threw the fiers of mighty Ioue from skies vpon them all,
And drowned their ships, & he him self wō whirlewynd set a fier
All smoking on the rockes she kest his carcas to eryer:
But I that quene of gods am cald and sister of Ioue in throne
And eke his wife, how long I war with this pore stocke alone:
So many a yeare: and who shal now dame Iunos godhed know
Or shortly vpon myn altars who due honours wil bestowe:
Thus rollyng in her burnyng brest she strait to Eolia hied
Aeolia a windy countree
Into the contrey of cloudy skies where blustryng windes abide:
King Eolus the wrastling windes in caues he lockes full lowe:
In prison strong the stormes he kepes forbiden abrode to blowe.
Thei for disdain with murmour great at euery mouth do rage,
But he a loft with mace in hand their force doth all aswage.
If he so did not: landes and seas and skies thei wold so sweepe
Within a while, that al wer gone. Therfore in dongeons deepe
Almighty Ioue did close them vp, and hilles hath ouerset
And made a king, that should know whē to louse thē, whento let:
Wil home to entreat this Iuno came, and thus to hym she spake:
King Eolus, for onto thee the great God hath betake
And giuen thee leaue to liste the flouds & calme to make thē still:
On Tyrhen sea there sayles a fleete that beares me no good will.

To

To Italy they mynd to passe, a new Troy there to bylde.
Let out thy windes & all their ships do drowne w̄ waters wylde.
Disperse thē all to sondrie shores or whelme thē downe w̄ deepe. An angry
Of precious Ladies seuen and seuen about me do I keepe, goddesse.
Wherof the fayrest of them all that cald is Deiopey,
Shalbe thyne owne for euermore, my mynd yt thou obey,
And of a goodly son (q̄ she) she shall thee make a syer,
To that said Eolus: O quene: what nedes all this desyer?
Commaund me dame, I must obey, my duety it is of right,
By you this kingdome first I gat and grace of Ioue on hight.
You make me sit among the gods at bankettes this ye know,
you gane me might these stormy winds to straine or make to blow
He turnd his sword whē this was said, & through the hil he pusht
And at that gap w̄ thrōges atones ȳ winds forth out thei rusht.
The whirlewindes to ȳ lands wēt out, & than to seas they flew,
Both East & West, & from the sandes ȳ waues a loft thei threw.
The stormy South again the cliues the waters driues so hye,
That cables all began to crak, and men for dreed to crye. A sodeyne
Anone was take frō Troyans eyes both sight and lyght of sonne, storme.
And on the sea the grim darke nyght to close all in begonne.
The thonders roard, and lightnings lept full oft on euery syde,
Ther was no man but present death before his face espyde.
Eneas than in euery lymme with cold beganne to quake,
w̄ hāds vp throwen to heauēs a loft his mone thus gan he make.
O ten tymes treble blessed men that in their parentes sight
Before the loftely walles of Troy, dyd lose their lyues in sight.
O Diomedes, valiaunt Lord and gide of Greekes most stout,
Could I not of thy force haue fallen, & shed my life right out:
In Troyan feeldes: wher Hector ferce lyeth vnder Achilles laūce: Drowninge
King Sarpedon & many a lord, how blissfull was their chaunce: is miserable
whose bodies with their armes & sheldes in Simois water sinkes.
As he thus spake, the Northen blast his sailes brake to ȳ brinkes,
Unto the skies the waues them lifte, their ores ben all to torne,
Away goth helme, & with the surge the ship side downe is borne,
In come the seas, and hye as hilles some hanges in fluds aboue,
Some downe the gapyng water sendes against ȳ sands to shoue. A piteous
There thre at ones the Southern wind into the rockes hath cast tempest.

(So call thei stones that in the seas like altars lye full fast)
And three the Easterne winde also (that pitie it is to thinke)
Out of the deepe into the sholdes and quicksands made to sinke.
And one that men of Lycia lande and trustie Orontes helde,
Afore his face there fell a sea that made the puppe to yelde.
And hedlong down the master falles, & thrise the keele aground
The water whirlde, & at the last the wylde sea swallowd round.
Then might you se both here & there, men w̄ their armour swim,
The robes and painted pompe of Troye laie fletyng on the brim.
And now the shippes where Ilionee, and where Achates strong,
And where as Abas went, and where Alethes liuyng long,
The wether had won, & through ẏ ribs ẏ seas cam wonders fast:
A frende in extremitie. When sodenly the God Neptune vp sterte him all agast.
With wonder how so greate a rage should happ to hym vntold,
And forthe his noble face he putts the waters to behold.
There sawe he how Eneas shippes through all the seas be spred,
And Troian folkes ydround with flud & stormes falne ouer hed.
Anon the crafte therof he knewe, and Iuno his systers yre.
Strait by their names he calles the windes who thā begā retire
Ar you so bold you blastes (q̄ he) without my licence here
The landes and skies and seas also with soche a storme to stere?
I will be quyte: but first is best the fluddes to set in staie,
And after this for your desertes be sure I shall you paie.
In hast begone, go tell your king the seas is not his charge,
But vnto me that lot befell with mace threforked large.
Not here but in his caues of winde, his court go bid hym kepe.
There tet hym if he list, you blastes enclose in prisone depe.
Obedience of waters, This spokē, with a thought he makes the swellyng seas to cesse
And Sonne to shine, & cloudes to flee, that did the skies oppresse.
The Mermaides therwithall aperes, and Triton fleetes aboue,
And with his forke thei all the shypps frō rockes do softly moue,
Then lets he lose the perlous sandes that shipps away may slide,
And on ẏ sea ful smothe his chare with wheles he made to ryde.
And like as in a people stoute when chaunceth to betide
The multitude to make a fraye of wit full often wide,
That stones & wepons flies abrode, & what come first to hande,
Some sadman comth, that for his right is loued of al the lande:

Anon

Anon thei ceasse and silence make, and doun thei laie their rage
To harke at him, & he ẅ speche their wood mindes doth aswage.
So fell this deadly fraye at sea, when Neptune had controlde
The waters wild, & through the seas his chare abrode had rolde.
The men of Troye vnto the shore that nert was in their sight
Made hast to drawe, and on the coast of Affrica thei light.
Thei were driuen to Affrike.
Har in the shore there lieth an yle and there besides abaie,
Where from the chanel depe the hauen goeth in and out alwaie.
On either side the roches hie, to heauen vp clyme to growe,
And vnder them the still sea lieth, for there no breth can blowe.
But grene wood like a garlãd growes & hides thẽ al with shade,
And in the middes a pleasaũt caue their standes of nature made,
Where sitts ỳ Nimphes amõg ỳ springs in seates of mosse & stone
Wt hẽ ships are in no gables nede nor ankers nede thei none.
Then from the ship to walke a lande Eneas longyd sore,
And chose of all the nomber seuen & brought with him to shore.
There by a banke their wery limmes of salt sea did thei stretche,
Ease after trauaile.
And first Achates from the flynt a sparke of fyer did fetche
Wiche he receiued in mater meete, and drie leaues laied about.
Than vitells out thei layd a lande with seas welnere ymarde.
And corne to drie thei set, and some with stones thei brusyd hard,
There whilest Eneas vp the rocke was gone to walke on hie,
To see where any shyps of his astraie he might espie,
If Caycus armes vpon the sayle, or Capis haps to showe.
No boate in sight, but on the shore thre hartes there stode arowe:
And after them the herd behinde along the valley fedde.
He staied, and of his bowe and bolts Achates straite hym spedde.
The chief that hiest bare their heades, adoun with darts he kest,
And to the woodes he followed than with like pursute the rest.
He lefte thẽ not till seuen of thẽ were saine with bodies greate,
To matche the nomber of his ships that now had nede of meate.
Than to the hauen he doth the flesche among his men deuide,
And pipes of wine departed eke that was abourde that tide
Wiche good Acestes had them giuen when thei frõ Scicile went.
Good comfort of a capitaine,
And then to cheere their heauie harts ẅ these words he hym bẽt
O mates q he that many a wo haue bidden and borne ere this,
Worse haue we seen, and this also shall ende when gods will is.

Through Scilla rage (you wote) & through ẏ roring rocks we past
Though Ciclops shore was ful of feare, yet cã we through at last.
Pluck vp your harts & drive frõ thẽs both thought & feare away,
To thinke on thys may pleasure be, perhaps another day.
With paynes & many a daluger sore by sondry chaũce we wends
To come to Italia, where we trust to fynd our restyng ende,
And where the destnyes haue decreed Troys kingdoms eft to rise,
Be bolde, & harden now your selfes, take ease when ease applise.
Thus spake he tho, but in his hart huge cares him had oppresst,
Dissymling hope with outward eyes, full heavy was his brest.
Than all betyde them to the praye, the banketes gan beginne,
The skinnes from of the flesh they pluct, & eke the entrailes wõ in.
Some cut their shares, & quaking yet on broches gan to broyle,
Some blew ẏ fyer to burne, & some their cawdrons set to boyle.
Good cheere they made & fed them fast as on the grasse they sat,
With wine and vittels of the best and red deare good and fat.
When meate was done & honger past, & trenchers vp were take,
Great serch & talkyng for their frẽdes ẏ were behind they make.
In hope and dreed of them they stand, & whether alive they be
Or what is elles of them become or shall they hem euer see.
But chiefly good Eneas dyd the ease full sore lament
Of stoute Orontes and Amicus whome the seas had hent.
And other whiles he syghed sore for Licus pitcous fall,
And mighty Gias and Cloanthus mournd he most of all.
And now an ende therof ther was, when Ione him self on hye
Beheld ẏ seas where shyps do sayle and broad londs vnder skye.
And from the toppes of heauens aboue he kest hys eyes adowne,
And stayed to loke on Affrike land & who there bare the crowne.
And vnto him as to and fro hys carefull mynd he cast
Came Venus in, and sad she was vnlyke her custome past.
With teares about her eyes so bright she thus began to playne:
O king (q she) that ouer vs all both gods and men dost raygne
For euermore, and with thy dintes of lightning makest a fright:
What hath my son Eneas wrought or spoken agayne thy might:
What hath the symple Troians done: that after turmentes all,
From Italy to kepe them of the world is made to small:
Somtyme ye said ther shuld arise (when yeres wer comẽ about)

Vnder the name of Eneas is described in Virgill the part of a perfite wise mã and valiant captayn if ye marke it.

The

The men of Rome that of the ligne of Troy should be so stout,
That seas & londes should to their rule both far & nye suppresse.
What makes O mighty father now your will away to dresse?
In hope therof yuis I toke the fall of Troy so lyght,
And thought amēdes shuld now be made & pleasur payn to quyte
But now I see the same mischaunce the poze men yet to chace.
What ende therof shall we awayte at your almighty grace?
Antenor through the middes of Grece had fortune sauf to stecle,
And to Lyburnus kingdome came as destnye list to deale
Euen to the middes therof, and head wherout Tymauus springs,
Where issues nine the sea makes in, for nois ẏ mountain rings.
Yet for the men of Troy to dwell a citie bylt he there,
Padua by name, and gaue them lawes & armes of Troy to beare.
Now lyeth he there in pleasaunt rest no wight hym doth disease,
But we your stock whom to ẏ starres of heaue admit you please:
Our shyps destroyed (I abhorre to thinke) & for the cruell spite
Of one alone, we be betrayed and spoylyd of our right,
Ne to the coastes of Italy for ought we can attayne.
Is this the fathers loue we fynd: so stablish you my raygne?
The maker of the Gods and men to her all swetely smyles
with countnaunce such as frō the skies ẏ stormes & coudes exiles.
And swetely kyst hys doughter dere & therwithall he speakes:
Feare not (q he) thy mēs good hap, for none their fortune breaks.
Thy kyngdome prosper shall, and eke the walles I thee behight
Thou shalt see ryse in Lauyne land and grow ful great of might.
And thou thy sonne Eneas stout to heauen shalt bryng at last,
Amonge the Gods be sure of thys, my mynd is fixed fast.
And now to thee disclose I shall (for sore I see thee dout)
The long discourse of destenyes that yeres shall bryng about.
Great warre in Italy haue he shall, ere he the people wyld
Way vndertread, & lerne to lyue, and than the citie byld.
That sommers thre ere he shall syt as king them shall renew,
And winters thre, before he can the Rutyls all subdewe.
Than shall Askanius (now a childe) whose name Yulus hyght,
(Was Yhus cald when Troys estate & kingdome stode vpryght)
Till space of thirtie yeres expire hys kyngdome shall obtayne,
And he from Lauyne shall translate the olde state of the raygne,

Prophecies spoken by Ioue to venus of thinges that after ensued.

And

And strongly fortifye the towne of Alba long shall he,
where whole three hundred yeres ỳ stocke of Hector kings shalbe.
Romulus and Remus were nursed of a shewolf
Till Ilia quene, w̄ child by Mars two twinnes to light shal bryng
whō wolues shal nurse, & proude therof he growes ỳ shalbe king.
Ye Romulus shall take the rule and vp the walles shall frame
Of mightie Rome, and Romaines all shall call thē of his name.
No ende to their estate I set, ne termes of tyme or place,
But endles shall their empire growe, and Iunos cruell grace
That now with feare the grou̇nd beneth turmoiles & eke ỳ skies,
Shall leaue her wrathe, & worke with me, & take more sad auise,
To loue the Romaines lordes of peace, & people clad in gowne.
Let it be so: let tyme roll on, and set forthe their renowne.
Then shalbe borne of Troian blood the emprour Cæsar bright,
whose empire through ỳ seas shal stretch & fame to heuē vpright
And Iulius his name it is of mightie Iule derued.
Hym laden full of Eſterne spoyles by hym in warres atchiued
In heauen ỳ shalt bestow full glad, & vowes men shall him hight
Then doun goth war, men shalbe milde, in armes shal not delite
Then trueth & right & Romain gods shall sit with lawes in hād,
The gates of war with bolts & barres of hard stele fast shal stād.
And therwithin on armour heapes sitts Batail rage, and wailes
With brasen cheines a hundred bound his wrastling not auailes.
Mercurie the sonne of Maie.
Thus moche he saied, and down anon the son of Maie he sente,
That newe Carthage and all the costs of Affrike should be bente,
The Troians to receiue a lande, lest Dido there the quene
Might from her shore erpell them of, er she the cause had sene.
& doune he flies him through the skies, w̄ wing as swift as wind
And on the lande of Lyby stode, and did his fathers minde.
With that the Moores layd doun their rage (as god did bid) & eke
The quene her self gan turne, and to the Troians wared meke.
But good Eneas all that night his minde about he tost,
And in the morning went hym out to serche and see the cost,
To learne what land thei wer com to, what people dwelt theron
If men or salvage beasts it holdes, for vnto he could see non.
This would he knowe, and to his men the trueth of all to tell.
Therwhilest within a water caue his ships he made to dwell,
With boun trees & woodes w̄ shadows thick & eke ỳ rocke doth hide.

Then

Than forthe he goeth, and toke but one Achates by his side.
And launces two thet bare in hande of metall sharpe and light,
And as they went amid the wood he met hys mother right,
Most lyke a mayd in maydens wede, she maydens armour beares,
As doth Harpalicee the quene that horses wild outweares.
So wight of fote, that Heber streame so swifte she leaues behynde,
For hunterlyke her bow she bare, her lockes went with the wynd
Behind her backe, and tukt she was that naked was her knee.
She calde to them and said, good syrs I pray you did you see
To stray thys way as ye haue come, my systers any one?
With quyuer bound that in the chace of some wyld beest are gone?
Or with a cry pursueth a pace the somy boze to payne?
So Venus sayd, and Venus son her answerd thus agayne.
None of thy sisters haue I seen nor heard I thee assure
O mayde, what shall I make of thee? thy face I see so pure.
Not mortall lyke, ne lyke mankynd thy voyce doeth sound, I gesse
Some goddesse thou art, and Phebus bright thy brother is doutles.
Or of the noble Nymphes thou comest, of grace we thee beseche
What euer ꝑ art, and helpe our nede, and now vouchsaue to teach
What lond is this? what coast of heauen be we come vnder here?
Where nether man nor place we know, so strayed we haue in fere
Out of our course we haue bene cast, with winds & floddes yshake,
Afore thyn altars many a beast to offre I vndertake.
As for myn altars (ꝙ she tho) no such estate I beare,
The manet is of virgins here this short aray to weare.
In purple wede we vse to walke with quyuer lyght onbound,
The Realme of Affryke here thou secst, and men of Tyrus ground.
Here is the citie of Agenor, ferce be the landes about,
Quene Dido rules and weres the crowne, from Tyrus she cam out
And lately from her brother fled, the cause is longe to lere.
The storȝ long, but touche I wyll the chief and leue it there.
Sicheus was her husband tho: the richest man of ground
In al that coast, and depe (good hart) in loue with her was dround.
For her to him her father gaue a virgyn yet ontwight,
And to her brother came the crowns of Tyrus than by right
Pigmalyon, a synfull wretche of all euer raygnde,
Whom couetise did blind so sore, and rage of fury straynde,

That onaware, with priuy knife before the altars pure
He slew Sycheus, and of hys sisters loue he thought hym sure.
And long he kept the dede in close, and she good soule full sad
The crafty theft made wõdrous meanes & tales her mind to glad.
But in a dreame (vnburied yet) her husband came to appere
With visage pale, and wondrous hewes, ful deadly was his chere
And told her all, and wide his wound disclosyng shewd his brest
How he before the altars was, for what entent oppressed.
And bad her flee the wicked soyle ere worse might her befall.
And treasor vnder ground he shewd to helpe her therwithall,
Both gold and siluer plenty great vnknowen tyll than, and so
This Dido did, and made her frendes and ordeynd furth to go.
Than soch as for his wicked life the cruell tyrant hates,
Or ben afraied of hym for ought, them getts out of the gates
In shyps that redy lay by chaunce, the gold with them they packt
They spoyld also Pigmalion, thys was a womans act.
Than past they forth and here they came, where now ỹ shalt espye
The hugy walles of new Carthage that now thei rere on hye.
They bought the soyle and Byrsa it cald whan first they did begin
As much as with a bull hyde cut they coude inclose within.
But what are you sayne would I know, or what coast come ye fro:
Where wold you be: demaunding thus he answerd her onto.
With sighyng depe, and from hys brest his heauy tale he fet.
O lady myne (q he) to tell if nothyng did me let,
And of our paines ye lyst to here the stories out at large:
The day wer short, & ere an end the sonne wold hym discharge.
Of auncient Troy (if euer Troy besyde your eares hath past)
Of thens be we: by sondry seas and coasts we haue ben cast.
And now the tempest hath vs brought to Lyby land by chaunce.
My name Eneas cleppd is: my countrey gods (to auaunce)
In shyps I bryng: onto the starres well blasyd is my fame.
Of Italy I seke the lond, and Ioues offspryng I ame
A Troyan fleete I toke to sea with twenty vessels wyde,
My mother goddesse taught my way, as destny dyd me gyde.
Now seuen therof do skant remayne, the rest with wethers gon,
And I onknowen in wilderneste here walke and comfort non.
From Asia and from Europa quite thus dryuen I am: with that

She

She could no lenger bide him speake, but brake his tale therat.
What euer thou art (q she) for wel I wot the gods aboue
Doth loue the moch to saue thy life to thys place to remoue.
Go forth to yonder Palais strayt, assay the quene to see,
For sake thy company a land be set beleue thou me.
And sake thy shyps are come to shore, with Northen wynd at wyll,
Onles my connyng fayles me now whom wont I was to skyll.
Behold the flocke of fir and fir that yonder cherly fyes
Of Swannes, whō late an egle ferce did chace through al ẏ skyes.
Now toward lond, or the lond, they seme their course to kepe,
And as for toy of danger past their winges aloft they swepe
With mirth and noyse: right so thy men and all thy shyps a rowe
Be come to hauen, or nere the hauen in safgard, this I knowe.
Now get the forth, and where the way the ledes hold on thy pace.
Skant had she sayd, and therwithall she turnd aside her face,
As read as rose she gan to shine, and from her beauenly heare
The flauour sprang, as Nectar swete, down fell her kyrtell there,
And lyke a goddesse right she fled. What han he his mother wist,
He followed fast and cald (alas) what mean you, thus to list
In fayned shapps so oft to me begylyng to apeare?
Why hand in hand embrace we not, & ioyntly speake and heare?
Thus playning fore he still his pace vnto the citis holdes.
But Venus as they went, a wede about them both she foldes,
Of myst and cloud and ayer so thicke, that no man shuld them spye
Ne do them harme, nor interrupt, nor are them who nor why.
Her self by skye to Paphos yede wher stonds her honor seates,
And temple riche and of encense a hundred altars sweates,
And where of flowres & garlandes fresh her flore is alway spred.
They in that while went on their way: wherto the path them led.
And now come vp thei were the hill that nere the citie lyes,
From whens the towres and castles all ben subiect to their eyes:
Eneas wondred at the worke where sometime shepe was fedde,
And on the gates he wondred eke, and noise in stretes yspredde.
The Moores wō corage went to worke, some vnder burdens grones,
Some at the walles & towres wō hands wer tombling vp ẏ stones:
Some measurd out a place to bild their mansion house within,
Some lawes and officers to make in parlment did begin.

An old superstition of diuination by byrdes called augurium.

Venus inclosed them bothe in a cloude.

Another sort a hauen had cast and depe they trench the ground.
Seme other for the games and plaies a stately place had found,
And pillers great they cut for kinges to garnish forth their halles.
And lyke as bees among the floures, whan fresh the somer falles
In shyne of son applie their worke, when growen is vp their yong,
Or when their hiues they ginne to flop and hony swete is sprong.
That all their caues and cellers close with dulcet liquor fylles,
Som doth onlade, some other brings the stuffe with ready wylles,
Sometyme they ioyne & al at ones do from their mangers set
The slouthful drones that wold cõsume, & nought wil do to get.
The worke it heates, the hony smelles of flours & tyme ywet.

O happy men whose fortune is your walles now thus to rise
Eneas sayd, and to the toppes of all he kest his eyes.
Encompast with the cloud he goeth (a wondrous thyng to skyll)
And through the middes of men onseen he comth & goth at wyll.
Amyds the towne a grone there stode ful gladsome was the shade,
Where first the Nores by wether cast, and stormes into that trade
Had made a marke, & digde the place, wher shortly they had found
A horses head of corage hye, so Iuno dyd compound,
That by ỹ signe they vnderstode their stocke should prosper stout
In warres and fame, and light to synd in tyme by landes about.
And in that place quene Dido had a gorgeous temple set
With riches great, no spare of cost should Iunos honor let.
The brasen grees afore the dores dyd mount, and eke the beames
With bras are knyt, & vautes & dores of brasse & metall streames.
There in that wood a sodeyn syght hys feare beganne to slake,
And there Eneas fyrst hym dares to trust and comforte take.
For, as within that temple wide on every thing he gased,
And wayted whan the quene should come and stode as one amased
To se the worke, and how to state so sone the town was brought,
And wondred at ỹ precious thyngs ỹ craftsmẽ there had wrought:
He seeth among them all the ieftes of Troy and stories all,
And warres, that wt their fame had fylde all kingdõs great & smal.
Kyng Priam and Atridas twayne, and wroth to both Achille.
He stated with teares, and sayd alas what land hath not his fille
Of our decate (Achates myne) what place is voyde: beholde
Where Priam is, lo here some prayse is left hym for his golde.

At the foũdation of Carthage a horses head was found, like as at the byldyng of Rome the head of a man.

Here is

Here is a syght for man to mourne, and sample take in mynde.
Cast of thy care, for of this same some comfort thou shalt fynde.
So sayd, but yet with picture vayne a whyle his mynde he fedd
With many a sygh, and largy stremes out from his eyes he shed.
For there he sawe, how in the fight the walles of Troy about
Were fled the Grekes, and them pursued the youth of Troian rout.
Here they of Troy be chaced afore Achilles wylde in chare.
Not far aloof was Ryses campe that white in baners bare.
He mourned to thinke how sone betrated they were, & fast a sleepe
Tytides them in blody fyght destroyed with slaughter deepe
And brought away their horses stoute, ere ones they had assaid
The tast of Troian pastures, or their feete in water laid.
Another way was Troylus seen to ronne with armour broke,
Unlucky lad, and matche vnmete Achilles to prouoke.
His horses fled, and he along in chare was ouercast,
Yet helde he still the raynes in hand, & ere a whyle is past,
By hear and head onto the ground Achilles hath hym hent,
And with his speare to cruell death in dust he hath hym sent.
Therwhyles onto the temple great of angry pallas went
The wyfes of Troy, with hear onfold a veyll they did present
With hũble teares, & on their brests to knock they nothing spares.
She turnes her face, & fast her eyes vpon the ground she stares.
Thre tymes about ỹ walles of Troy was Hector haled on groũd,
His carcas eke Achilles had for gold exchaunged round.
Then from the botom of his brest a hougy sigh he drewe,
Whan of his friend the cruell spoyll & chare and corps he knewe.
And Priamus he sawe to pray with handes abrode on knee.
And eke hym selfe among the lordes of Greec he sawe to be.
And armies out of Inde there came and Memnons blacke aray,
And from the realme of Amazon with thronges & targettes gay
Penthasilee Virago feers, amids the millions standes
In armour gyrt, her pappe set out with lace of golden bandes
A quene of war, though maide she be, with men she lykes to trye.
Whyle thus about this Troian duke Eneas led his eye.
With marueil much, and erneste stode him still in one to beiwe.
To temple comes this Dydo lo, this quene so faier of hewe,
Of lordes and lusty yonkers fyne about her many a rout.

The battels and siege of Troy paynted at full in the temple.

She wold be knowen for a woman.

Moste like onto Diana bryght whan she to hunt goth out.
Upon Eurotas bankes, or through the copps of Cynthus hille
Whome thousandes of the ladie Nymphes awaite to do her wille.
She on her armes her quyuer beres, and all them ouershynes,
And in her brest the tykling ioye her hart to myrth enclynes.
So Dido came, and freshly glad among the prease she past.
And forward she their worck set furth and cherly biddes them hast.
Whan she into the temple came, before the goddesse gate
Amyddes her gard, her down she set in seate of great estate.
There Justice ryght and law she gaue, & labours did deuide
In equall partes, or elles by lot let men their chaunce abide.
Whan sodenly Eneas seeth with great concourse to thronge
Both mighty Anteas and Sereitus and Cloanthus stronge.
And other Troians many one, whome wethers wyde had spred
And dryuen abroade in sondry sortes to diuers costes yled:
Astoynd with him Achates was, for Joy they wold haue lept
To ioyne their handes, but fear agein them helde & close ykept
Toke nothyng on, and through the cloude thei hid, did all behold
What chaūce they had, & where their ships & what shore might thē
What make they there, for mē yculde of all ỹ nauy chief (hold.
With cries into the temple came, to seke the quenes relief.
Whan they wer in, and licence had before the quene to speke,
The greteste lord sir Ilioneo, thus gan the silence breke.

The oration of Ilyoneus to Dido.

O quene to whome is gyuen of God to byld this citie new,
And for your iustice peoples proud & saluage to subdue:
We Troians poore whome through the seas al tempests tossid haue
Beseke your grace our sely ships from wycked fier to saue.
Haue mercy vpon our gentill stocke, & graciously relieue
Our paynfull case: we come not here with wepons you to greue,
To spoyle the cost of Liby land, nor boties hens to beare.
We conquerd men be not so bolde, our pryde nede non to feare.
There is a place the Grekes by name Hesperia do call
An auncient lond and stout in war, and frutefull soyll withall.
Out from Enotria they came that furst did tille the same,
Now Italy men saith is calde so of the capteins name.
To that our course was bent,
Whan sodenly there rose at south a wynd and tempest wood.

That toward

That toward shore enforst to fall, and so toke on the flood,
That in the rockes we be dispersst, we few this cost haue caught.
What kind of men be these of yours: what maners wild ytaught
This contry kepes: to lodge in sand we can not suffred be.
They fight, and non to tread a land they can content to see.
If mortall men you do despise and care for non in fyght:
Yet haue respect to Gods aboue that iudge both wrong & ryght.
We had a kyng Eneas cald, a ruster was ther none
In vertue, nor in feates of war, or armes coude matche him one.
Whome if the destnies kepes aliue (if breth and aier of skies
He drawes, nor yet among the gostes of cruell death he lies)
There is no fear it shalbe quitte the fauour now you showe,
You furst his kyndnes to prouoke shall neuer repent I knowe.
In diuers yles some cities be that Troian armour beres,
Of Troians blood ther is also Acestes crowne that weres.
Now gyue vs leaue our shaken ships to lay a land we pray,
And tymber to repare them eke, and ores to passe our way:
That with our kyng if we can meete, and eke our fellowes moo,
To Italye by your relief with glad chere may we goo.
But if that comfort all be past, and mighty father thee
The Lyby seas hath had, nor of Askanius hope may wee:
Yet at the least to Scicil yle, and seates that will not swarue,
From whens we came let vs depart, and king Acestes serue.
So said sir Ilioneе, the rest of Troians cried the same
At ones with murmour great.

Than Dido shortly full demure her eies down set, and thus:
Cast of your care you Troians, set your hartes at eas for vs.
Great nede, and yet the raw estate of this my kingdome newe,
Compells me thus my coast to keepe, and wide about me viewe.
Who knowes not of Eneas who: or hath not hard the name
Of lusty Troy: and of the men and all that warre the flame:
We Moores be not so base of wit, ne yet so blunt of mynd.
Ne from this towne the sonne his steedes so far away doth wynd.
Go where ye pleas, to Italy to old Saturnus feldes,
Or get you into Scicile land that kyng Acestes weldes.
I will you helpe, and see you safe, and gyue you goodes to go,
Will you remayne euen here with me: can you content you so:

The further from the sonne the duller wittes The comon people ymagined the sonne to be caried about in a charet with horses,

This towne

This towne is yours, I haue it made, set vp your thyps anone:
A Troian and a Poore to me indifferent shalbe one.
And wold to god your kyng had hapt thys way also to bend,
And were him self Eneas here, forsoth I wyll out send
Along the coastes and wyldernes, perhaps he may be found,
Or any where in townes he strayes, or woods of Affrike gronnd.
With thys the Troians comfort toke, and now Achates strong,
And lord Eneas through the cloud to breke they thought to long.
Achates to Eneas fyrst hym drew and to hym sayd:
Thou goddesse son what meanst ꝑ thus? how lõg shal we be stayd?
All thyng thou seest is sauf and sure, our flete, our frends, and all.
We misse but one whom in the middes of fluddes we sawe to fall
And drowne, but in the rest I see your mothers tale is trew.
Skant had he spoke, and sodenly the cloud from them withdrew,
And vanisht into ayer alone, and left them bare in lyght.
Eneas stode and freshly shyne all men behold hym myght,
Most like a god wyth face and hew, for than hys mother deare
Set forth her sonne with shulders fayer, & comely shynd his heare.
And with a roset youth hys eyes and countnaunce ouercheard,
And white as burnisht yuery fyne hys necke and hands appeard,
Full lyke as if the syluer cleare or pearles are put in gold.
Than to the quene he steps, and sayd (all sodeynly) beholde,
He that you seke, loe here I am, Eneas Troian I:
Escapyd from the Lyby seas where lost I was welny.
O quene that in our woes (alone) such mercy dost ertend
To vs the poore remayne of Troy, that welny brought an end
By seas and londes are tost and tyerd, of all thyng bare and pyld,
Our town, our house, our peoples eke: you worthy thanks to yeld
It lieth not Dido in our power, nor what is euery where
Of Troian blood, not al that through ꝑ wide world skattred were.
The almyghty gods (if pyty they regard, or if there be
Of Justice any wyght or soule that vertue loues to see)
Do pay thy mede: what happy world forth such a treasur brought?
What blessyd father thee begat, and mother such hath wrought?
Whyle floods into ꝑ seas do ronne, whyle hylles do shadowes cast,
And whyle the starres about the skyes doth turne and tary fast:
Shall neuermore with me thy name thy prayse and honour end,

What

What land soeuer calth me to. So sayd, and than hys frend
Syr Ilionee by hand he toke, and than Serethis strong
And Gias and Cloanthus eke, and other hys lordes in throng.
The quene astoyned gan to be, whan first she saw the syght,
And weyed the chaunce of soch a lord, & thus her words she dyght.
Thou goddesse son, what fortune hy through al thes dãgers driues?
What force onto this cruell shore thy person thus arriues?
Art thou not he Eneas whom from Dardanus the kyng
Anchises gat on Venus hie, where Symois doth spryng?
Ere this I well remember, how that Teucer from hys raygne
Expulsed was, and to the town of Sydon flee was fayne,
Some helpe at Belus hand to opteyne, his kingdome to restore.
Than warrd my father Belus wide in Cypers land so sore,
And conquerd all and kept the state, that tyme I heard the fall
Of Troye, and eke the name of thee, and kings rebertyd all.
Their enmye of the Troians than great praise abrode dyd blowe,
And of the auncient race of Troy to come he wold be knowe.
Wherfore approche, and welcome all, my houses shall you hoost,
For like mischaunce with labours sore, my self somtyme hath tost.
And fortune here hath set me now, this land thus to subdewe,
By profe of payne I haue been taught on paynfull men to rewe.
Thus talked she, and than Eneas to her pallais brought,
Whan on their altars they had done soch honors as thei thought.
Yet ceassyd not the quene to send onto his men that tyde
A shore of bulles, and eke of brawnes a hundred rough of hyde,
And with the dames a hundred more of lambes both good and fat,
The gladsome giftes of god.
The inner court was all beset with richesse round about,
And in the middes the feasles they gan prepare for all the rout,
w precious clothes & conning wrought, & proudly enbrodred wide,
And on the bourdes the mighty piles of plate there stode beside,
Whereon was grauen in golden worke the stories all by rowe,
And dedes of Lordes of antike fame a long discourse to knowe.
Eneas than (for in his mynd coude loue not let hym rest)
Hys frend Achates for hys sonne Askanius hath hym drest
Onto the shyps, and bad hym tell the newes, & bryng him there
As fast as may, for in Askanius first was all hys feare.

And giftes with him he had to bring from Troy destroyed yfet.
A royall pall, that all with gold and stones was ouerset,
And eke a robe with borders riche, sometyme it was the wede
Of Helene bryght whan Paris her from Grece to Troy dyd lede.
Her mother Ledas gift it was, a wondrous worke to viewe.
A scepter eke that Ilionee king Priams doughter trewe
was wont to beare, & more a broothe that frō her neck went down
With precious pearles, & doble set of fyne gold eke a crown.
These things to fet Achates hast onto the nauys makes.
But Venus straunge deuises new and counsails new she takes,
That Cupide shall the face and hewe of sweete Askanius take,
And beare the presentes to the quene her hart a fier to make
With feruent loue, and in her bones to flyng the priuy flame.
Suspect she doth the Moores, that haue of doble tong the name,
And Junos wrath her frettes, and in the night her care returnes.
Therfore she thus exhortes her son Cupide that louers burnes.
My son, that art my stay alone, my great renowne and might,
My son, that of the thonderblastes of hye Joue settst but light,
How through the seas Eneas myne thy brother hath ben thrown
By cruell Junos wicked wrath, to the is not vnknown.
And often mourn'd with me thou hast therfore, but so it is
With Dido quene he lodgeth now, and fayer he flattryd is.
But wherto Junos ynnes wil turne, is matter hard to know,
In soch a tyme of daunger great thou mayst not be to slow.
Wherfore preuentyng all mischaunce, I list to worke a wyle,
And with the flame of loue I meane the quene now to begyle.
Lest by some mysaduenture bad her mynd she haply turne,
But for Eneas loue with me somedeale I lyke she burne.
And how this thing ywrought shalbe, giue eare & know my mind.
Now goth the child my chiefest care onto his father kynd
Into the town, & from the seas the presentes forth he brings
That frō the flames of burnyng Troy was kept as worthy things.
Him purpose I a slepe to make, and into hye Cythere
Or to my seates in Yda mount, all onaware to beare,
That from this craft he may be farre, ne let herin do make
Thou for a night, and not beyond, his forme and fygure take
Her to begyle, and of a chyld thou chyld put on the face,

Venus trāsformeth Cupide her son into the likenes of Askanius.

That

That whan within her lappe the quene the gladly shall embrace, wantõnes af-
Among the royall pompe of meate and wine of Bacchus blisse, ter goodfare
And clippes the sweete, & on thy lippes doth prẽsse ỹ pleasant kisse,
Dispersse in her thy secret flame and poyson sweete inspier.
Loue doth obey, putts of his wyngs, and after her desier
Putts on Askanius shap forthwith, and lyke the same he went.
But Venus on Askanius sweete a restfull slomber cast,
And in her bosome vp the beares, and forth with hym she past
To Yda woods, where beddes of Tyme and Maioram so soft,
And lusty flowres in grenewod shade him breathes & comforts oft.
And now Capido is on his way, Achates with hym yeed,
The royall prẽsentes to the court they bare as they were bydde.
Whan in they came, the quene her set in chayre on carpet gay.
Of kingely state, with hangings riche in gold and proud aray.
And now the Lord Eneas eke and youth of Troian rout
Together came, in purple seates bestowd they were about.
The waiters gaue the waters swete & princely towells wrought,
And eke the bread in sondry gyse on baskettes fyne they brought.
And fifty ladyes far within there was, that had the charge
Of all the feast to be set forth and fyers on altars large.
A hundred more to wayt and carue, and lyke of age and trade
A hundred gentlemen, the bourdes with deynty fare to lade.
And many lordes of Moores among, at euery bourd to dyne
Came in, and were commaunded sit on picturd carpets fyne.
They wondred at the prẽsentes there, they wondred at Yule
His cõtnaunce quicke, & well that god his eyes & tong coude rule:
But specially the quene was caught in meruell to behold
Vpon the child, vpon the pall, the giftes and robe of gold.
No syght her eyes coud drawe therfrom, and as she lokyd more,
The more she fell into the flame, that after paynd her sore.
But chiefly to the noble boye she moues, who in a while
Whan he hys father fals with loue and killyng did begile:
Onto the quene he drew, and her with eyes and breast and all
About her necke embraceth swete, and whole on her doth fall.
She on her lappe somtyme hym setts, good Dido nothing knowes
How great a god vpon her sitts, what cares on her he throwes.
Yet thinking on his mothers art, by smal and smal doth make

The quene forget her husband dead, & him from mynde to shake.
And where of loue she nothing feles her hart she kept so true,
Her wonted heat and old desyres he steres and doth renue.
Whan men from meate began to rest and trenchers vp wer take,
Great bolles of wynes along they set, & crownes on thē they make.
Great chere in all the chambers wyde, of noys the hall it rynges,
And tapers toward night they burne hie hangd wt golden stringes
And with the light of torthes great the darke of dryue atones.
The quene commaunds a myghty bolle of gold & precyose stones
To fyll with wyne, whome Belus king and all king Belus tyne
Was wont to holde, thā through thē all was silens made by signe.
O loue qᵗ she, for thou of hostes and gestes both great and small
Wen say the lawes hast put: giue grace I pray, & let vs all
Both Mores and also Troians here this day for good be mett,
That all our offspryng after vs this tyme in ioye may set.
Now Bacchus maker of the myrth, good Iuno goddesse deere,
And you O Moores go do your best these Troians for to chere.
Thus sayd she, & whan the grace was done, ẏ boll in hand she sipt,
And in the liquor sweete of wyne her lypps she scantly dipt:
But onto Byrias she it raught, with charge, and he anon
The fomy bolle of gold vpturnde, and drew tyll all was gon.
Than all the lordes and states about: And on his golden harp
Yopas with his bushie lockes in swete song gan to carp
Of stories soth as him had taught most mighty Atlas old.
The wandryng mone, and of the sonne the dayly toyl he told.
How mākynd was begon & beasts, wherhens the fier & shoures
Procedes, & how the starres arisen & fallen in certein houres.
The wayn, ẏ plough starres & ẏ seuē that storms & tēpest loures.
What meanes the sonne that to the seas he westward hieth so fast
In wynter daies, and why the nyghtes so short in somers wast.
The Mores with cries cast vp their handes, so doth ẏ Troians eke,
And all that nyght of them the quene new talke began to seke.
Full oft of Priam wold she knowe, of Hector oft enqueres,
In what aray Auroras son came in she gladly heres.
What horses Diomedes brought, how great Achilles was,
She lernyd all to sone, and of long loue she bibbes (alas)
And from the first (qᵗ she) my gest, vouchsaue I pray to tell

Songes of Astronomy for princes.

The treasons of the Grekes, and haw your towne people fell.
And of your chaunce and trauayles all, for thus these seuen yere
About the landes and all the seas thou wandrest as I here.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer. xxv. Maij finitum.
Inchoatum. ix. eiusdem. 1555. in foresta
Kilgerran Southwallie.
Opus vndecim dierum.

The seconde booke of Eneidos.

THey whusted all, and fyxt with eyes
ententiue did behold
Whan lorde Eneas where he sat from hye
benche thus he told.
A dolefull worke me to renewe (O quene)
thou doost constraigne,
To tell how Grekes the Troian welthe and
lamentable raigne
Did ouerthrowe, whiche I my self haue
seen and ben a part
No small therof, but to declare the stories all: what hart
Can of the Greekes or soldiour one of all Vlisses rout
Refrayne to weepe: & now the night with hie heauen goth about,
And on the skies the falling starres doth men prouoke to rest:
But if soch great desier to knowe, soche longing haue your brest
Of Troy the latter toyle to heare: to speake or yet to thinke
For all that it my mynd abhors, and sorows make me shrinke,
I wyll begyn. Forsaken of Gods, & tyerd with warres at last,
The lordes of Grekes, whan all in vayne so many yeres had past,
A horse of tree by pallas art moste lyke a mount they frame
With tymber bourdes, & for a vow to leaue they blowe the same.
There is an yle in syght of Troy and Tenedos it hight,
A welthy land while Priams state and kingdome stood vpryght,
But now a baye, and harber bad for shyps to lie at roade.
To that they went, and hyd them close that non was seen abroade
We thought them gon, & with the wynd to Grece to haue ben fled,
Therfore all Troy for ease of labours long abroade them spred,
With open gates they ronne to sport, and grekishe campes to see,
And places long of souldiours kept wherof they now be free.
Here lay the men of Dolop land, here fearce Achilles fought,
Here stood the shyps, and here to trye wer wont the armies stout.
Some gasyd at the straungy gift that there to pallas stood,
And wondred of the horse so great: and furst for councell good,
Tymetes strayght wold into towne and market haue it brought.

Pallas goddesse of wisdom and inuentiō whō Grekes and Troians did honour.

God wote

God wote if craft or whether so of Troy the fortune wrought.
But Capys and a fewe beside that wyser wer of skyll.
Bad throwe the treasons of the Grekes and giftes suspected yll
Into the seas, or with a fier ymade to burne outryght,
Or hewe the rybbes and serche within what thyng yhid be might.
The comons into sondry wittes diuided wer and stood,
Till from the town Laocon came in hast as he wer wood,
And after hym a nomber great, and ere they gan to throng
He cryed, O wretched citezens, what madnes is you among?
Beleue ye gone the Grekes? or do you thinke that any giftes
Of them be good? so know you well that false Vlisses driftes?
In this tree (for my lyfe) is hid of Grekes an hideous rout
Or this is but an engyn made to skale our walles without:
And sodenly to slyp them down and on the cytye fall,
Or other worse deuise ther is, take hede ye know not all.
What euer it is, I feare the Grekes, & trust their gifts as smal.
He sayd, and with a corage good his myghty speare he driues
Against the syde beneth the ribbes, that where he hittes it cliues.
It shakes aloft, and styll it stood that through the belly round
The bawtes within and croked caues of noyse did all rebound.
And if the wyll of Gods had not: had not our hartes ben blynd,
Ynough was done all vp to breake, and all the craft to fynd,
And Troy ỹ sholdst haue stond as yet, & Priams toures haue shynd
Behold the shepeherdes in this while a yongman haue ycaught,
And pynyond with his handes behind onto the kyng him brought.
That for the nones had done him self by yelding to be take
To compasse this, and to the Grekes, Troy open wyde to make.
A fellowe slye, and stout of mynde, and bent in both to trye,
To wynne with gyle, or if he faile, with certeyn death to dye.
On euery syde about him drew the Troian youth to see,
And some of them to skorne him gan, but now take hede to me:
You shall perceyue the treasons false of Grekes, and of this one
Coniectur all.
For as vnarmyd in the middes all vered there he stoode,
And with his eies on Troian men did loke with piteous moode:
Ahlas (q he) what ground may me, what sea may me receiue?
What shall I caitif miser do? what hope may I conceyue?

Caused him self of purpose to be taken.

Synons lamentacion.

That neither

That neither with the Grekes dare byde, and nowe ỹ Troians here,
(As worthy is) my blood to shed for vengeaunce do requere.
With mourning thus our minds gan turne, our force we left alone.
And bad him tell what man he was, what ment he thus to mone,
What newes he had he should erpresse, & forth his mind to breake.
He at the last set feare a syde, and thus began to speake.
All thing (q he) o king what euer it is I will confesse,
Nor me a Greke I can deny among them borne doutlesse.
This fyrst: for though ỹ fortune fals hath Synon captyue brought,
A fyne dissymuler. yet lyer shall she neuer make, nor fayne or flatter ought.
In speche if euer to your eares the name of Palamede,
Hath come, & of the glory great that of hys fame dyd spred,
Whome by a treason false the Grekes in spite by wycked lawe
Ungilty did condempne (alas) for he from warre did drawe
He toke vpon hym to be kinsman to Palamedes a Grecian that alwayes dyd saueure the Troians. To death him put, and now him dead they morne to haue againe.
Hys squier I was and kinsman nere, my father (to be playne)
To him for powerty me put in armes my youth to frame,
whiles yet hys kingdom stood ontwight & (truth to say) some name
And honour eke we bare with men: but whan through false enuy,
The wicked wretche Vlisses had betrayed and done hym dye:
For wo my life in corners darke and waylyng forth I drewe,
Lamentyng sore the fall of myne ungilty frend so trewe.
And foole I could not hold my peace, but if that fortune serued,
If euer to my countrey come I might, as he deserued
With hym I threatned to be quite, and great thinges did I crake.
Here was the cause of all my wo, this dyd Vlisses make
New crimes against me to inuent, and cause me be suspect
To all the campe, as one by Troy of treason than enfect.
Nor would he rest, tyll Calchas had by hys vngracious wit,
But what do I rehearse these thinges to shew that be not fit?
If all the Grekes in one estate you hate, if I it will
It is ynough: you haue me here, take vengeaunce if ye list,
Vlisses and Atridas twayne great goodes for that wold spend.
Than kindled be we more to know the circumstance and end,
Not thinkyng of so great a craft, and Grekes deuise so fell.
All trembling on his tale he goth with fayned hart to tell.
Full oft the Grekes would haue ben gon and Troy forsake at last,

For

For wery of the warre they were, that long in vayn had past.
And gon they had: but often tymes rough seas and cruell tide,
And wynter storme & sothern wynde them stayed and made to bide.
But chiefly whan this timber horse was reysed & stode on ground,
Soch noys among the cloudes was hard that al the skies did sound.
Euripilus to Phebus strait for councell all amaasd
We sent, and he returning home this heauy answere blaasd.
With blood (o Grekes) ye wan the wynds & with a virgin slayn,
Whan first the seas to Troy ye toke, & now through blood agayn
Seke to returne, a Grekish soule for wind ye must bestow.
That word whan to the commons eares was sooneabrode yblow,
All men agast, and trembling feare on euery person falles
To thinke who now this death shuld die, and whom Apollo calls.
Vlisses here his time espied, and Calchas forth he drew
The prophete great, and him before the states of Grekes anew
Bad utter plain what man it was Apollo so desierd.
And here and there men murmurd me: for priuily enspierd,
Men smeld the compasse of this wretche, & some me warning sent.
Ten daies in silens Calchas was and semyd not content,
That by his tale shuld any man to cruell death be drest:
Till at the last Vlisses ertes, him forst withouten rest
As couenant was, with open voyce, and me to death they name.
All men agreed, for of hym self eche one dyd feare the same,
And to be suer with glad assent they all cried out on me.
And now the day was nere at hand whan offred I shuld be.
The garlandes on my head were set, and frutes (as vsage is.)
From death my self I drewe, & brake my bonds I knowledge this,
And in a flymy lake of mud all night lay hid in woose,
Till they were past and vnder sayl I durst me not disclose.
And now my natyue countrey dere foreuer haue I lost,
Nor see my children sweete I shall, nor father louyd most,
Whom they perhaps for my escape all gyltles put to payne,
And with the death of them pore soules this fault redeme agayne.
That I thee, by the mighty gods and heauen that truth doth here,
By (if there doth among mankynd remayne yet any where)
Vnfaynyd fayth: (o king I pray) haue mercy on my estate,
Relief my woe whom cares oppresse that all men kindly hate.

Agamemnon slew his doughter to haue good wynde.

Than pardon we for pity gaue, this wayling ſmartes vs ſo,
King Priam fyrſt his men commaunds to vnbynd hym fre to go.
What euer thou art, forget the Grekes, from hens ꝑ nede not care,
Thou ſhalt be ours, and now the trueth of my requeſt declare.
What mean they by this monſter byg, this horſe who did invent?
Wherfore? religion ſake? or for the warres ſome engyn bent?
Thus ſaid: and he with Grekiſh wiles and treaſons fals yfreight,
His louſyd hands to heauens aboue with great cry held on height.
O euerlaſtyng fyers of god, whoſe wrath no wyght can beare,
You altars, and you ſwords alſo, whoſe force I fled I ſweare,
And you to witnes now I call, and by the garlondes gay
That like a beaſt to ſlaughter brought (ꝙ he) I bare that day:
Not by my will I am compeld great ſecretes here to ſpreede,
Not by my will my countrey I hate, but ſynce their cruell deede
Hath forſt me thus, it lawfull is, all gods me pardon ſhall,
Though myſtries hie whom they conceyle I blaſe and vtter all.
Thou Troy therfore (which I preſerue) w̄ like faith ſaue thou me
Performe thy word, if treaſures great, great fortune bring I thee.
The hope of Grekes and comfort all ſynce firſt the war began,
In Pallas ayde was euer ſet, and not in vayne, till whan
Tytides, and of miſchief all the father Vliſſes, had
By treaſon Pallas temple take, by night like people mad
They ſlew the watche, and in they brake, and all w̄ blood enbrued
Away they brought with ſinfull hands her ſigne w̄ bliſſe endued.
From that day forth good fortune flew, nothing to mind ſucces,
No hope ne force they find, and quite the goddeſſe them refuſe.
Nor by no doubtfull ſignes of wrath them Pallas dyd affright,
For ſkant her ymage to the campe was brought, & there ypight,
A fiyng flame from out her eyes vpſtert, and ouer all
Her body ran with ſwette, & from the ground (we wondred all)
Thre times alone ſhe leapt, and thriſe her ſheld & ſpeare ſhe ſhoke.
Anone to flight and to the ſeas byds Calcas men to loke.
This hope is loſt (ꝙ he) by Grekes ſhall Troy not now be teard,
But leaſt this goddeſſe from our campe they fetche is to be feard.
And now that to their contrey land the long ſeas haue they paſt
Tis but a wyle, for there a new their goddes to winne they caſt,
And w̄ a freſh force goddes & men, whan wind may ſerue to driue,

Sometyme they caryed their ydolles to the warrs.

All

All onaware anew they come, thus Calcas can contryue.
And for amends to Pallas wrath so bent with sore offence,
By visions warnd this ymage here they set ere they went hence.
But it so huge in timber worke, so nere the skyes to lift,
For feare of you did Calcas make, for this was Calcas drift:
That to your town, ne through your gates ye might it not receaue
Nor it the people worship shuld, but Pallas honours leaue.
For if by chaunce ye shuld attempt this gift of hers defyle,
Destruction great & long (that god on his head whelme therwhile)
Without en doubt on Priams blood, and all hys empier falles.
But if by your deuotion great it had stand on your walles,
All Greece shuld for your fortune quake, & conquestes far and wide
Ye shuld obteyne, & we and ours those destnies must abide.
By this decept, and through the craft of Sinon false perieurd
This to beleue vs falshed caught, and we w̄ teares allewrd,
Whome neyther all Tytides force, nor fearce Achilles fame,
Not ten yeres war, nor yet of Grekes a thousand ships coud tame.
Another monster worse than this, and worse to dread our eyes
Amasyd made, and quite from doubt confounds our harts wise.
For as by chaunce that time a priest to Neptune chosen newe,
Laocoon a mighty bull on the offryng altar slewe,
Behold from Tenedos aloof in calme seas through the depe
(I quake to tell) two serpents great w̄ foldyngs great doth swepe.
And syde by syde in dragons wise, to shore their way they make.
Their heads aboue ỳ streame they hold, their fierreed manes they
ỳ salt sea waues before them fast thei shouen, & after trailes (shake,
Their vgly backs, & long in links behind them drag their tailes.
With rushing noyse the fome vpspringes and now to land they past
w̄ blood read lokes, & glistring fiers their sparckling eyes out cast,
Wher hissyng out w̄ spyrting tōgs their mouthes they lickt for yre.
We dead almost for feare do flee, they strait with one desyer
On Lacon set, and fyrst in sight his tender children twayne
Eche one they toke, & winding wraps ther tender limmes to strain.
And gnawing them w̄ gredy mouthes (poore wretches) fede thei fast
Than he him self to their defence with drawn sword making hast,
In hold they caught, & wrething gript his body about at twise,
And twise his throte with rolles they girt themselfs in cōpas wise.

Pitie dis troyed thē.

Laocon that smote the horse was kil led with hys children by serpentes.

And than their heads & skalebright necks him ouer aloft they list,
Whã frõ ther knotts himself to ontwyne, w̃ hãds he sought to shift,
Their poysons ranck al ouer him ronnes, & lothsom filth out flies,
Therwith a greysly noyse he castes that mounts vp to the skies.
Likewyse as from the mortall stroke some woundyd bull at stake,
The slaughtring axe hath fled by chãce, & roaring loud doth make.
But they anone ẏ dragons twayn all glydyng swift they leapt,
And to the goddesse sacred seat in Pallas temple creapt,
There vndernoth her shelde & feete they couching close thẽ kept.
Whã trẽblyng feare through al our harts was spred & wõder new
We thinke how Lacoon for synne was payd w̃ vengeauns dew
For hurtyng of that holy gyft, whom he with cursyd speare
Assaylyd had, and worthy was men sayd that plage to beare.
Bring in the holy horse they crye, this goddesse wrath to appeas,
And her of mercy great beseke.
Thã wide abroad we breake ẏ walls, a way through thẽ we make.
With corage all men falls to worke, some sort doth vndertake
His feete on slyding wheles to stip, some thwart his neck beginne
The cables bind, & on the walls now clymes the fatall ginne
With armour fraight: about him ronnes of boyes & gyrles ẏ skull,
With songs & hympnes, & glad goth he that hand may put to pull.
It enters, & afront the towne it slydes with threatnyng syght.
O contrey soyle, O house of gods thou Ylion, O the myght
Of doughty Troian walles in warre, for ther four times a ground
It swaied, & four times through ẏ wõbe was harneis hard to sõud.
Yet we went on, and blind with rage our worke we wold not let,
But in, this cursyd monster brought, by Pallas tower to set.
Than prophecies aloud to preache Cassandra nothyng spares
As god enspierd, but neuer of vs beleued who nothyng cares.
And wretches we that neuer day beside that day shuld byde,
The temples strowd, & through ẏ town great feasting made ẏ tide.
Whys while the firmament doth turn, & dark night vp doth rise,
And ouerhides with shadow great both londs, and seas and skies,
And falshed of the Grekes withall: and now along the walles
The wery Troians layd at rest, the dead slepe on them falles.
Whan with their fleete in goodly aray the Grekish armies some
From Tenedos were come (for than ful frendly shone the mone)

They open their walles to bring in the horse.

Cassandra a propheteſſe doughter to king Ptiam.

In fylens great there wonted shore they take, and than a flame
Their Amral ship for warning shewed, whã kept al gods to shame
Hyr Synon out by stelth him styres, and wyde he settes abrode
His horses paunche, and he disclosyd strait layth out his lode
Therfaoder, Stelenus, and false Vlisses, capteins all.
And Athamas and Thoas eke, by long ropes down they fall.
Neptolemus Achilles brode, Machaon chief of pride,
And Menelae with nombers moo full gladly forth they slyde.
And he him self Epeus there this mischef furst that found,
The towne inuade they do forwith: in sleepes & drinking drownd
They slew the watche, & than ỹ gates broad vp thei breke, & stands,
Their fellowes redy to receyue, & thicke they ioyne their bands.
That time it was whã slomber furst & dead sleepe deepe oppresst
On wery mortal men doth creepe, through Gods gift swete at rest.
Onto my syght (as dreame I did) all sad with dolefull chere
Did Hector stand, & large him wepe with sobbes I myght wel here
With horses haled, as blody drawn sometime he was in dust,
And all to swolne his worthy feete where through ỹ thonges wer thrust.
Alas to thinke how sore beraged, how from ỹ Hector sore
He chaunged was, that in Achilles spoyles came home before,
Or whan among the ships of Grece the fiers so ferce he slong.
But now in dust his beard bedabbd, his hear with blood is clong.
With naked woundes, that in defens of Troian walls sustaynde
He often had: and me to wepe for pyty wo constraynde,
With heauy voice me though I spake, & thus to him I playnde.
O light of Troy, O Troian hope at nede that neuer failde,
What contre the so long hath kept: what cause hath so preuaylde:
That after slaughters gret of men, thy town thy people tierd,
With sondry paynes and daungers past, the long (so sore desierd)
At last we see: what chaunce onkynd thy face before so bright
Hath made so foule alas: and why of woundes I see this sight:
He nothing herto spake, nor me with vayne talke long delayed,
But heauy from his brest he fet his depe sigh than he said.
Flee flee thou goddesse sonne (alas) thy self saue from these flames,
The walls ar wonne (q he) the Grekes of Troy pul down ỹ frames.
For Priam and our contrey dere our duety is don, if hand
Or mans relief myght Troy haue kept, by this hand had it stand.

The inuenter of the horse was in it him self.

Mydnyght.

Eneas to Hector in vision.

And now

And now religions all to the with Goddes doth Troy betake,
New fortune thou and they must seke: thou onto the shalt make
More mighty walls, whā through ẏ seas lōg iourneis hast ẏ take
So said, & with his handes me thought he frō their altars drewe
The mighty gods, & all their fyers aye lasting out he threwe.
By this time diuers noyse abroad through al the town is steerd,
And waylinges loude, & more and more on euery side appeerd.
And though my father Anchises house with trees encompast round
Stood far within, yet brym we here the noyse & armours sound.
Therwith I woke, & vp the towre I clymbe by staires on hie.
And laied myn eare, & still I stood about me round to spie.
And euen as fyer in boystous wynd some contrey ripe of corne
Doth burne, or as a mountain flood wō gret force down hath borne
ẏ grain, ẏ grasse, ẏ toyle of mē, that plowes & beasts hath wrought
And trees it hedlong drawes withall, for stones it forceth nought,
The plowman wayling from the rocke beholds & heres the sound:
Right so this wofull sight I sawe & Grekish treasons found.
And now the great house downe was falne by fyer ẏ wild doth slie
Of Deyphebus furst, and next, his neybour burnes on hie
Vcalegon, and shores and strondes with blasings shines about.
And shryking shoutes of people rise and trompetts blowen ar out,
Amasyd I myne armour toke, nor what to do I wust,
But hedlong ran, & through ẏ throngs to sight I thought to thrust
And to the castle ward I hied more aide to call me nie,
With anger wood, and faier me thought in armes it was to die.
Behold where skaping frō the grekes & through their weapōs past
Doth Panthus ronne, that of the toure was Phebus preest, and fast
His relikes with his conquerd gods he bare, and him beside
His neuew small he haling drew, and swift to shoreward hied.
Now Pāthu: wher goth ẏ worst: what shift: what tour is best we take
Skant had I said, whā he al straught in cries this voice out brake.
Our vtter houre is comen alas, fell destnies death hath brought.
We haue ben Troies, whā Ylion was, our glories great to nought
The spiteful gods hath ouerturnd our pōpe, our town, our toures,
The cyty burnes, & who but Grekes ar lordes of vs and oures.
The hougy horse abrode his men in harneis pouryth out,
And Synon ouer all triumphes, and fyers he throweth about

With

With conquest wyde, and euery gate is fyld with peoples armde,
With thousands soch as out of Grece so thicke thei neuer swarmde:
The straytes in euery strete they kepe, the waies w̄ wepons pight,
And stout in rankes they stond with stele fast bent to death in fight:
Skant doth the watche that kepe the towres, resist w̄ feble might.
This whan I heard, no lenger hold my self I coud, but ryght
Into the flames & weapons flew, wher most resembling hell
Men roaring made, & where with cries to heauen the people yell.
Than Ripheus him self adioynd, & myghty most with launce
Came Iphitus onto my side, by monelight met by chaunce.
And Hipanys and Dymas eke, and about me flocke they moze,
With yong Choreb duke Mygdons son, that few dates than befoze
To Troy was come, Cassandras loue with wood desier to wynne:
And socour than foz Priam brought to assist her Troian kinne
Unhappy man, that what his spouse him rauing told in traunce
Wold not regard.
Whome as I sawe to batell bent, thus bold me clustre about:
I thus began. O lusty youth of valiant hartes and stout,
In vayne, if into daungers most attempting after me
You mynde to ronne, the state of thinges and foztune here ye se:
The temples left and seates alone, and altars quite fozsake,
The Gods wherby this empier stood ar gon, you vndertake
A citie burnt to seeke to saue, what shall we do? but die
Like men, & in the midds of armes & wepons let vs flye.
One chief relief to conquerd men is desperatly to trie.

Eneas to his company about hym.

Whan this ỹ yong mē hard me speke, of wyld they waryd wood
And than like wolues whom hūger dziues to rauine foz their food,
In cloudy mistes abzoad to raunge their whelpes w̄ hungry iawes
Them bides at home, & they foz rage do ronne to fede ther mawes:
Euē so through thick & thin we flang, through foes & wepōs pight,
To doubtles death, right through ỹ stretes encōpast al with night.
Who can the slaughters of that night with tong declare? oz who
With wozthy teares can tell the toyle that death men dzaue vnto?
The citie falthe that auncient long & many a yere the crown
Hath borne, & euery streete is strowed with bodies beaten down.
And heapes in euery house ther lieth, & temples all ar filde.
With bodies dead, and not alone the Troians poore ar kilde.

Sometyme

Sometime whē tyrȳd ben their harts their mȧful stomacks steres,
And down their conquerours they quell, on euery syde aperes.
The fearfull dreede, & wayling wide & face of death at hand.
Where furst against vs of the Grekes with men a mighty band
Androgeos vs met, & thought his contrey men we were.
All on aware, & like a friend he cald vs boyd of feare.
Androgeos a Greke.
Set forward syrs: what trifling thus so long you linger makes,
Whan other mē the burning town doth sacke, our fellowes takes
The spoyls of Troy, while you for sleuth scāt frō your ships can pas
He said, & straite (for answer non that liked him gyuen ther was)
All sodenly amyds his foes him self betrapt he knewe,
He shrank therwith, and stopt his tale, & fote he backward drewe,
As one that vnbethought hath hapt some snake among the briers
To tread, & quickly sterting backe with trembling fear retiers,
Whan swolne wō angry teene he seeth his blew neck bent vpright,
So quaking whan Androgeos vs espied he toke his flight.
But we pursued, & thicke with armes them all encompast round
On euery side, and them affraied (and nothing knew the ground)
We ouerthrew, and fortunes lucke our furst assay succedes.
For soye wherof, triumphing fierce Chorebus nothing dredes
Yong men proude of the furst good lucke.
Now mates (q he) where fortune furst hath shewed relief, & where
Our valiant handes our aide hath well begon, prorcede we there.
And let vs chaūge our shyldes with grekes, & armd in grekes aray
Let vs set on, what skilles it force or falsheed enmies slay?
Our enemies to their weapons yeldes against them selfes to fight.
So said, and on his head he puttes Androgeos helmet bright,
Pollicy in aparaunce.
And with his gorgeous sheld him self he clad full gay to beare,
And on his syde the Grekish sworde he comly gyrt did weare.
So Ripheus, so Dymas doth him self, and therwithal
The youth of Troy wō Grekish spoyles thē dekes both great & smal
Godled thē
Than myrt ameng the Grekes we gon, our selfes vs doth not gyde
And many a skyrmish sore that night we blindly fought & tryde.
And many a Greke to hell we sent, some other, away for feare
To shipboarde ran, and some to shores with coursyng here & there.
Some foul afraied their hougy horse agayn do clyme, & take
Their wōted seates, & in his paūche their harbrow old thei make
Alas what may mankind prcuaile whan gods him doth forsake.

Behold

Behold wher hacid by heare and head from Pallas temple sure,
King Priams doughter drawen we see Cassandra virgin pure.
And vp to heauen in vayn for helpe her glistryng eyes she cast,
Her eyes: for than her tender hands with boltes were fettryd fast.
That syght Chorebus ragyng wood coud not him hold to see, Passion of
But euen among the middes he lept, with will to dye, and we loue and
Him after sued, and thick in throngs of armes our selfs we thurst. wrath.
There from the temples toppe aloft, with Troian weapons fyll
Our own mē vs did whelm, wher doth most piteous slaughter rise
Our armours fals mystake & Grekish sheldes deceyued their eyes. Crafte hath
Than all the Grekes whan from them take the virgin was, for yre yll ende.
By flockes on euery syde with cries inuades as wyld as fyre.
Atridas twayn, and Aiax chief and egre in armyes stout,
And after them their battayles all, and youth of Dolop rout.
None otherwise than whan somtime ỹ whirlewinds out are brast.
And sondry stormes from sondry coasts are met, & strugglyng fast
Conflicts, both east, & west, & south, that woods wō cracking quakes,
And Neptunes forke the somy seas from botoms wyld vp rakes.
And they also whom through the darke, that night we chasyd had
And ouercame by chaunce before, they fyrst with corage glad
Appeard in syght, and fyrst our sheldes and armours fals eskried
They knew, & marking by our soundes our seuerall tongs espied.
There down by heapes the numbre vs threw, Chorebus fyrst of all
At mighty Pallas seat of Peneleus hand doth fall.
And fall doth Ripheus to ground, the iustest man that was
Of Troain kind, and one that most of right and law did pas.
But god of them did otherwyse than dispose: and them besyde, Gods will
Both Hipanis and Dimas eke were lost and slayn that tyde. must be don
Their own men through thē wepons threw, nor the o Panthu pure
Thy vertues great, nor Phebus crown, frō death coud than assure.
Yet by the flames extreme I swere that all Troy brought to dust,
At your decayes I witnes take (if trueth protest I must)
I neuer man ne wepon shonnd of Grekes, ne from you swarued,
If gods will were: my death I sought, & sure my hand deserued.
Than out we brake, both Iphitus and I and Pelias kynd, } The great
The one for age, the other Vlisses wound made come behynd. } assault at the
And by the eryes to Priams court our king forthwith enclynd. } kings pallais

There now the battatle great was vp, as if no place elles where
Had felt of warre, as die did non through all the town but there.
So ragyng Mars and Grekes vp ronne to houses toppes we see,
And posts puld down and gates vp broke beset that non shuld flee.
The walles with skalyng ladders layde, & stulps of scaffolds hie,
And vp by stayres thei clyme, & backe thei driue the dartes that flie
With sheldes: and battylmentes aboue in hands they catch & hold.
Against them Troians down the towres and tops of houses rold,
And rafters vp they rrane, and after all attemptes at last
Those toles for shift at death extreme, to fend them selfs they cast.
The golden beames, their auncient fathers frames of comely sight
They tomblyd down, some other alow wt wepons poynted bright
At gates & euery doze doth warde, and thick in ranks they stand.
Whon the pallais of our king to helpe we toke in hand,
Our ayd to put, and adde relyef to men with labours spent.
A wall there was, and through the same by postern gate ther went
An entry blind, that secret seruyd Priams lodgynges wide.
Wherthrough somtime whan yet in state their kingdōs did abide,
Full oft Andromache was wont her self alone to pas
Unto the king and quene her father and mother law that was.
And yong Astianax her child his graunsyer to she brought.
Therthrough I shoope and vp the tops of houses hie I past,
Where down the sely Troians darts in vayne for faynting cast.
A towze that stepe vpright did stand and hie to skies vp reard
Aboue the rofes from whens all Troy full broad in sight appeard,
And whens ẏ ships & campes of Grekes & tentes in times of warrs
Wen wonted wer to vew, that towze wt ginnes and mighty barrs
We vnderbraued, and wher ẏ ioyntes & timber beames it bound,
Beneth together at ones we lift, at last it lose from ground
We shogd, and wt the shog for best, with ratlyng noyse and fall
Down ouer along the Grekes it light, and far and wide withall
Great slaughter makes, but other vp steps for thē, nor stones this
For kinds of wepons cease there one. (while
Before the porch all ramping fyrst at thentry doze doth stand
Duke Pyrrhus in his brasen harneis bright with burnisht brand.
And glistring like a serpent shines whō poysonyd wedes hath fyld,
That lurking long hath vnder ground in winter cold ben hild,

Adromache was Hectors wyfe.

Pirrhus the sonne of Achilles.

And

And now his cote of cast all fresh with youth renewd and pride
Upright his head doth hold, & swift w̄ wallowyng back doth glide,
Brestbigh against the sonne, & spitts with tongs thorowed fier,
And hugy Periphas with him, with him Achilles squier
Automedon, his maisters stedes that wonted was to chace.
Than all the youth of Scyrye land ensues, and to the place
They enter thick, and fyers about on houses hie they flyng.
Him self in hand among the chief a twyble great doth bryng.
And therwithall he through the gates & dores w̄ dints doth drive,
And down the brasen postes doth pull, & timber plancks doth cliue.
And now the barres a sonder brast, & toystes vp hewed doth fall,
And entry broad & window wide is made now through the wall.
There houses far within appeares and halls are layd in lyght,
Aperes king Priams parlours great ỹ auncient kings had dight,
And harnesyt men they see to stand at thentry dores to fight.

But the inner lodgyngs all w̄ noyse and woful wailing soūdes,
With bounsyngs thick and larums loud the bildings al reboūdes.
And howling women shoutes, & cries ỹ golden starres doth smite.
Than wādring here & ther w̄ dreed through chābers wide affright
The mothers clippe their cōtre postes, them kissyng hold they fast.
But Pyrrhus with his fathers force on preaseth, neither walles
Nor kepers him therout can hold, w̄ rammes and engins falles
The portall postes & thresholds vp are throwē & dores of halles.
That hā forcyng forth thei shoue, & through thei push, & down thei kil
Them first that meets, and every flore with soldiors fast they fill.
Not half so fierce the fomy flood whose rampier banks are torne
With rage outronnes, whan diches thwart & piers are ouerborne
With waues, & forth on feelds it fals, & waltring down the vales,
And houses down it beares withall, and herdes of beastes it hales.
Neptolemus my self I saw, with slaughters wood to rage,
And brethren twayn Atridas fierce, their furies non coud swage.
Quene Hecuba and her hundred doughter lawes, and Priam there
With blood I saw defyle the fyers, hym self to god dyd rere.
And fyfty paramours he had, and childrens ysselwe, told
No nomber lesse: the stately spoyles & postes full proude of gold
Abroad are thrown, & what ỹ fier doth leaue ỹ Grekes doth hold.
The fatall end of Priam now perhaps you wyll requier.

A wōderfull brief descripti on of a citty inuaded.

Whan he the citie taken saw and houses tops on fyer,
And bildings broke, and rounde about so thicke his foes to rage:
His harneis on his shulders (long onworn tyll than) for age
All quaking, on (good man) he putts, to purpose smal, and than
His sword him gyrt, and into death and enmyes thick he ran.
Amids the court right vnderneth the naked skyes in syght
An altar huge of syse there stode, and by the same vpryght
An auncient Laurell tre did growe, that wyde abroad was shed,
And it, and all the caruyd gods with broad shade ouerspred.
There Hecuba and her doughters all (pore soules) at the altars side
In heapes together affrayd thē drew, like doues whan doth betide
Some storme thē headlōg driue, & clipping fast their gods thei hold.
But whan she Priam thus beclad in armes of youth so bold
Espied: what mynd alas (q she) o wofull husband you
In harneis dight? and whither away with wepons ronne ye now?
Not men nor wepons vs can saue: this time doth are to beare
No soch defence, no not if Hector myne now present were.
Stand here by me, thys altar vs from slaughters all shall shelde,
Or dye together at ones we shall. So sayd she, and gan to welde
Hym aged man, and in the sacred seat hym set and helde.

Behold where skapyng from the stroke of Pirrhus fers in sight
Polites, one of Priams sonnes, through foes and wepons pight,
Through galeryes along doth ronne, and wide about him spyes
Sore wounded than, but Pirrhus after hym sues w̄ burning eyes
In chase, and now welnere in hand him caught & held with spere,
Tyll right before hys parents syght he came, than feld hym there
To death, and with his gushyng blood his life outright he shed.
There Priamus though now for wo that tyme he halfe was dead,
Hym self could not refrayn, nor yet his voyce nor anger hold.
But, onto the (o wretche) he cried, for this despyte so bold,
The gods (if any iustice dwells in heauen or ryght regard)
Do yeld thee worthy thanks, and thee do pay thy due reward,
That here within my sight my son hast slayn with slaughter vyle,
And not ashaamd with lothsome death his fathers face to fyle.
Not so did he (whom fasly thou belyest to be thy syer)
Achilles with his enmy Priam deale, but my desyer
Whan Hectors corps to tombe he gaue for gold, did entertayn

With

With truth and right, & to my realme restoarde me safe again.
So spake he, & therwithall his dart with feble force he threwe,
Whiche sounding on his brasen harneis hoarce, it backward flew,
And on his targat side it hitt, where dyntlesse down it hyng.
Than Pyrrhus said, thou shalt go now therfore & tidings bryng
Onto my father Achilles soule, my dolefull dedes to tell.
Neptolemus his bastard is, not I, say this in hell.
Now die, and (as he spake that word) from the altar self he drewe
Him trēbling ther, & depe him through his sonns blood did embrue
And ẃ his left hand wrapt his locks, ẃ right hand through his side
His glistring sworde outdrawen, he did hard to the hiltes to glyde.
This ende had Priams destnies all, this chaunce him fortune sent,
Whan he the fyer in Troy had seen, his walls and castels rent.
That somtime ouer peoples proud, & landes had raignd ẃ fame
Of Asia the emprour great, now short on shore he lieth ẃ shame
His head besides his shulders layd, his corps no more of name.
Than furst the cruell fear me caught, & sore my spirites appalde,
And on my father dere I thought, his face to mynd I calde:
Whan slayne with grisly wound our kyng, him like of age in sight
Lay gasping dead, and of my wife Creusa bethought the plight,
Alone, forsake, my hous dispoyld, my chylde what chaūce had take.
I lokyd, and about me bewd what strength I might me make:
All men had me forsake for paynes, & down their bodies drewe
To ground they leapt, & some for wo thē selfs in fiers they threwe.
And now alone was left but I, whan vestas temple staier
To keepe, and secretly to lurke all couching close in chaier
Dame Helen I myght see to syt, bryght burnings gaue me lyght
Whether euer I went, the waies I past all thing was set in syght.
She fearyng her the Troians wrath, for Troy destroyd to wreke,
Grekes turmētes, & her husbands force whose wedlock she did breke
The plage of Troy, and of her contrey monster moste ontame:
There sat she with her hatyd head, by the altars hid for shame.
Strayt in my brest I felt a fyer, depe wrath my hart did strayne
My contreis fall to wreke, and bring that cursyd wretche to payne.
What shall she? into her contree soyle of Sparta, and hie Mycene?
All saufe shall she returne? and there on Troy tryumphe as quene?
Her husband, childzen, contrey, kynne, her house, her parents old

Neptolem' and Pyrrhus wer brethrē.

Helen that was cause of al this warre

With

With Troian wiues & Troian lordes her slaues, shall she beholde?
Was Priam slaine with sworde for this? Troy burnt w fier so wood
Is it herefore that Dardan strondes so often hath swet with blood?
Not so: for though it be no prayse on woman kynd to wreke,
And honour non there lieth in this, nor name for men to speke:
Yet quenche I shall this poyson here, & due desertes to dight.
Wen shall comend my zeal, and eas my mynd I shall outright.
This moche for al my peoples bones & contrey flames to quite.

These thinges within my self I tost, & fierce with force I ran:
Ven' letted him to kyll Helene. Whan to my face my mother great so brym no time till than
Appering shewed her self in sight, all shining pure by night,
Right goddesselyke, w glory soch as heauens beholdes her bright.
So great with maiesty she stood, and me (by right hand take)
She staied, & read as rose with mouth these words to me she spake.
My son what fore outrage so wylde thy wrathfull mynde vp steres?
Why fretst thou? or where away thy care frō vs wōdrawne aperes?
Not furst onto thy father seest? whome feble in all this wo
Thou hast forsake? nor if thy wife doth liue thou knowest or no?
Nor yong Askanius thy chylde? whome thronges of Grekes about
Doth swarming ronne, & wer not my relief withouten doubt,
By this tyme flames had vp deuourd or swordes of enmies kylde.
It is not Helens face of Grece this town (my son) hath spylde,
Nor Paris is to blame for this: but gods with grace onkynd,
This welth hath ouerthrown, & Troy from top to groūd ontwynd.
Behold, (for now away the cloud and dymme fogg wyll I take
That ouer mortall eies doth hang, and blynd thy sight doth make)
Thou to thy parents heest take heede (dread not) my mynde obey.
In yonder place wher stones from stones, & bildings huge to swey
Thou seest, & mirt w dust & smoke thick streames of reekings rise:
Him self the God Neptune that side doth turne in wonders wyse,
With force threlinde the walles vprootes, foundatiōs al to shakes,
And quyte from vnder soyl the town w groūd worcks all vp rakes.
On yonder side with furies most damē Juno fercely standes,
The gates she keepes, and from their ships the Grekes her frendly bandes
In amour gyrt she calls.
Gorgon was a monster Lo there agayne where Pallas sittes on fortes and castle towres,
With Gorgons eies in lightning cloudes inclosyd grim she loures.

The father

The father God him self to Grekes ther mightes & courage steres, that kyld mē
Him selfe against the Troian blood, both gods & armours reres. with lokyng
Betake the to thy flight (my son) thy labours end procure, only.
I will the neuer faile, but the to resting place assure.
Thus said she, & through the dark night shade her self she drew frō
Apperes the grisly facys than, Trois enmies vgly dight (sight.
The mighty powers of Gods.
Than verily right broad I saw hole Ylion castles sinke
In hers, and vp so down all Troy from botom turne to brinke.
And like as on the mountayn top, some auncient oke to fall
The plowmen with their ares strong do striue, and twibles tall
To grubbe, & round about hath hewd: it thretning from aboue
Doth nodde, & wō the braunches wide al trembling bendes to moue:
Till ouercome with strokes at last, all craking down to fall,
One wound it ouerthrowes & ground it drawes & rockes withall.
Than down I went as God me led through flames & foes to trie
All wepons as I pas giue place, & flames away do flye.
But whan into my fathers mantion house I came, and there
Him furst I thought to shift, and vp the mountains next to bere:
My father after Troy destroied no lenger life desiers, His father
Nor outlawe wold he non become. O you whose youth requiers wold not flee
To line, & blood in last vpholdes (q he) your lymmes to wielde
Take you your flyght.
For as for me, if Gods aboue wold life haue had me ledd,
This place they wold haue kept me, ynough, to moch, & ouerhedd
Of slaughters haue we seen, our citie brent we do suruiue.
Go fourth, let me remain (I pray) for me do you not striue.
Mine own hand shall my deth obteyn, my foo will rue my plight,
My corps he can but spoyle, for of a graue the losse is light.
This many a yere to Gods abhord on weldy life I synde, Anchises
Synce time whan me the father of Gods and king of all mankynd was stryken
Weblasted with his lightning wynds, and fyers on me did cast. with lyghtnyng in his
Thus spake he, and in his purpose still he firt remaynyd fast. youth.
We therageinst with streaming teares, my wife also she stood,
Askanius, & our household all, we prayed that in that mood
All thinges wō him good father turne he nold, nor slaughter make
Outright of all, nor vs to death & destnies fell betake.

Ye still

He styll denied, & stik his mynde nor purpose wold forsake.
Again to wepons fourth I flewe, & death moste myser call
For councell what: or what relief or fortune now can fall:
Thinke you that I one foote from hence, you father left behynd
Can pas: or may ther such a synne escape your mouth onkynd:
If nothing of so great a town to leaue the Gods be bent:
And firt in mynde you haue decreed Trois ruynes to augment
With losse of you and yourcs, agreed, at this dore death doth stand
And here anon from Priams blood comth Pyrrhus hote at hand,
That childern in their fathers sight and father on the altar killes.
For this O mighty mother myne through fiers and foes & billes
Haue you me kept till now for this: that in my parlour flores
Myne enmies I must see to kyll my folkes within my dores:
Askanius my childe: my wyfe Creusa: my father olde:
All sprauling slayne with blood in blood embrued shall I beholde:
Weapõs seruaũts, bring me wepons, our last hour doth vs call,
And yelde me among the Grekes to fight, let me to battails fall
Afresh, for neuer shall we die this day onuengyd all.
Than me with sword again I girt, my left arme vnder sheld
I put, and out at dores I ran with rage to fight in felde.
A pitifull metyng. Behold at thentry gate my wife, embracing both my feete,
Doth kneele, & vp to me she holdes my childe Askanius sweete.
If toward death thou goest, take vs with the to chances all,
If socour ought or hope thou findst in armes, than first of all
Defend this hous, to whome forsaakst thy chylde Yule alas:
To whome thy father leauest, & me sometyme thy wife that was:
Thus wailing al our hous she filde, thus cried she through ỳ halles
When sodenly (right wonder great to tell) a monster falles.
For euen betwene our handes & right before our face in sight,
A vision of fier came out of his sons head. Behold, from out Askanius topp a flame arisyth bright,
And harmeles lickes his lockes, & soft about his temples feede,
We strait his burning hear gan shake, al trẽbling dread for drede
And waters on the sacred fyers to quenche anon we sheede.
But than my father Anchises glad, to heauen doth liste his eies
With handes vpthrown against the starres, & ioyce eralted cries.
Almighty Ioue (if mans respect or prayers dost regard)
Behold vs now this ones, and (if our dedes deserue rewarde)

From

From hensforth father helpe vs send, & blesse thys grace wᵭ more.
Skant from his mouth the word was past, whā skies aloft to rore
Begins, & thonder light was thrown, & down frō heauen by shade
A streaming star descends, and long wᵭ great light makes a glade.
We loking, byrn behold it might, and ouer our house it slipps, A tokē from
And forth to Yda woods it went, there down it self it dipps, heauen to
Us poynting out the waye to flee, than straking light along bid him flee
Doth shine, and broad about it smokes wᵭ sent of sulphur strong.
Than strait my father ouercome, him self aduauncing welds
And prayeth his gods, and worship to that blessyd starre he yelds.
Now now no more I let, leade where ye lyst, I will not swarue.
O contrey gods our house vphold, my neuew safe preserue.
This token yet is yours: yet Troy in your regard remaynes.
I yeld me son, nor further stay with thee to take all paynes.
So spake he, & now about our walles the fyers approching sounds
At hand, and nere and nere the flames wᵭ feruent rage redounds.
Dere father now therfore your self set on my necke to beare,
My shulders shall you lift, this labour me shall nothyng deare.
What euer chaunce betides, one daunger both we must abyde,
In saufty both a lyke we shalbe sure, and by my syde
My child Yule shall go, my wife shall trace aloof behind.
You seruantes what I say take hede, imprint it well in mind. He apoynts
There is a hill whan out the town ye come, and temple old where they
Of Ceres long onbsyd, there besyde ye shall behold shall mete.
An auncient Cipers tre to grow, that for religions sake
Our fathers there did set, and there long time did honor make.
In that place out of diuers wayes we all shall seke to mete.
You father take your contrey gods in hand, our comfort swete. Toke hys
For me, that from the battayles fresh am come & slaughters new, ymages with
I may not them for synne presume to touche, tyll waters dew hym.
With floods hath washt me pure.
Thus sayd I, and on my shulders broad & thwart my necke I kest
A wede, and in a lyons skinne full read my self I drest.
And vnder burden fast I fled, my child my right hand kept
Yule, and after me, with pace vnlyke in length, he stept.
My wife ensued through lanes & crokes and darknes most we past.
And me, that late no shoutes, nor tries, nor noyse, nor wepōs cast

Could feare, nor clusters great of Greks, in thrõgs agast could make.
Nowe euery wind and puffe doth moue, at euery sound I quake,
Not for my self, but for my mate, and for my burdens sake.
And now against the gates I came, which out of daunger found,
I thought I well escapyd had, whan sodenly the sound
Of feete we heare to tread, and men full thicke my father skand.
Anchises espyed enemyes comming after. Flee flee my son (he cried) lo here they come, lo here at hand,
Their harneys bright aperes, and glystring sheldes I see to shyne.
There what it was I nott, some chaunce or god (no frend of myne)
Amasyd than my wit, for while through thicke and thinne I pas,
And from the accustomd wayes I drew to seke to skape (alas)
My wife from me most wofull man Creusa belouyd best,
He lost hys wyfe. (Remayne she dyd, or lost her way, or sat her down to rest,
Unknowen it is) but after that in vayne her all we sought.
Nor of her losse I knew, nor backe I lokyd or bethought:
Tyll onto Ceres temple old and auncient seate, eche one
Was come, and there togithers met we all, but she alone
Did lacke, and there her frends and child and husband did begyle.
What man or god (for anger mad) did I not curse that while:
Or what in all that town vpturnd saw I so sore befall:
My father and my child Yule and Troian gods withall
Unto my men I toke, and in a crokyd vale them hidde.
Agayn vnto the citie gyrt in glystring armes I yede.
All chaunces there agayn to trye my mynd I fyred fast,
All Troy for her agayn to seke, my lyfe to daungers cast.
Furst back onto the walles and gate I turne, and thentry blynd
Whereout I came I sought, and steps of feete I marke behynd,
Where night to see could serue, & fyers that glistring shines about.
Great feare on euery syde I see, the sylence makes me doubt.
My house at home, yf haply there, yf haply there she heelde,
I went to loke, the Grekes were in, and houses all they fylde.
Deuouring fyer doth all consume, from house to house it flyes,
The wynd encreasyth flames, and vp the rage to heauen doth ryse.
To Priams court I turue, and to the castle viewe I cast.
The temples great were spoylde and Junos holy dores wer brast,
Amids the flore the kepers stode, the chief of capteyns stout
Both Phenix and Vlisses false with them ther trayn about,

The

The praie did kepe, and Grekes to them the Troian riches brought,
That from the fyers on euery syde was raught: all tēples sought
And tables from the gods were take, and basons great of gold,
And precious plate and robes of kingly state and treasours old,
And captiue childern stode, and tremblyng wifes in long aray
Were stowed about and wept.
I ventred eke my voyce to lift, and through the glymsyng nyght
The wayes with cries I fyld, and Creusas name ful loud I shryght
In vain I cald and cald, and oft agayn and yet I cryed.
Thus seking long with endles pain and rage, all places tryed.
At last (with woful lucke) her spryte and Creusas ghost (alas)
Before myne eyes I saw to stand, more great than wonted was.
I stoynyd, and my heare vp stert, my mouth for feare was fast.
She spake also, and thus fro me my cares she gan to cast.
What mean you thus your ragyng mind wt labours sore to moue
O husband swete: these things without the powers of gods aboue
Hath not betidde: me now from hence to leade, or by your syde.
You shall see neuer more, he doth resyst that heauens doth gyde.
Long pilgrimage you haue to pas, huge felde of seas to care.
Onto Hesperia land you shall ariue do you not feare,
Where Tyber flood through fertill soyle of men doth softly slyde.
There substaunce great, and kingdō strong, & quene to wife besyde
You shall enioy, for me thy Creusa dere do wepe no more.
To Myrmydons nor Dolop land shall I not now be bore,
Nor to the ladyes proud of Grece shall I be seruaunt seen:
Of Dardan and of goddesse Venus doughter law
But me the mighty mother of goddes wyl not from hens to moue.
And now fare well, & of our childe, for bothe, kepe thou the loue.
thus whā she said, I weppyng ther, & more things wold haue spoke
She left me, and wt the wind she went as thinne frō sight as smoke.
Thre times about her necke I sought mine armes to set, & thrise
In vaine her likenes fast I held, for through my hands she flyes,
Like wauerynge wind or lyke to dreames ỹ men ful swift espies
Than to my company at last whan night was gon I drewe.
And there a multitude of men full huge and numbre newe
I found, with maruell much, both men and women yonge & old.
A rable great eryld, and piteouse commons to behold

Her soule appeered on to hym.

She prophecied to him of another wyfe.

From euery coast were come, and wt their goods and harts assent,
What lond or sea so euer I wold them leade they were content.
And now from vp the mountayn tops the dawning star doth ryse,
And brings agayn the day, the Grekes (as best they coud deuyse)
The gates possest and held, all hope and helpe was gone, at last
I yelded, and my father toke, and vp the hyll I past.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer in foresta Kilgerran
mense Iulij. Anno. 1555.
Opus viginti dierum.

The thyrde booke of Eneidos.

When Asia state was ouerthrowen, and
Priams kingdome stout
All gilties by the power of Gods aboue was
rooted out,
And down the fortresse proude was falne that
Gloryose Ilion hyght,
And flat on ground all Neptunes Troy lay smo-
king broad in syght:
To diuers londes & diuers coastes, like outlawde men, compelde
By tokens of the Gods we were, to seke from thens erpeld.
And vnderneth Antander hill, and mountes of Ida name,
In Phrigy lond our nauy great we wrought and vp did frame,
Uncerten wherupon to stay, wher destnies vs doth gyde,
And power of men assembleth fast. Scant somer first we spied:
When sayles onto the wyndes to set my father Anchises cries.
Than parting from my contre shores & hauons with weping eies,
The feldes wher Troy did stond I leaue, fourth outlaw fare I right
My son my mates & frēdes wō me through depe seas toke ther flight,
My sayntes my contrey Gods also that ar full great of might.
There lieth a lond far look at seas, wher Mars is lord, and where
The largy feldes and fertyll soyle men Thracis cald, doth eare. Thracya.
Sometyme Lycurgus fearce therin did reigne and empier hold.
An auncient stay to Troy, and lyke in fayth and frendshyp old
While fortune was. To that I went, and on the crokyd shore
Foundations furst of walls I layd with destnyes lucke full sore.
And of my name their name I shoope, and Eneads them call.
Onto the mother of Gods that time, and heauenly persons all
Great sacrifice I made, for luck my worckes to prosper newe,
And to the king of heauen him self a bright bull down I slewe.
A banke by chaūce by me ther stode, where bright as horne of hew
With roddes vpright & braunches thick a myrtyl bushe ther grew. A tree called a myrtill.
I drew me nere, & from the ground the grene brush vp I pull,
Wyne altars to adorne therwith with bows and shadowes full.
A dreedfull sight and monster (maruell great to tell) I found

For from

For from the twig that furst I brake and rootes I rent frō ground,
The black blood out doth breke, & down with tricling drops it trils
Defiling foule the soyl, with that for fear my body chilles.
My limmes do quake, my blood for drede doth shrinck wō frosty cold.
Another braunche agayne to plucko with force I wared bold,
The cause therof to lerne, and see what thing therunder laye,
That other braunche again doth blede and blacke doth me beraye.
Great thinges in mind I kest, and strait the field Nymphes I adore,
And Mars the father great that prince is of that lond and shore,
Good fortune me to send, and turne that sight to good they shuld.
But whan ỹ third time twigs to take with greater might I puld,
And knees against the sand I set with force, what shall I doo?
Speke out or silence keepe? a piteous wayling vs onto
Was hard from out the hill, & voyce thus groning spake me to.
Why doost thou thus Eneas me most wofull myser teare?
Abstayne my graue to file, from synne thy gentill handes forbeare
I am to the no straunger borne, nor thus deserue to spede
This blood thou seest from out this stubb ywis doth not procede.
Flee flee (Alas) this cursyd shore, flee from this gredy land,
For I am Polidore, in this place slayne I was with hand.
This bush of dartes is growne, & sharp wō pricks on me thei stād.
Than more with doubt & drede opprest my mind fro me was past
I stoynyd, and my hear vpstert, my mouth for fear was fast.
This Polydore sometime with gold of weight full huge to tell,
His father Priam king (good man) by stelth had sent to dwell
Onto the king of Thrace, whan furst to Troy he gan mistrust
Whan he the citie sieged saw, that nedes defend he must.
But he whan Troy decay began and fortune fourth was past
The stronger part he toke, and (Agamemnon ayding fast)
All trueth he brake, and Polydore of chops, and than the gold
By force into his handes he caught, and held, what can be told?
Or what is it that hunger swete of gold doth not constrayn
Men mortall to attempt? whan fear my bones forsoke agayn.
Onto the peoples lordes I went, and first onto my sier,
The monsters of the Gods I shew, their councells I requier.
All they with one assent doth bid that cursed land forsake,
To leaue that hostrye byle and ships to wyndes at south betake.

Field Nymphes otherwyse called fayeries.

A voyce to Eneas made by Polidor' his neuewe there slayne

A fals kyng.

Anon

Anon therfore to Polidore a herse we gan prepare,
And huge in heyght his tombe we reare, all altars hangyd are
With weedes of mourning hewes, & Cipres trees & black deuise,
And Troian wiues about with hear onfold as is their gise.
Great fomy bolles of milke we threw luke warm on hym to fall,
And holy blood in basons brought we poure, and last of all
We shright, and on his soul our last with great cries out we cal.
Than whan the seas we see to trust and wynd with pipling swete
Is out at sowth, and to the seas to saill doth call the fleete:
My mates their ships set fourth, & shores with men they mustred al
To seas we flee, and as we flee, both townes and hills do fall.

They make Polidorus obyt.

Ther is a lond in mid sea set whome Neptune deere doth loue
And mother of the mermaydes eke, that lond sometyme did houe
In floodes, and to and fro did stray, till Phebus it did bynd
With landes about and firt it fast, and bad defie the wynd,
With Gyarus and Myconee (two countreis) strongly stayed.
Whan in we came, our wery ships in hauen at rest we layed.
And went to wurship Phebus town and giftes with vs we beare
King Anius, king of men and Phebus preest against vs there,
His head with holy labels layde and crowne of laurel grene
Came out, and welcome bad his frend Anchises long onseen.
Than hand in hand we set, and lodging toke in houses hie
I wurship eke the temple there that to that God I spie
Of auncient stone: O Phebus bright gyue me some hous to dwell,
Gyue walls to wery men and town from whence may non expell.
Haue mercy vpon our blood, and saue of Troy this last remayne,
The leauinges of Achilles wyld and Grekes abiectes onslayne.
Who shall vs leade or where apoint our place it may the pleas:
Our rest to take, giue token God, enspier our hartes with eas.
Scant this I said, whan trembling fast with sodein shewe to shoue
The Laurel trees gan quake, & dores & thresholdes all do moue.
The mout therwith doth bend, & vp the gates with roring brekes,
Adown to ground all flat we fall, and strait a voyce ther spekes.
Ye Troians tough, the ground that you furst bare frō parents bold,
The same shall you receyue again, seke out your grandame old:
For there Eneas house shall stand, whome contreis all shall drede.
And childerns childe and all their ligne that of them shall procede.

They went to the yle of Origia.

Kinges that tyme were preestes.

He maketh his praier to Apollo for knowledge whyther to goo.

Apollos aunswer doubtfull.

This

This Phebus ſaid, and we for ioy great noys and murmur make,
And what thoſe walls ſhuld be we ſkãne, & councel great we take.
What place it is that Phebus bids to ſeke, and where to finde,
My father than the ſtories old of auncient men to mynde
Doth call, and than, you lordes (q he) lay now to me your eare,
And marke me well, for now of me your great hope ſhal you leare
Anchiſes enterpretes the prophecy to leade to Candy. Candy from hence in myd ſea lieth, Joues ylond great it is.
Where Ida mount doth ſtand, & wher furſt ſprang our ſtocker this.
A hundred mighty townes they kepe, moſt frutefull foyll to tyll:
From whence our auncient grandſir great (if true report I ſkill)
Kinge Teucrus iſſued firſt, and on the coaſt of Rheta hyt,
And there his kingdome firſt began, Troy was not vp as yet,
Nor Ylion toures did ſtand, but there in lowe vales did they dwell.
Cybele a goddeſſe. Cybele wyldernes doth haunt therin with ſounding bell.
Coribantes people that beat baſyns whan the mone is in the clips. And Coribantes beat their braſſe the mone from clips to cure.
From thence we haue that ſeruice time we kepe with ſilence pure,
For Lyons in that ladies chare their yokes to draw do beare,
Come on therfore, and where the Gods do call, let vs go there.
Pleaſe we the windes, & fourth to Candy kingdomes let vs wend,
The cours is not ſo long, (if Joue vs lucke vouchſaue to ſend)
Our ſhips on Candy ſhore to ſtand the third day ſhall we ſee,
So ſpeaking on his altars there due honours kill did he,
A bull to the D Neptune firſt, a bull to Phœbus bright,
A black beaſt to the winter ſtorme, to weſtern flaws a whyte.
There fleeth a fame that of his fathers kingdoms quite forſake,
Idomeneus duke therof erpelde his flight hath take.
They heare that Candy is voyde of a kyng. And all the coaſt of Candy lieth wyde open for their foes.
Unfenced, and the townes of people voyd, ſo rumour gooes
Anon therfore our haueus we left, and through the ſeas we flie,
By greene Donyſa, and Naxon hills where men to Bacchus crie.
Olearon, and Paron white as ſnowe, and ſkattred wyde
The course to Candy out of Thracia. Of Cicladas we compas landes, that rough ſeas makes to ride.
The mariners their ſhoutes vp ſet, eche man his mate doth bold,
To Candy let vs cherely fare, to ſeke our granſirs old.
A mery coole of wynde them faſt purſueth, and fourth doth driue,
And at the length on Candy coaſt our ſhips we do arriue.
My town therfore (with great deſier) and walls I gynne to frame,

And Pergam

And Pergam I the citie call, right glad they take that name,
I corage them that lond to loue, and towres and temples byld,
And now welnere our shyps vp set, dre lond our nauy hyld
With weddyngs & with tillage new the youth thē selues applies,
And houses eke and lawes I gaue: whan sodenly doth rise
Among them (foule) a plage and pitcous murreyn to be thought,
The skies corrupted wer, that trees and corne destroied to nought,
And limmes of men cōsuming rottes, soch vere of death thē deares,
That swete life of they leaue or lōg their grenous wo thē weares.
The dog starre vp doth ryse, the soyle for heat of sonne doth frye,
That grayn and grasse vp dries, and felds of food doth men denye.
Agayn to Phebus holy seat, yet backe agayne our way
Through seas my father bids vs turne and Phebus mercy pray.
What end of wo to wery men he puttes, and how from payne
Our selfs we may relieue, and where from thens to turn agayne.
Than was it night and on the ground all creatures layd a slepe,
The gods of Phrigy lond, whom I with me full deare dyd kepe,
Whom frō the mids of burnyng Troy with me I brought in slight
Before myne eyes (as dreame I dyd) I saw to stand vpright,
All shynyng in their glory bright behold I myght them cleere,
The way that through my window than the full dyd appeere,
They spake also and thus from me thei lighten gan my cheere.
The thing that of Apollo now to know you de entend,
He speakes it here, and vs to thee with glad will doth he send.
We from the flames of Troy wō thee thyne army came to gide.
We vnder thee with nauy great the salt seas broad haue tried.
We be ỹ same that to the starres thy lygne shal lyft with pride.
And empier great we shall thee geue, and citie great to reare,
For mighty men make mighty walles, long flight do ỹ not feare,
Chaunge yet thy place, not here it is that Phebus bids thee byde,
It is not here to Candy shore Apollo thee dyd guyde.
There is a place the Grekes by name Hesperia do call,
An auncient lond and fierce in warre, and fruteful soyle withall.
Out from Oenotria they came, that fyrst did tyll the same,
Now Italy men sayth is cald, so, of the captains name.
There be our dwellyng seats frō theus king Dardan self was born,
And Iasius the prince from whom our lygne descends before.

He byldeth a towne in Candy.

A pestilence

His ymages gaue hym answere.

Thei apoint him to Italy

Arise, go to, and tell this thyng onto thy father dere,
Seke out Italia land, the shores of Coryt coast enquere,
Be bolde, procede, for Ioue doth thee from Candy contreys take.
Astoynyd I with this was made whan gods to me so spake:
For slomber was it not (me thought) but playn their faces bryght,
And folded hear bewrapt I saw, and knew them sure by syght.
With cold swette all my body than did ronne, and therwithall
From out my bed I leapt, and strait on knees there down I fall.
My hands to heauen I held, and praied, & gifts and offrings pure,
In fyers to them I threw, and all my duty don with cure:
Anchises I asserteyn than, and him declare the caas.
Than they knew they had expoun dyd the pro phecy wrōg
Anone the doubtfull ligne he knew, how he begylyd was,
By graunsyres twain, and children twain, and places old mistake.
Than said he thus, O son whō Troy by destnyes tough doth make
Cassandra alone, of all mankind, these things to me did tell,
These chaunces of our stocke she sang, I now remembre well.
Of Italy full oft she spake, oft of Hesperia shore.
But who coud euer thinke that time, or this beleue before:
That Troians to Hesperia land shuld come to dwell at last:
Of prophecies, or who that time of madde Cassandra past:
To Phebus let vs yeld, and after warning take the best.
So spake he, and anon with ioy all we obeyed him prest.
That seat also we than forsake, and (few folke left behind)
With beames through hugy seas we cut, & sailes set vp for wind.
When to the depe our ships wer come, and now on neither syde
Appeeres no land, but seas and skies about vs broad are spied:
A storme, A shoure aboue my head there stood all dusky blacke with blew,
both night & storme it brought, & rough the waters dark their hew.
Strait all the seas with wynds are tost, and mighty surges rise,
And through the depes we to and fro be thrown in wonders wise.
The cloudes inclosyd haue the day: dimme night hath hid ẏ heauē:
And from the skyes the lightning fyers do flashe wᵭ grisly steauen.
From out our course we be dispersst, and blynd in waues we stray,
Eke he him self our maister there can skant the night from day
Discerne he sayth, so troubleth him the tempest Palynure,
Nor in the waters wyld his way to hold he can be sure.
Thre dayes therfore, oncerten where we go, withouten sonne

In seas we wander wilde, and thre nights like in darke we rome
Withouten starre: the fourth day land to rise we spied at last,
And mountaines farre in sight are seen, and smoke do seme to rast,
Our sayles forthwith do fall, and vp with ores, and than anon
The mariners do swepe the seas, and through the some they goin.
Escaping so the streames on shore at Strophades I lyght.
At Strophades, for so their names in Grekishe tong doth hight
For Ilands in the salt sea great they stand, wherin doth dwell
Celeno foule nushapen bird, and Harpies more right fell.
Synce Phynes house from thē was shut, their former fare thei fled.
A monster more to feare than them nor plage was neuer bred.
Nor from the pit of hell vp stert the wreke of god so wilde.
Lyke foules wt maydens face they ben, their paunches wyde defilde
With garbage great, their hoked palwes thei spreade, and euer pale
With hungry lokes.
Whan there we came, and fyrst in hauen we entred, lo we see
The herdes of beasts full fat to feede on euery syde full free,
And goates also to grase, and keper non there was to vewe:
Our wepons on them fast we lay, and downe them thick we slew.
And banks vpon the shore we make, and gods to part we call,
And Joue him self to blesse the pray, and fast to meate we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, & beating wings wt great noys out thei shright
And at our meate they snach, and with their clawes they al defyle,
And fearefull cries also they cast and sent of sauour vyle.
Againe into a priuy place where rocks and caues doth hide,
With trees and shadows compast darke our tables we prouide.
And altars vp again we make and fiers on them we tinde,
Againe from out a diuers coast, from holes and lurkings blind,
The preas with croked palwes are out, & sounding foule thei flie,
Polluting with their filthy mouthes our meate, and than I crie:
That all men wepons take, and with that vgly nation fight.
Thei did as I them bad forthwith, and in the grasse from sight
Their swords bythē thei laid, & couching close their shelds thei hide
Than whan the third time frō the cliues wt noise again thei glide:
Mysenus from aloft with brasen trompet setts a sound.
My mates inuade them than, and feld they fight but newly sound.

They arrue at Strophades.

Description of mōstrous foules called Harpies.

And on the fylthy brydes they beat, that wild sea rocks doth brede,
But fether none do frō them fall, nor wound for stroke doth blede,
Nor force of wepons hurt them can, their backs & wings no speare
Can perce, but fast away they flye, full hie from sight, and there
The pray to vs half maunched and begnawn full foule they leaue.
But one of them, Celeno, than her self on rocks doth heaue,
Celeno a Harpie. Vnhappy tale to tell, and thus her lothsome voyce she brake.
And is it warre (q she) with vs? warre Troians do you make?
And for our cattell slayne, do you with vs to batayle bend?
Poore Harpies, and our kingdom take from vs that nought offend.
Take this with you therfore, and wel my words imprint in mind.
That God him self to Phebus sayd, and I by Phebus fynd,
That am the chief of furies all, and thus to you I tell:
To Italy your course you take, whan wind shall serue you, well:
In Italy ariue you shall, and hauen possesse you there,
But power you shall not haue your town nor walls therof to rere,
Till famyne for your trespas here, and for our cattell slayne,
She propheci eth hunger which after- warde is ful- fylled in the vii. booke. Shall pinche you so, that tables vp to eat you shalbe fayne.
She sayd, and into woods therwith full fast she toke her flyght.
But than my mates, their blood for cold did shrynke, & sore affright
Their corage down doth fall, and now no wepōs more thei welde,
But vowes and prayers make, & down for peas they knele in felde.
Ik goddesses perchaunce they be, or furyes, or of seas
Some boystous birdes, what euer it is, ful fain thei wold thē pleas.
But than my father Anchises vp his hands to heauen on hye
Doth hold, and to the gods aboue with honours great doth crye.
O gods defend this feare, O gods from this chaunce vs preserue
God saue good men frō harme, thā frō that shore he bids to swarue
And cables vp to wind, and sayles vp hoys with halsers hye.
The northen wind vs blows, & fast through fomyng seas we flye.
Another course. Iwher wind doth driue, & wher our maister calls our course to kepe.
Zacinthos ylond, full of woods, appeeres amyds the depe.
Dulichium and Samey londs, and craggs of Nerite hye,
Of Ithaca we flee the rocks, and (as we passe them by)
The kingdom of Laertes there, for false Vlisses nurse,
That land aloof we leaue, and it with good cause oft we curse.
Anon the poynt Leucates cald, and cloudy tops of hyll

Appeeres

Apeeres Appollos point, and coast that shipmen trust full yll.
All wery there we land, and there the citie small we vew,
Our ankers out we layd on land & ships to shore we drew.
Therfore, to mayn land whan we came long lokyd for at last,
Processions great to Joue we make, and altars kyndle fast,
And on the shore in Troian gise our games and plaies we point,
Some wrastlyng for disport with naked lymmes in oyl anoynt,
And maistries with them selfes thei trie, great ioye thei make to se:
That through so many townes of Grekes and foes they skaped be.
This while the sonne w̄ compas wide the great yere brings about,
And winter winds & northen frosts rough seas doth make mē dout
A shelde of beaten bras, sometyme that Abas strong did weare:
On postes I fired fast, and tytle wrote, and left it there.
Eneas from the victor Grekes, these armes hath offred here.
Than portes I byd them leaue, and furth to sea them selfes to stere
Strait w̄ ther ores thei skom ẏ seas, & salt some through thei swepe
And strait frō sight Pheaca towres we hid with mountains stepe.
And round about Epirus cost we ronne, and than anon
To Chaon hauen, and vp the town of Butrot hye we gon.
A wonders fame there fils our eares, & rumour thought but vaine,
That Helenus king Priams son, on Grekish townes doth raigne,
And wedded onto Pyrrhus wife, & Pyrrhus kingdomes kepes:
And how Andromache eftsones with Troian husband slepes.
I stoynyd, and with wonders loue my hart in fyer did glowe,
To see the man, and of that chaunce the fortune great to knowe.
From out the hauen I went to walk, my fleete bestowed behind.
Great sacrifice by chaunce that time, & giftes with heauy mind:
Before the towne in grenewood shade by Symois water side,
Andromache to Hectors dust with seruice did prouide.
And deintees great of meat she brought and on his soul she cried,
At Hectors tombe, that grene with gras & turfs stoode her beside
And causes more to mourne therby, two altars had she sett.
Whan toward her she salwe me come, and Troian armours mett:
Al straught w̄ monsters great she stert, & frantikelike, affright,
Astoynyd stark she stoode, her lymmes had heat forsaken quite.
She fell therwith, & long at last w̄ these wordes out she shright.
And it is true: see I thy face: true tidings bringst thou me:

Al this while he had passed the daungerous ylāds adioynyng to Grece.

He set vp a monument there with a tytle.

Again to seas.

He arriueth in Chaonia.

Andromache maried to Helenus.

D Goddesse

O Goddesse son: and art alyue: or (if we chaunged be
Into some other worlde) where is my Hector now quod she:
And with that word her eies on water brast, & therwithall
The court with cries she filde, and I whome sorow thus did pall,
Few wordes coud I reply for wo, and answerd thus again,
I liue in deede, and after daungers all in breath remain.
Doubt not for trueth thou seest.
Alas, how from so great a fall, so great a husband slayn:
What chaunce doth the restore, or fortune due doth entertayn:
Andromache, of Hector wife, Pyrrs wedlockes dost thou keepe:
She kest her eies on ground, and soft with voyce she did beweepe.

Polixena was slayn by Pyrrhus whome she calleth happy in respect of her self.

O happy most of happies al, king Priams doughter bright:
That vnderneth the walls of Troy was done to death outright.
Before her enmies tombe, for lottes on her wer neuer cast,
Nor neuer she to masters bed was captiue fired fast.
But we, whan brent our contre was, through sondry seas w paine
The pride of fears Achilles ympe and yonglinges hie disdain.
In thraldome, to our trauailes great haue born, but he at last,

She sheweth what she had with Pyrrh' and of his ende.

His mynd on Helenes doughter, (gay for Grekes to wed) did cast
And me his mayd, to Helenus his man, for wife he left.
But shortly him, for ielous rage, and for his spouse bereft,
Orestes full of furies wood, all onaware with knyfe
Him slew, and on his fathers tombe him chopt, & toke from lyfe.
Than died Neptolemus also, and of his kyngdoms all,
This part to Helenus befell, whiche he did Chaon call:
Of Chaon Troian lord: and Chaon fieldes their name is yet.
This Pergame towne he bilt, and Ylion tour theron he set.
But thee what destny th' doth gide: what wind ỹ here doth driue:
What chaunce or god onto this coast onknowen doth thee arriue:

She stops in her tale for sorowe.

How doth Askanius thy child: doth life and breath hym feede:
Whome tymely Troy to the.
How faryth he: how: for his mother lost doth he not long:
Doth he not manfull vertues great embrace: and them among
Example of his father take and vncle Hector strong:
These thinges w teares she told, & wepings long for wo she drew:
Whan from the towne the prince him self descending ther we vew,
King Helenus, king Priams son, with lordes a stately trayne,

His contremen

His contremen he knelwe, and vs to town he brought full fayne.
And teares from out his eies in talke, at euery word did fall,
I went me fourth to walke, and Troy by name that citie small,
In countnaunce lyke to Troy the great, & Pergam wals I delw:
And slender broke of Xanthus name, and gates well like I knelw.
The Troians in their contre towne also, their easment take,
The king him self great chere to the in parlours wyde doth make:
And wyne in plenty great they quaff, & deynty meates in gold
They feede, and semely set in hall, their cuppes in hands thei hold. A feast.
And thus a day or two the tyme we past, whan wynd at wylls
Begyns to blow, and calling fourth our sailes with puffing fills,
Onto the sacred kyng I went, and frendly prayed him thus. He desyreth some knowlege of his fortune.
O Troian king, that secrets hie of great Gods canst discus,
Whom Phebus token trees, & starres of heauē, hath taught to skrie
Both chirming tongs of birdes, & wynges of foul ỹ swift doth flie:
Tell soth I the beseke, for lucky course, and happy trade
Religions all and all the Goddes with one voyce do perswade.
But one alone, (a monster straunge to thinke, & synne to speke,)
Celeno, harpye foule, doth wonder tell, and fearfull wreke
Of hunger vile, what danger furst shall I eskape alas:
Or wheronto shall I me trust through paynes so great to passe:
There Helenus, (as custome was) furst hefers down he slewe,
And prayed his Gods of peas, & than the labels he withdrewe
From of his holy head, and to thy blessed secretes, me
O Phebus hand in hand he brought, all tremblyng them to see. } Answer of
And than with mouth dyuyne he spake, both prest & prophet he: } Helenus.
O goddesse son, (for greater luck than mankind, through the depe
Doth gide the thus, & greater might to greater thinges doth kepe.
Ryght true it is, the king of Gods him self so destny gydes,
So lotts doth fall, and so the wheele of fatall order slydes.
Few thinges of nombers mo, to thee, that bolder through the seas
Thou maist endure, and to thy port at last ariue with eas
In brief I will declare, for destnies depe I leue ontold,
I know them not, and Juno more to tell my tong doth hold.
Hyrst Italy, whome nere at hand onware thou dost suppose, He declareth him his courses.
And nere at hand in hauen thy rest to take thou dost propose:
Far out aloof, and long aloof it lieth, in compas sore,

And furst

And furst in Scicil streame thou must embathing bend thyn oze.
And fleeting in the salt sea some long coursinges must thou make,
Foz Cyrces yle must furst be seen, and lands of Lymbo lake,
Ere thou thy citie sauf on land maist bild and resting finde.
Tokens. These tokens I the tell, do thou imprint them well in minde.
When thou alone with carefull hart shalt syt besides a flood,
And see a sow of mighty sise that late hath laied her brood,
Beneth a banck among the rootes with thirty sucklings out,
All white her self on ground, & white her brattes her dugs about:
There shall thy citie stand, there lieth thy rest of labours all,
Noz drede the not the plage that shall of tables eating fall.
The destnies will inuent a way therfoze, and Phebus bright
Shalbe thine ayde, and the therof from dangers all acquite.
But yonder coast, and all that lond that ouer nert vs lies,
Though part of Italy it be, attempt not in no wise.
He bids him fetche a cõpas. Leaue all aloof, the cursed Grekes all cities there haue filld,
One quarter men of Locrus hath, and castles strong they bild.
Another where in Salent fieldes, all places pestring wide,
Idomeneus duke his armie kepes, and there beside.
Petilia small, whome Philoctetes wall doth compas round,
Duke Melybee therin doth dwell, & Grekes possesse the ground.
Mozeouer, whan the seas ar past and ships in saufty stande,
And altars thou shalt make to pay thy vowes vpon the sande:
He teacheth him a new maner of sacrifice. With purple weedes and hoodes of purple hews your selfs attyer,
In purple hyde your heads from sight, befoze the sacred fyer,
Foz honour great of Gods: that no vnfrendly signe oz face,
Of enmytie appeere, disturbing all and hinder grace.
This custome kepe thy self, so let thy mates and all thy trayne,
In this religion pure also thine offspzing shall remayne.
But whan approching Scicil coast the wynd thee furth doth blowe
He shewes him of diuers daungers. And that Pelorus croked straytes begyn them selfes to showe.
Than left hand land, and left hand sea, with compas long alee,
Fetch out aloof, from londes and seas on right hand, se thou flee.
These places two sometime, by foze with brethe & ruynes great,
(So tyme doth alter thinges, and what is it but age doth eate:)
From sonder fel, (men say) whan both in one the ground did grow,
The seas brake in by foze, and through the midds did ouerthzow,

Both townes

Both townes and feldes: and Italy forthwith from Scicill fyde
Did cut, and yet with narow ſtreame and ſharpe it doth deuyde.
The right ſyde Sylla kepes, the left, Caribdis gulf onmylde,
With gaping mouth ſhe ſitts, and to her wombe the waters wylde
Thre times to ground ſhe gulps, & thriſe the ſame to ſkies on hight
By courſe aloft ſhe lifts, againſt the ſtarres the ſurgys ſmight.
But Sylla couching cloſe in caue, yf praye ſhe haply fyndes:
Her head aboue the ſtreame ſhe holds, and ſhips in rocks ſhe winds.
From ſhulders vp a man ſhe ſemes: in breſt a mayden bright,
But from the nauill down a whale, with vgly ſhapp to ſight.
Compactyd of the wombes of wolues, & mixt with Dolphins tailes
Behind her long they lag, and thus in ſeas her ſelf ſhe trailes.
Yet better is Pachinus poynt, and crokes both in and out
By leiſor all to ſeke, and courſes long to caſt about:
Than ones this Sylla monſter wyld behold in dongeon foule,
Or here the roare among the rocks of doggs that there doth houle.
Beſydes all this, if conning ought of prophecies, or ſkyll
To Helenus is giuen, if Phebus me doth truely fyll:
One thing to thee thou goddeſſe ſon, one thing, and ouer all
One thing I will thee warne, and yet agayn and yet I ſhall.
Dame Junos godhead great adore, with hart and prayers meke.
To Juno make thy vowes, that lady great and myghty ſeeke
To win with humble gifts, ſo ſhalt thou to thy mynd at laſt,
All ſauf to Italy aryue, the lond of Sycill paſt.
There whan thou comſt, & Cumas town thou entreſt fyrſt at ſhore,
Where holy lakes, and woodes, and floods, (Auerna cald) doth rore,
A frantyke Prophet prieſt of womankind thou ſhalt behold,
That depe in ground doth dwell, and vnder rocks her ſelf doth hold.
And deſtnies out ſhe ſyngs, & leaues with notes & names ſhe ſignes.
What euer thing that virgin writes, in leaues and paynted lines,
In rymes and verſe ſhe ſetts, and them in caues in raũges couche,
There ſtill they lye, nor from their orders moue if nothing touche.
But whan ẏ dore by chaunce doth turne, & wind that corner blowes
Their heapes a ſonder fall, and forth they flie, & breake their rowes.
She them to ſtay, nor from their caues to flye doth neuer lett,
Nor ſekes them eft to ioyne, nor of her verſes more doth ſet.
Away thei ronne, & Syblyes houſe their maſtreſſe ſeate they hate.

Scicill and Italy were ſometyme but one lãd.

Caribdis.

Sylla.

Great perſos muſt be wonne with humilitie.

The deſcription of Sibblye.

There let no time be loſt, but though for haſt thou thinkyſt late,
Though all thy mates do call and crye to ſeas, and wind at wyll
Alluryth forth thy fleete, and ſayles thou maiſt with puffing fyll:
Allaye the prophet fyrſt, and her with prayers due beſeache,
Thy deſtinyes thee to tell, and chaunces all by mouth to teache.
Of Italy ſhe ſhall thee ſhewe, and peoples all declare,
He byds hym reſort to Sybly. And warrs at hand, and how thy ſelf therto thou mayſt prepare.
And euery labour how thou mayſt auoyd or how endure,
And all thy courſe ſhe wyll thee tell, that prieſt and prophet pure.
Theſe things I may thee ſhew, & this to heare hath ben thy chaũce.
Go, play thy part, and mighty Troy to heauen with dedes aduaũce.
Which things, whan thus the prophet me ſo lyke a frend had told,
He renewes them wyth furniture. Great gifts of yuery wrought, and treaſor great in weight of gold
To ſhyps he bids vs beare, and rowmes abourd he made to lade
With ſyluer plenty great, and plate full riche and maſſy made.
A gorgeous armor coat alſo, threfoldyd gilt with hokes
Of gold, an helmet eke, with creſt theron that gliſtryng lokes,
Neptolemus hys armes. My father eke hath hys rewards.
And horſes more and captens more.
And armor eke onto my mates he gaue, and doth ſupplie
Our want of ores, my father all this while doth byd them hie,
And ſayles in order ſet, that nothing lacke whan wind doth call.
Whome Phebus prophet ſpake onto with theſe wordes laſt of all.
Anchiſes, whom dame Venus proude in bed dyd not diſdayne,
Thou care of gods, that twiſe from Troy is deſtruction doſt remayne:
Lo Italy, lo yonder it to thee, ſet vp thy ſayle
He ſheweth them Italy from Scicile but they muſte go a-boute. And take the ſame, yet muſt thou paſſe by this land out of ſayle.
That further land it is, Apollo ſheweth that further ſhore.
Go forth, O happy man with ſuch a ſon, what ſhuld I more
Prolong the tyme in talke: and you from wind that riſyth kepe:
Likewiſe Andromache no leſſe at partyng gan to wepe.
And robes of ryche aray, and broydryd deps with gold ſhe brought,
A Troian mantell for Aſkanius wondrous gorgeous wrought.
And him with giftes, and weauing workes of gold ful gay doth lade.
Than ſayd ſhe thus. Take this of me, mine own hãds hath it made,
Take this my child, that long with thee my loue in mind may laſt.
Of Hectors wife, receyue thy frendes good will, and tokens laſt,

O figure, nert Astyanax, alone to me most dere.
So he his eyes, so he his hands, so like he bare his chere,
And now alyke in yeres with thee his youth he shuld haue ledd.
Than parting thus to them I spake, and teares for weping shedd.
Now fare ye well, O happy men, whose fortunes end is past.
New destinyes vs doth call, and we from care to care ben cast.
Your rest is redie wonne, no feld of seas you haue to eare,
To seke the lond that back doth alway flee you neede not feare,
Your citie faire, in facion lyke to Troy, and Xanthus old,
Your riuer lyke, and bildyngs worthy prayse you do behold.
Your proper hãds thẽ made, the frames therof your selues do reare,
With better lucke (I trust) and lesse shall nede the Grekes to feare.
If euer I to Tyber flood and feldes of Tyber fayer
May come, and see my cyty bylt, wherof I not despayer:
Two frendly townes hereafter, that and this, bothe nere of kynne,
Two peoples neyghbourlike shal dwell, & frendship fast betwynne.
Epyrus and Italia lond, whose founder both of name
King Dardan is, one blood we be, and chaunce haue had the same.
And now of both one Troy to make in mind let vs prepare,
And to our offspring after vs likewise we leaue the care.

In seas we went, and at Ceraunia nere our selfs we put,
From whence Italia lyeth, and shortest course there is to cut.
The sonne this while doth fall, and shadows great doth hide ẏ hills.
we spred our selfs on lond, and layd vs down with gladsom wills,
When shyps to shore was brought, & chere we make on corners all
Our wery lymmes we fresh, and slomber sweete doth on vs fall.
Nor yet from vs the mydnight houre his compas quyte had ronne:
When Palynurus quick from couche him self to stere begonne,
To fele the wind, and quarters all with eares attentif harks.
And euery starre that still doth stand or moues in heauen he marks,
The wayne, the plow star & the seuen that stormes & tẽpests poures,
Orion grym with fauchon great of gold also that loures.
When all thing sure he seeth, and all thing fater in skyes aboue,
Frõ shypbourd lond he gyues a sygne, we than our cãpe remoue,
The way we seke to kepe, & wings of sayles full hye we houe.
And now the mornyng read doth ryse, and starrs erpulsyd be,
When farre aloof with mountaines dymme, & low to loke, we see

She resembleth him to her own son that was kild

Eneas before his departur maketh a leage perpetual betwen their issue.

Agayne to seas and rested awhyle vnder a mountayne

Lodesman.

They espye Italy

Italia lond. Italia fyrst of all Achates cryed,
Italia than with gretyng londe my mates for ioy replied.
Anchises than my father, straite a mighty boll of gold
Dyd crowne, and fyll with wyne, and vp to Gods on hye did hold,
Aduauncing forth in shyp.

Anchises praier at the syghte of Italy.

O gods, that londs and seas, and tempests great haue might to gids
Vouchsafe your grace to send, and spede vs fast with wind and tide.
The wind at wishe doth blow: and hauen more open now is nere,
And Pallas temple towre to vs doth broad in sight appeere.
My felowes made to shore, and downe their sayles they do bestowe,
The port lyeth in from estern seas, and crokyth lyke a bowe,
A front it, rocks do stand, and salt sea fome about them falles,
But close it self it lyeth, on eyther syde with hugy walles,
Two rocky towres arise, the temple shrynkes away from shore.
There for a lucke foure horses fyrst I saw to feede in gras,
The ground w̄ teeth they share, & white as snow theyr colour was.
My father than Anchises: warre (O contrey lond q̄ he)
Thou thretnest warre, these beasts betoken warre, right well I see.

They entred a hauen of Italy to sacrifyce to theyr gods on the land.

Lucke and vnlucke.

But than agayn, for in the cart I see they wonted were
To draw lyke matches meete, and glad their bitts & yokes to bere.
I hope of peace (he sayd) than fast our blessed gods we pray,
And Pallas great in warre, that fyrst vs did receyue that day.
And heades with purple hoodes before the fiers in Troian gyse,
We hid from syght, as Helenus with great charge dyd aduyse,
And onto Grekishe Juno there, with gifts and honours new
We sacrifyce, and after all things don with order dew:

Again to sea for thei must go about to come to Tyber.

Our shroudes aloft we lift, and sayles abroad on hye we heaue.
Anon the Grekishe townes and contrey sore suspect we leaue.
Than passe we by Tarentum baye, where Hercules somtime
(If mens report be trew) dyd dwell, and there against doth clime
Lacynia goddesse seat, and towres of Caulon castles hye
And than to Syllas wrackfull shore with shyps approche we nye.
Than from the flood a farre, we do the mountayn Etna see,

Etna the burning mountayn in Scicille.

And hugy noyse of seas we here, and stones that beaten be
Agaynst the clyues, & flappyng voyce of waues and water sounds,
The surges leapes aloft, and from the sands thei stere the grounds.
Than sayd my father Anchises, lo, here is Charibdis hold,

These

These stones did Helenus declare, these gastly rocks he told.
O mates, lay to your myght, and vs with oȝes from hens remoue.
They did as he commaund, and Palynurus furst aboue,
His tacle to the left hand set, and sterne to left hand wȝied:
To left hand all my mates ther ships, with wyndes and oȝes aplied.
As hie as heauen we ryse, with mounting waues, and therwithall
Whan down we come, onto the soules of hell we thinke we fall.
Thȝe roȝinges loud among the rockes we hard and surges flashe.
And thȝies the falling some to bȝeke, and starrs we saw to washe.
This whyle the wynd our wery flete forsoke, so did the sonne,
And onaware, on Ciclops cost from out our course we ronne.
A hauen right large ther is, whome force of wynd can neuer moue, Discription of Etna.
But Etnas bȝasting noyse, and gryslly thondȝing, roȝes aboue.
Sometyme therout a blustring clonde doth bȝeke, and vp to skies
All smokyng black as pitche, with flakes of fyers among it flies.
And flames in foldings round, to sweepe ẏ starrs, ẏ mouth doth cast:
Sometyme, the rockes & mountains deepe entrayles, a sonder bȝast,
It belching, bolkyth out: and stones it melts, and vp it thȝowes
In lompes with roaring noyse, & low beneth the botome glowes.
Enceladus (men say) half bȝent, (sometime,) with lightning blast, A Gyaunt.
Is pȝessyd here with weight, and Etna houge on him is cast.
Whose flaming bȝeath alȝg those furneis chimneis vp doth rise.
And whan his wery syde he happs to turne, in wonders wise
All Sicil lond doth shake with noyse, & smoke doth close the skies.
That night in wodes w̄ straunge sightes & monsters far frō kind
We troubled were, noȝ cause of all that noys oȝ sound we find. Wonderfull noyses by night in that wylderneſſe.
Foȝ neither starr noȝ light in skies ther was, noȝ welken clere,
Noȝ yet foȝ cloudes & tempest dymme, the mone coud ought apere.
The moȝning nert doth ryse at east, and light abȝoad was spȝed,
And from the skies the dȝowping shade of night away was fled.
Whan sodenly, from out the woodes, with flesh consumyd leane,
A straungy man to sight apperes, in piteous fourme onclene.
To vs he came, and down did knele, with handes abȝode vpthȝown.
We lokyd, foul arated he was, his beard was ouergrown, A desperat man came to them.
His vestur rent with thoȝnes, and like a greke in wede he went,
And was sometime among the Grekes to Troy in armour sent.
Ye whan that Troian enseignes out, and armes of Troy beheld,

Afraied,

Affraied, he paused furst, and still him self a whyle he helde.
Anon in hast, all hedlong down he ronnes, and praiers meke,
With teares he wayling makes. Now by the starrs I you beseke,
By all the Gods, and by this breath of heauen that men do fede:
Take me from hence (O Troians) where ye list away me lede,
To londes, or seas, I recke not where, I know my self a Greke,
And in their ships I came, the spoyle of Troy your towne to seke.
For whiche, if my offence so great, deseruyth soche a wreke:
In floodes do you me drowne, or all my lymmes in waters breke.
If mankynd me doth kill, it doth me good my life to loose.
So said he, and his knees before vs styll he kept in woose.
What man he was we bid him strayt to tell, what kinred born,
And what him ayles, and why he lokes so like a man forlorn.
My father Anchises gaue to him his hand him self anon,
And bad him comfort take, for harme of vs he shuld haue non.
He set his fear aside, and thus his tale proceded on.

Achemenides telleth them his hard aduenture.

I am a man of Ithaca, Vlisses wofull mate,
My name is Achemenides, to Troy I came but late.
My father sent me there, and Adamastus is his name,
Of poore estate, I wold we yet continued had the same.
For in this place, whan all my fellowes fled this coast onkynd,
For hast, in Cyclops dongeon wide, they left me here behind.

Ciclops wer Gyauntes.

A blody shoppe, where slaughters vile, and deinties foul do stynck:
But houge and broad within: but he him self is worse to thinck,
The starres he reatchyth: soch a plage God from this world defende.
No hart can him behold, nor tong in talke can comprehende.
On flesh of men he feedes, and wretches blood he gnawes & bones,
I saw my self, whan of my fellowes bodyes twayn at ones,
With mighty hãdes he caught, & groueling on the ground outright,
Against a stone he brake them bothe, the dongeon flore in sight
Did swymme with blood, I saw the blood, and filthy slauer drop
Frõ out his mouth, whã he w̃ teeth ther quaking limmes did chop.

How Poliphemus eye was put out

But paid he was, nor there Vlisses in that daunger great
This mischief cond sustayne to see, nor did him self forgeat.
For whan he gorgyd had him self with meates & drinkings drownd,
He bowed his neck to sleepe, and there he lay along the ground,
An hideous thing to sight, and belching out the gubbes of blood,

And lompes

And lompes of flesh̄e with wyne he galpyd fourth, we all vpstood:
And prayed our Gods for help, and all atones him round about
We spred our selfes, and did his eie with weapons sharpe put out.
His mightie eie, that on his frowning face full broade he held,
In compas like the sonne, or like a Grekish armyn shelde.
And thus our fellowes liues at last full glad we be to wreke.
But flee, (alas) O caitiues, flee, and fast from shore do breke
Your cables.
For of the sort that Poliphemus is in dongeon deepe,
And closyth beastes, and straungers all doth kill, & mylkyth sheepe
A hundred more along this croked coast, of Ciclops fell:
Among these mountains hie do stray, & depe in dennes they dwell.
Thre tymes the mone her light hath filde, & thryse her light erilde
Synce I my lyfe in woodes, and hauntes of beastes & monsters wild
In wildernesse do leade, and Ciclops hie from holes and rockes
All quaking I behold, and of their feete I feare the knockes.
For hunger, sloes hath ben my food, and mast on trees I found,
And Hawthornes hard, & rootes of herbes I rent from out ỹ grounde.
All thinges about I spied, this fleete at last on seas I see,
What euer it were, I did my self bequeth therto to flee.
And now escapyd from this wickyd kynd, I am at eas.
Destroy me rather you, and giue to me what death you pleas.
Skant had he said his tale, whan on the mountayn tops aboue,
Him self among the beastes we see, with boystous noyse to moue.
That vgly Poliphemus, and to shore him self enclynd
A monster foule, mischapen, lothsom great, oneeied, and blynd.
A post in hand he bare of mighty Pyne, and therwithall
He felt his way, and led his sheepe, there was his comfort all.
About his neck a pype ther hong, his grief therwith to eas.
Whan to the floodes he came and set his fote within the seas,
From out his greuous eye, the blood he washt and poyson foule
With gnasshyng teeth for wo, and loude for wo began to houle.
And through the streamy waues he stamping goth, and yet aboue
His brest is nothing wet, and thus him self in sea doth houe.
We all affrayd in hast away do flee, and vp we take
Our gest as worthy was, and sokt our cables of we brake.
Than sweepe we through the seas, & ores we pull vō myght & mayn,

They se the Giaunt.

They flee

Ye heard

He heard vs, and against the sound, he turning stept againe.
But whan with hand on vs to gripe, he coud not haue his retche,
Nor wading through the deepe of seas, vs hatk he coud not fetche:
A roring loude aloft he liftes, wherat the seas, and all
The waters shoke, and londes therwith affrighted gan to pall.
Of Italy, and Etna mount did yell as it wold fall.
The giaũtes gather. But from the woodes, all Ciclops kynd, in swarmes on euery hyll
Arose, and to the portes they ronne, and shores along they fill.
We saw them stand (but harme they coud not do) with louring eies
The brethren grym of Etna mount, their heades wer vp to skies:
An vgly councell, like in sight for nomber to behold,
Onto a forest great of okes, or trees of cipres old,
Or lyke Dyanas wood that hie to heauen their tops doth hold.

All headlong fear enforsyth vs to flee, nor waye we knowe
But fourth to seas in hast we flew, wher wynd vs list to blowe.
But than again king Helenus cõmaundments did vs stay,
To keepe betwene Charibdis gulfe, and Sylla myddle way.
Betwene them both we past with danger great, and glad we were,
If course we coude not kepe, yet backe again we thought to bere.
The wynd holpe them. Behold, a northen blast from out Pelorus mouth was sent,
Therwith Pantagia stony cragges I past incontinent.
And Megaros, and all those bayes where Tapsus low doth lye,
I left them all, and through the seas with wynd at wyll I flye.
These places vs repeted than, where left he had before,
Nor Achemenides, Vlisses mate vnlucky borne.

Against the race of Scicil lond, ther lieth in seas an yle
Plemmyrium of auncient men it hight, but later while
Ortigia. Ortigia doth it call: the fame is, how Alpheus brooke
By secret waies, all vnder seas, to this lond passage toke.
And here it brasteth out, and Arethusas mouth it meetes,
And therwithall to Scicil seas it ronnes, and fourth it fleetes.
The blessed gods that in that place do dwell we honour than.
His long course about Scicil. And strait Elorus fertill soyle we past, and fourth we ran.
Than through the rockes ỹ stepe doth stand, against Pachin' nokes
Our waies we share, with labours great we ouercame the crokes.
Than Camerina poole whome destnye neuer graunt to moue,
And Gelas towne full great, and Gelas hills aperes aboue.

Than

Than Agragas his gorgeous walles alooft setts out on hye:
Where horses ferce somtyme did breede, the towres a farre we spye.
And thee with all thy dates Helymus soone I left behynd.
And Lilybeas lurkyng stones and shelues I passyd blynd.
Than hauen at Drepanus I take, in that my gladsome shore:
With han dangers all of seas and tempests greate ivere past before,
Alas my father, there, my onely ioy in care and wo,
Anchises I do lose (alas) he there departes me fro,
There me O father dere in labours all thou dost forsake.
Alas in vayne from dangers all of seas thou hast ben take.
Nor Helenus whan he to me greate fearefull thyngs dyd tell,
These waylyngs did suspende to tell nor yet Celeno fell.
This is my labour last, there was my iorney long at ende.
From thence departyng now doth god me to your contreys send.
So lord Eneas, to them all intentife to beholo,
The destroyes of the Goddes dyd shewe, and all hys courses told,
He stayed at last, and making here an end, dyd silence hold.

He toke hauen at Drepanus in Scicill and ther died hys father.

Goyng fro Scicill the storme toke hym as in the first bok appeareth.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer in foresta Kilgerran
x. Octobris. Anno. 1555.
Opus viginti dierum.

I.I.

p thys tyme perryd sat the quene so sore ỏ
loues desyer
yer wound in every vayne she sedes, she
fyres in secret fyer.
The manhood of the man full oft, full oft
his fayre us lyne
She doth revolue, and from her thought his
face can nat out wyne,
His countenaunce depe the drawes, and
fyryd fast she bredes in brest
His wordes also, nor to her careful hart can come no rest.
The morwyng sonne with shining beames all londs had overspred,
And from the skyes the dewyng shade of night away was fledd:
When thus onto her sister deare she spake with veryd head.
Nere sister Anne, what dreames be these ỳ thus my slepes affrights
What wondrous gest is this that thus among vs newly lightes?
How lyke a lord: how valiaunt strong of hart and armes he semes?
I see right well no fables ben that men of Gods estemes.
Of kind of gods he is doubtles, by drede ar dastards knowen.
Alas what warrs hath he gon through, what destnyes hym hath
If fyryd in my mind I were not fast, and shall not flyt. (thrown
That to no wight in wedlocke band I wold vouchsafe to knyt.
Synce fyrst in vaine my loue I lost, and death did me deceyue,
That comfort none in chamber dedes nor ioyes I can conceyue:
Perhaps to this offence alone I might be made to flyde.
For Anne, to thee confesse I shall (nor trueth I will not hyde)
Synce of my husband fyrst the death and fatall end I knew,
And that my brother with his blood his altars did embrew:
This only man hath bent my hart, and sore my mind doth moue,
I know the steppes of old, I feele the flames of former loue.
But rather wold I wishe the ground to gape for me bylowe,
Or god him self with thonder dynt to hell my soule to throwe,
To hell beneth in darknes depe, with ghosts and furies blake,
O vertue, ere I thee refuse, or shamefastnes forsake.
He that him fyrst to me did knit, he take from me my loue,

He

He kepes it, in his graue it lieth, from thence it shall not moue.
Thus speaking, in her bosom full the teares of water ronne.
Than answerd Anne, O sister mine more deare to me than sonne,
O sister whom I more regard than life or light of day,
Will you alone for euermore your youth thus mourne away?
Will you not seke for children sweete nor Venus comfort craue?
Do dead men care (trow ye) for this? or soules that slept in graue?
What though sometime (whan sickenes sore & greues oppresst your mynd)
Of worthy princes non to lord your hart was not enclynd?
Nor husband non of Lyby land or lords you would elect,
Nor king Hiarbas eke before whom Tyrus dyd retect,
Nor capteyns proud of Affryke land of wide renown and fame?
What loue that likes you shewes himself, will you resist the same?
Nor weye you not what case ye stand, whose contrey here you holde?
Getula townes, a people wyld in warres, and uncontrold,
And sturdy Moores on euery quarter closes, and beside,
The sandes of Syrtes coast, and wildernesse both long and wide,
And desertes drie, where saluage men of Barcey broad do stray.
Than of the warres of Tyrus now that rise, what should I say?
And of your brothers threatnings?
I hope the gods of purpose good, and mighty Junos grace
Hath made the windes to bring the Troian ships into this place.
What citie sister shall you see of this: what empier growe?
What Troian armes to vs are knit, & men this wedlok know?
With what renown and glory great shall Affrike thinke you rise?
Do you your gods of pardon first beseke (I thus aduise)
And after seruice don, do him in gest wise entertaine,
And causes find from day to day to make him here remaine,
While winter wind endures, & while the skies haue laid their rage.
And while the ships reparing ben, and force of seas aswage.
With this her burning mind incensyd more began to flame,
And hope in doubtfull hart she caught, and of she kest her shame.
First onto temples all they gon, and peace on altars all
They pray their gods to giue, & slaughters down thei make to fall.
To Ceres first that lawes did giue, to father Bacchus pure,
To Phebus, and to Juno chiefe that hath of wedlocks cure.
Her self with boll in hand, queen Dido quene most fresh of hewe.

The wine betwene the hefers hornes (so white as snow) she threw.
Or at the stagys great of gods with gifts and vows she walks
The maner was than to know fortunes by lokig vpō the inward partes of their slain sacrifices and by sothsaiers
With musyng mind, & fortunes new by wōdrous meanes she talks.
On beastes entrayles she pries and liuers bote, & from their throtes
The breathing lungs she sekes, and euery signe therin she notes.
O calcars dreamig heads: what helpes her vows, her pilgrim dedes?
What helps her temples sought: whā soking flame her mary fedes
This while, and festryng depe in brest her wound the faster bredes.
So sely Dido burnes, and through the town with ragyng chere
A louer like a woundyd dere.
Astray she wanders wyde, as doth sometyme the stryken dere,
Whom rangyng through ȳ chase, some hūter shoting far by chaūce
All onaware hath smitt, and in her syde hath left hys launce.
She fast to wilderneſſe and woods doth draw, and there complaines
Alone, but vnderneth her rybbes the deadly dart remaines.
Sometyme about the walles she walkes (Eneas by her syde)
And town already made she shews, and pomps of Tyrus pryde
Beginnes to speake, and in the midds therof her tale she stayes.
Sometimes againe, & towards night to bankettes him she prayes,
And Troain toyles agayn to tell she hym besekes, and harkes
With burning mind, & euery word and countnaunce al she markes.
Than whan they parted were, & light of mone was down by west.
And on the skies the falling starres do men prouoke to rest:
She than alone (as one forsaken) mournes, and in his place
She laieth her down, & thinks she heres & seeth him face to face
Or on her lappe Askanius for his fathers lykenes sake
She holds, if happely so she might this yrksome loue aslake.
The worke of towres are left, no feats of armes the youth applies,
Nor hauons are wrought, nor for ȳ warrs ȳ mighty bulwarks rise.
All things onperfit stands, the bildyngs great, and thretnings hye
Of hugy walles, and enginnes for their height that match the skye.
Juno doth practise with Venus to kepe Eneas stil in Affrik that he myght not com to Italy to bylde Rome.
Whom whan dame Juno saw with plage so wood to be dismayde
(The mighty spouse of Joue) nor for no speche it coud be stayde:
To Venus first she came, and thus to her began to breake.
A goodly praise (in dede) and worthy conquest great to speake
Thy boy and thou do get: a gaye renown you do obtayne
If one pooze woman traynyd be by heauenly persons twayne.
Nor thinke not but I know that thou my walls of Carthage hye

Hast

Hast in suspect, and dreding still the worst, al thinges dost trie.
But shall we neuer end: or why do we so fearcely striue:
And do not euerlasting peas and frendshyp fast contriue.
Why wedlockes ioyne we not: thou hast thy self thin own desyer,
Now loue in Didos bones is bredde, she fries in raging fyer.
Two peoples now therfore in one let vs conioyne and guyde
With equall loue: to Troian husband (lo) she shall be tyed,
And Carthage all I giue to the for ioynter fast to bynd.
To her agayne (for well she knew she spake with faynyd mynd
That Rome she might reiect, and Carthage kingdome empier make)
Than Venus answerd thus. Who is so madde that will forsake
This thing: or gladly wold in warre with the so long contend:
If what thou spekyst now will fortune bring to parfit end.
But destnyes makes me doubt, and whether he that raignes aboue
One towne of Troy and Tyrus made can be content to loue:
Or will alow the peoples twayne to myre and leage to bynd,
Thou art his wife, thou maist be bold to frayne & feele his mynd.
Begynne, I will procede. Than said dame Juno quene so stout,
Let me alone for that: now how this thing shall come about
Gyue eare to me, for now my mynd thou shalt perceyue outright.
A hunting fourth Eneas goth with Dido wofull wight
In woodes and forest wyde, whan morning nert begins to spring
And sonne with glistring beames again to sight ỹ world doth bring.
I from aloft a stormye cloude, and mirt with slett and hayle
A tempest darke as night on them to powre I wyll not fayle.
While in the woodes they walke, & while the youth enclose ỹ toyle,
The rayn shall ryse, & heauens with thonders all I will turmoyle.
Their company from them shall flee, eche one his head shall hyde,
A caue the quene shall take, the Troian duke with her shall byde.
I will be there, and if thy will accord onto my mynd:
For euer I shall make them fast and wedlock stedfast bynd.
There shall begynne the day, that sorowes all shall quyte erile.
Dame Venus graunted that, and to her self she gan to smyle,
She gaue a nodde, & glad she was she coude perceiue the gyle.

The morning rose, and from the sea the sonne was comen about,
Whan to the gates assembleth fast of noble youth a rout
With nettes and engins great, & hunter speares ful large of length.

The horsmen

The horsmen rush w̄ noise, & dogges are brought a mighty strength.
The great estates of Moores before the doores a wait the quene.
In chamber long she staies, and redy brydlyd best besene
The palfrey standes in gold, attyred riche, and fierce he stampes
For pryde, and on the somy bitt of gold with teeth he champes,
At last she comes, and forth with mighty trayne she doth procede,
All braue with mantell bright, encompast fresh in glistring weede.
Her quyuer on her shulder hanges, her heares with knottes of gold
Are trust: and gold about her brest her purple garments hold.
The Troian peeres also went on, Askanius glad of chere,
Eneas eke before them all that faurest did apere
Aduaunceth furth him self, and with the quene he ioyneth band.
Most lyke onto Apollo cleere, whan to his contrey land
To Delos downe he comes, and wynter cold he doth forsake,
And feastes among his contrey lordes & banketts great doth make,
The daunsers do disguyse them selfes, and altars round about,
The husbandmen doth hoppe and crie, with noise and ioyfull shout.
Him self aloft on hilles doth walke, his wauering lockes behynde
Tye wagges, and they with garlondes gay & twists of gold ar twynd,
His arrowes on his shulders clattring hanges: in manor like
Eneas went, so great a myth to men his face doth stryke.
Whan to the mountaynes out they came & hauntes of beasts on hie,
Behold, adown the rockes the deere with bounsing leapes do flie.
And ouer laundes they course, and many an heard of hart and hynd,
with feet through dust vpthrown thei skud, & hilles thei leaue behind
But in the vale his praunsing steede Askanius swift bestrydes,
And somtyme these, and sometyme those, w̄ swift course ouerrydes.
With bastard beastes his mynd is not content, but makyth vows
Some somy bore to finde, or lyon ramping read wold rowse.

By this tyme heauen with rombling noyse & cloudes is ouercast,
And thonders breke the skies, and rayne outrageous pouryth fast,
And shoures of hayle and slett so sharpe, that fast on euery syde
The Carthage lordes and Troian youth eche one them selfs doth hide
In woodes and houses, here and there they seke, both man & childe
For feare, & down from hilles the floodes do fall with waters wilde.
A caue the quene did take, the Troian duke with her did byde.
The ground proclamyd myth, & Juno self did gyue the bryde.

The fyer

The fyer and ayre agreed, and to this copling gaue their light
In signe of ioye, and ouer head the mountain fairies shright.
There fyrst began the grief, that day was cause of sorowes all,
For nothing after that by fame she setts nor what may fall,
Nor longer now for loue in stelth quene Dido her prouides,
But wedlock this she calls, with wedlocks name her faut she hides.
Anon through all the cities great of Affrike, fame is gone,
The blasing Fame, a mischief soch, as swifter is ther none.
By mouing more she bredes, and as she ronnes her might doth rise.
Bytowe for fear she lurkyth furst, than straft aloft in skies,
With pride on ground she goth, & percyth cloudes w̄ head on bight.
Dame Erth her mother brooded furth (men say) that child in spite
Against the Gods, whan Gyauntes furst of serpent feeted lyne
Enceladus and Ceus wrought hye heauen to vndermyne
Than for disdayne (for on them selfes their owne worke Ioue did flynge)
Ther sister crawlyd furth, both swift of fecte & wight of wynge.
A monster gastly great, for euery plume her carcas beares
Lyke nomber leering eics she hath, like nomber harckning eares,
Like nōber tōges & mouthes she wagges, a wōdrous thing to speke
At midnight fourth she flies, & vnder shade her sound doth squeke.
All night she wakes, nor slomber swete doth take, nor neuer slepes.
By daies on houses tops she sittes or gates of townes she kepes.
On watching toures she clymes, and cities great she makes agast,
Both truth and falshed furth she tells, & lies abrode doth cast.
She than the peoples mouthes about with babbling broad did fyll,
And thinges onwrought & wrought she told, & blew both good & yll.
How one Eneas of the blood of Troy was come to land,
Whome Dido freshe for wanton loue full sone had caught in hand,
And now, this wynter season long in pleasour passe they must
Regarding non estate, but giue them selfes to filthy lust.
Thes things in mouths of mē this goddesse vile full thick did thrust.
Than turning, strait her way she toke onto Hyarbas, king,
Whose mynd with tales on fyer she set, & sore his wrath did sting.
This king was Ammons son of Garamantha Nymphe his dame.
A hundred temples huge about his kingdoms wide of fame,
A hundred altars hie to Ioue he kept, with waking fyers
Both night and day to God, & holy priestes had their desyers

The fayrye ladies.

Fame the doughter of earth and sister to the Gyauntes that attempted to skale heauen.

Fame.

A woer.

Of beastes

Of beastes and slaughters sat: the soyles with blood wer al embrued.
And sweete with floures & garlondes fresh the florres alway renewd.
The madde in mynd, & through these bitter newes incensyd wood,
Then say, as he before his altars prayed and humbly stood,
His handes to heauen vpthrew, & thus he cried with veryd mood.
Almighty Ioue, whome duely Moores esteme for God and king,
Antiquity fedde vpon beddes as the Turkes do yet. And feastes on broydred beddes to the & wynes of ioye do bryng,
Beholdst thou this: and mighty father thee with thonder dintes
Despise we thus: and yet from vs thy strokes of lightnings stintes:
Nor quake we not whã through ỹ cloudes thy sõuding brekes abourt:
In vayn thy voyces ronne: will nothing vs to vertue moue:
A woman, lately come to land, that bought of vs the ground,
To whome the soyle we gaue to tille, and citie new to sound,
And lawes also we lent, my wedlock (lo) she hath forsake:
He cõpares Eneas to Parys. And now Eneas lord of her and all her lond doth make.
And now this prankyng Paris fyne with mates of beardles kynde,
To droppyng hear and sauours nyce and vices all enclynde,
With grekishe wymple pynkyd, womanlyke: yet must the same
Enioy the spoyles of this, and we thy seruauntes take the shame,
For all our offring giftes to the we fynde no frute but same.
Thus prayeng in his feruent mood, and altars holding fast,
Almighty Ioue him heard, and to the court his eies did cast.
Where now these louers dwell forgetting life of better fame.
Than Mercury to him he calls, who strait obeyed the same.
The cõmãdmẽt of Ioue to Mercury Go son, come of, & call the windes, & wyngyd slipp thee down
Onto the Troian duke, that now alook in Carthage town
Doth lynger tyme, and of his fatall cities hath no mynde.
Go speake to him, and thus conuey my wordes as swift as wynde.
Not soch a man his mother deere did promise he should proue,
Nor him from daungers twyse of Grekes for this did she remoue:
But one that shuld Italia lond where dreedfull warres do swell
By conquest vndertread, and them to right and peas compell,
And Troian blood he shuld aduaunce to due renowne and fame,
And all the worlde shuld vnder lawes subdue and rule the same.
If glory non of things so great nor corage him doth moue,
Nor for his prayse him self to take ỹ paines he doth not loue,
Yet from Askanius why doth he the towres of Rome remoue:

What

What meanes he? why remaines he thus within his enmies warde
And hath not onto Lauyn lond and ossprying there regarde
Byd him to sea, this is the sonne, (q he) go tell him this.
This spoken, he his fathers mind obeyed as duety is.
And fyrst his slender feete with shoes and wings of gold he ties,
That him both vp and down doth beare, where euer coast he flies,
Both ouer seas and ouer londes, in post, in ayer aboue.
He toke his rodde also, wherwith from hell he doth remoue
The louryng soules, and soules also to dongeons depe he sendes,
And slepes therwith he giues and takes, & men from death defendes.
The winds by force therof he cutts, & through ẏ clouds he swymms,
And now, approching nere, the topp he seeth and mighty lymms
Of Atlas mountayn tough, that beaue on boystous shulders beares,
Of Atlas old, whō beating shoures and stormes & tempests weares.
Whose head encompast all with trees of Pyne in garlond wise,
With louring cloudes is euer clad, that more and more do rise,
His shulders hid with snow, and from his hoary beard adowne,
The streames of waters fall, w̄ ise and frost his face doth frowne.
There fyrst on ground with wings of might doth Mercury aryue.
Than down frō thens right ouer seas him self doth headlong dryue,
Most lyke a byrd that nere the bankes of seas his haunting kepes,
Among the fyshfull rocks, and low byneth on water sweepes.
Non other wise Mercurius betwen the skies and lands
Did sheare the winds, and ouerflew the shores of Lyby sands.
Whan fyrst the bowres of Affrike land w̄ wingyd fete he twight,
Eneas he might see to stand among them broad in sight
Aduauncing vp the towres, and houses hye was altring newe,
Begyrt with hanger bright, beset with stones as starrs to bewe,
And shining read in roabe of Moorishe purple, mantlewise,
He stood, and from his shulders down it hyng Morisko gise.
Quene Didos worke it was, her precious gift of loue to hold,
Her self the web had wrought, & warpyd fine with wreath of gold.
Straight onto him he steps and sayd. Thou now of Carthage hye
Foundations new dost lay, & doting dost thy mind applye
To pleas thy lusty spouse, and citye fater thou dost prepare,
Alas, and of thyne own affayres or kingdoms hast no care.
Hymself the mighty god doth me to thee on message send,

Mercury busketh him forward.

The descriptiō of his iorney frō heauen alōg the mountayne Atlas in Affryke, hyest in earth.

The king of heauen & earth, that all this world wᵒ becke doth bend,
Him self hath bid me through the winds so swift these things to tel.
What gost about? why spendyst tyme in Lyby land to dwell?
If glory non of things so great thy corage do not moue,
Nor thou forpayse to take the payne wilt for thyne own behoue:
Yet by Ascanius rysyng now haue some regard to stande,
And hope of heyres of him, to whom by right Italia land
And empier great of Rome is dew. So said this heauenly wight,
And in the middes his tale he brake, and fled from mortall sight,
And out of reatche of eyes as thinne as aier he vanisht quite.

Eneas than affrighted stood in silens domme dismayd,
His heare vprose for feare, his voyce betwene his iawes it stayd.
Fayne wold he flee, and of that contrey sweete his licence take.
Astoynyd with so great commaundment giuen, & god that spake.
Alas what shall he do? how dare he now attempt to breake
Onto the quene of this? or where his tale beginne to speake?
His doubtfull mind about him swift he kest both here & there,
And sondry wayes he wayed, & searcheth dangers euery where.
Thus stryuing long, this last deuise him liked best of all.
Cloanthus and Serestus strong and Mnesteus he doth call,
His capteins And byds them rig their fleete, and close their people draw to shore,
And armors all prepare, and lest therof might rise vprore:
Some causes ells they shuld pretend, him self whan time shal serue,
Whan Dido lest doth know, & lest suspectes his loue to swarue,
He wyll assay to seke most pleasaunt tyme with her to treat,
And metest meane to make, (for craft is all, who can the feat)
They glad without delay their lords commaundment did fulfyll,
All things in order set, and close they kept their princes wyll.

But non the quene had found the gile. What craft can compas loue?
She did forecast no lesse, & first she felt their practise moue
All things mistrusting strait, and Fame also that monster wood
Her fumes encreasyd more, with newes, that shyps in armor stood,
And Troians for their flight (she sayd) all things preparyd had.
Her hart therwith did fayut, and frantike (lyke a creature madd)
She rayles wᵗ ramping rage, & through the streates & towns about
With noyse she wanders wide, most like a gide of Bacchus rout:
Whā shouting through the felds wᵗ trompet soūd thei ron by night.

In

In freke of Bacchus feaſt, and mountayns hie they fyll with ſhright.
At laſt onto Eneas thus in talke her wordes ſhe dight.
To hide alſo from me this miſchief great, haſt thou the hart?
Thou traitor falſe: and from my land by ſtelth woldſt thou depart?
Nor my onfaynyd loue, nor thy remorſe of promiſe plight,
Nor Dido, like to die with cruell death, can ſtay thy flight?
But in the middes of winter ſtorme away thou wilt in haſt?
In theſe outragious ſeas, and through the force of northen blaſt?
O raytiſe moſt vnkind: what if it were a contrey knowne?
The land thou goſt to ſeke, no ſtraungy realme, but all thyn owne?
What if that Troy, ſometyme thy natiue town, did yet endure?
Shuld Troy through al theſe boyſtous ſeas this time thy ſhips allure?
And fleeſt thou me? Now by theſe weping teares, & thy righthand
(For nothing elles I left me miſer now whereby to ſtand)
By our eſpouſayll fyrſt, and for the loue of wedlocke ſought:
If euer well deſeruyd I of thee, if euer ought
Of ioy thou haddſt of me, haue mercy now, I am ontwind.
Deſtroy not all my houſe, O be not ſo extreme onkind.
If prayers may preuayle, let prayers yet relent thy mynd,
For thee alone the tyrantes all and kings of Lyby land
Doth hate me now, for thee alone my people me withſtand,
For thee alſo my ſhamefaſt life I brake, and euermore
My fame I loſt, that to the ſtarrs exalted me before.
To whom alas ſhall be left (O geſt) ſynce die I ſhall,
That ſurname muſt remayne (for huſband thee I dare not call).
Why ſhuld I longer liue? ſhuld I abide the day to ſee
Myne enmies ouerthrow this town for hate and ſpite of thee?
Or tyll that king Hiarbas come and me his captiue make?
Yet if I chauncyd had ſome frute of thee before to take:
If yet before thy flight there were ſome yong Eneas ſmall
Reſemblyng me thy face, to play with me within this hall:
Than ſlaue I ſhuld not count my ſelf, nor yet forſaken all.
Theſe things ſhe ſpake, but he remẽbring Ioues cõmaundment, ſtill
Dyd ſtand with firyd eyes, and couchyd care hys hart did fill.
Few wordes at laſt he ſpake. All that (q he) and nothing leſſe
But rather more, what euer tong may tell I will confeſſe,
Nor neuer (noble quene) ſhall I denay thy goodnes kynd,

Nor Didos loue on me bestowd shall neuer out of mynd,
While on my self I think, while life & breath these lymmes do gyde.
To purpose this I speake, I neuer thought nor hoapte to hyde
(Do you not fayne) this slight, nor did prepare from hence to steale,
Nor I for wedlock euer came, nor thus dyd mynd to deale.
For as for me, my lyse to leade if destnies dyd not lett,
As I coud best deuise, and all my charge in order sett,
Myne auncient town of Troy for me and myne I wold agayne
Restore with labour swete, and Priams towres shuld yet remayne.
For though they conquerd be, their walls agayn I wold aduaunce.
But now Italia lond to seke, and there to take our chaunce:
To Italy Apollo great and mighty gods vs calls.
There lyeth our contrey loue. If you delyte in Carthage walles
And you a Moore among the Moores reioyce this town to see,
Why shuld the Troians from their contrey land restraynyd be
What reason is but we likewise may straungy contreys take:
My father Anchises soule to me (as oft as shadowes blake
By night doth hide the ground, as oft as light of starrs do rise)
He warns me through my dreames, & me w fearfull gost doth grise.
My child Askanius eke, to me most deere, I put to wrong,
Whom from Italia realme and fatall feldes I kepe so long.
And now the message great of god from hie Joue down is sent,
I call to witnes both, as swift as wind his warning went.
I saw the god my self as cleare as day, whan on the ground
He lighted furst, and from the walls these eares did here the sound.
Cease for my loue, with wailyng thus to fret both me and thee,
Italia against my will I seke.
These thigs while he did speake, she hym beheld w loking glomme,
With rollyng here and there her eyes, and still in sylens domme
His gestur all she bewd, and musyng long agaynst him stood.
At last thus out she brake, and thus she spake with burnyng mood.
No goddesse neuer was thy dame, nor thou of Dardans kynd
Thou traitour wretche, but vnder rocks & moũtayns rough onkynd
Thou wert begot, some brood thou art of beast or monster wyld,
Some Tigres thee dyd nurse, and gaue to thee their mylke onmyld.
For what shuld I regard: or whereto more shuld I me kepe:
Did he lament my teares: did ones his eyes on water weps:

Dyd

Did he not comfort shewe? or turn his face to me for loue?
What shuld I furst complain? now now dame Juno great aboue,
Nor God him self on my mischaunce with equall eies doth loke.
No stedfast truth there is: this nakyd miser vp I toke
Whome seas had cast on shore, and of my realme a part I gaue,
His fleete I did relieue, and from their death his people saue.
Ahlas what furies driue me thus to rage. Lo now anon,
Apollo laith his lottes, to Phebus now he must be gon.
Now Joue him self hath sent his fearfull mandat through the skies,
The post of gods is come: here is a fetche of fyne deuyse.
What ells? be not the careles Gods with these things combryd sore?
These labours were them moche: who euer hard this like before?
They carke for this? I neither that defend, nor hold thee more.
Go, seke Italia through the wyndes, hunte kingdomes out at seas.
In mids therof I hope thou shalt (if good Gods may displeas)
Upon the rockes be thrown, that vengeans due thy carcas teare.
On Dido shalt thou erie, with brondes of fyer I will be there.
And whan the cold of death is come, and bodie voyd remaynes,
Eche where my haunting spryte shall the pursue to giue the payns.
Yea thiefe it shall be thus: and as I syt in lymbo lowe,
These tydinges whan I heare I shall reioyce thy wo to knowe.
And in the mydds of this her tale she brake, and from the lyght
She fled with heauy hart, and drew her self away from sight,
Hym leauing there, perplexyd sore in mynd, and sore in teare.
He wold haue spoke, her ladies lift her vp, and vp did beare.
To chamber her they brought, in precious bed they laid her there.

But good Eneas though full fayne he wold her grief aswage,
And wordes of comfort speke to turne from her that heuy rage.
In hart he mournyd moche, and shakyn sore with feruent loue:
Yet to his ships he went to do the charge of Gods aboue.
Than all the Troians them bestyrd, in hast on euery syde
Their ships they lauched out, the anoynted plankes on water glide.
And ores they made of bowes, the woodes w̄t hem to seas they beare
Unshapen yet for hast.
From al ỹ town they ranne, you might thē swarming thick behold. The discription of pysmares or emotes.
And like as antes applie their worke, that thinck on winter cold,
Whan heapes of corn they spoyl, & to their house conuey their store.

Their army

Their army black goeth out, and from the feeldes with labour soze
Their booties home they bring, & some the kernells great of grain
With might of shulders shoue, and some behind surucy the train,
Cozrecting some foz slewth, w̄ chering furth the wozke it heates,
The waies ar worn with weight, & euery path of labour sweates.
What mynd ahlas O Dido now: what grief was this to thee:
What wayling vp thou setst: whan so on shoze thou didst them see:
And whan thou mightst behold befoze thy face from toures on hye
The seas on euery syde resound with soch vpzoze and crye:
O loue onmylde, what dost thou not man mortall dziue to seeke.
Again to teares she goeth, again she falls to praiers meke,
She yeldes to him foz loue, noz nothing will she leaue vntried,
But practise all to proue, if ought will help befoze she died.
Lo sister Anne, thou seest how swift to shoze this people hies,
From euery coast they come, their sayles ar set foz wynd to ryse,
With garlōd crowns foz ioy their mariners their puppes haue dzest
If euer sister soch a grief had come within my thought,
I wold haue borne the same, oz ells some other shift haue wrought
Yet one thing syster in this wofull plight do thou foz me,
Foz this periurd wretche regarded none so moch as the.
To thee alone he wold cōmit both secret thought and deede,
Thou knowest ý mans good houres, & pleasant time w̄ him to spede
Go sister, and go tell my wozdes to my disdainfull foo:
I was not she that did conspier with Grekes to Troy to goo,
Noz did subuert his townes, noz shippes noz armour euer sent
To stroy the Troian blood, noz to his foes assistens lent.
I neuer brake his fathers tombe, noz bones in peces chopt.
Why hath he thus to my request his eares so stifly stopt:
Where now away to ronne, will he remoue in all this hast:
O let him yet haue one respect to me foz token last,
This one reward I craue, foz dueties all, most miser wight,
O let him byde a whyle till wynd and seas may serue his flight.
I seeke no moze the wedlock old, which he hath now betraied,
Noz from Italia goodly land be lenger shuld be staied.
I seke no longer him to kepe his kingdom to fozbeare.
A vacant tyme I aske, and respit small my wo to weare,
While foztune learne me to lament & brake my fatall fall.

Foz pity

For pity (sister) sue for me this pardon last of all,
Whiche whan thou dost obteine, requite it with my death I shall.
Thus talked she with teares, and weping thus both to and fro
Her sister went and came, and bare and brought encreas of wo.
For weping non preuails, nor wayling non his mind doth moue
His brest so stifly bent, entreatings all from him doth shoue,
God worketh so, his gentle eares ar stopt from heauens aboue.
And as an auncient oke of tymber stout is tost and torne,
With northen boystous blasts, now here, now there, w̄ bēding borne
Whan struggling windes do striue, ꝑ craking noyse aloft doth sound
The braunches brekes aboue, and bows abrode ar spred on ground.
Yet still on rockes it standes, & as the top doth clyme to grow
To heauens in height, so reacheth down the roote to lymbo lowe.
Non otherwise afflicted is this prince with message brought,
Incessauntly with teares, & grieuous cares oppresst his thought,
Yet standes he fryd still and teares of eies do trill for nought.
Whan Dido (wofull soull) with plages of destnies foule affright
Desires to die, she lothyth now of heauen to se the lyght.
Her purpose also further furth to set, and life to leaue:
As she on burnyng altars did encense and offrings heaue,
(A lothsom thing to speake) the sacred liquors black they stood,
And wynes in powring furth she saw them turne to fylthy blood.
This vision to no wight, no, not her sister dere she told.
There was also within her court, to serue her husband old
A marble temple pure of wondrous worck, that day by day
Deuoutly she did dresse with fleeses white and garlondes gay:
From thence were voices heard, & speches plain did seme to sound
Her husband her to call, whan darck of night did hide the ground.
And oftentimes on houses tops the shryking oule alone
Her deadly song did drawe, with wayling voyce & wepyng mone.
Moche thinges also that prophetes old of long time spake before
Amased made her mynd, with grisly thretninges more and more.
And visions in her slepe she seeth. Him self Eneas there
Pursues her fearce in chace, and she away doth flee for fear.
And euer left alone she semes to be, and long alone,
She walkes in desert waies, and people sekes & findyth none,
Her Peares also she thinkes hath her forsaken fled and gone.

Princes had temples in their houses where they worshipt thē that they loued as Gods

Dreames cō trary.

As

As Pentheus whome fables fayne with fendes enchaunted was,
Two sonnes at ones, & townes of Thebas twayne did seme to passe:
Or as Orestes baited was with bugges and goostes onkynd,
When he his mother fled, and she pursued him fast behind
All gyrt with serpentes grim, and shaking brondes of vengeans fell
With fyer, and euery doore beset with wrekefull hagges of hell.
When she therfore conceiuyd had these monsters wood for woo,
Desperatiō She gaue her selfe to death, and from this world decreed to goo.
A time therto she seekes, and what deuise is best to take
She studies fast, and to her heauy sister thus she spake.
She dissimu leth to her syster that she hath got ten an old woman to heale her of loue by ma gike. Lo sister, now reioyce with me, for I haue found a way,
That either I shall holde him styl or ells my loue shall stay.
There is a land in Occian sea, that furthest lyeth of all,
Where Ethiops do dwell, and where the sonne from vs doth fall,
Where Atlas mighty mount on shulders strong the heuē doth turne,
And vnderpropps the pole that starrs doth beare that euer burne.
From thens a virgin priest is come, from out Massila lande,
Sometyme the temple there she kept, and from her heauenly hande,
The Dragon meat did take. She kept also the frute deuyne,
With herbes and liquors sweete, that still to sleepe did men enclyne.
The mindes of men (she saith) from loue wō charmes she can onbynd,
In whome she list, but others can she cast to cares onkynd.
The ronning streames to stand, & frō their course ỹ starrs to wreath,
And soules she coniure can, thou shalt see sister vnderneath
The ground with roaring gape, & trees & mountains turne vpright
I call to wytnes God, and onto the my trouth I plyght
O sister sweete, and by thy head whome I so deare do loue,
Compeld against my will I must these artes of Magike proue.
Go thou therfore and in myne inner court (in secret wyse)
Prepare the pile of wood, and frame it large aloft in skies.
Vnder this colour she causeth her funeral fyer to be made for than thei vsed to burn their dead. Than take his harneis all, and euery thing that thou canst fynd,
Whiche in my chamber yet this wicked thief hath left behynd.
Than all his wearing weedes, and than my bed of wedlock wo
Where I was cast away (alas) lay that with them also.
All monuments and tokens where that sinfull wretche hath past
I wyll consume with fyer, so doth my priest commaund in hast.
This speaking, sodenly she stopt, and stood with loking pale.

Yet coud not Anne suspect by that, nor by her sisters tale,
That vnder such pretence of seruice new, her death she ment,
Nor of so fierce outrage she thought, or mynd on madnes bent.
No greater thing she fearyd now, than whan Sicheus died.
Therfore as she was byd she dyd.
The quene whan she preparyd had the pile in skies on hie
With loggs in peces cut, and pitche & gummes & tymber drye,
w̄ garlonds them she decks, and bowes & herbes doth on them strowe,
In mourning gise, than all the robes thereon she doth bestowe,
His sword also she layd, and faier on bed his picture newe,
She couchyd all her self, and well she wist what shuld ensue.
Her altars stands about, the priest her selfe with heare vnfold
Thre hundred gods with thondring mouth she calls, and Chaos old, Coniuratiõs of magike.
And gods of vndergrounde, and on the threfoldshapen dame,
And on Diana virgins faces thre she doth exclame.
Than waters sprinklyng (blacke as Lymbo pit) on thē she throws.
And forth by night thei gon, wher wedes & herbes of mischief grows
With hokes full hard of brasse, by lyght of mone they seke & croppe
Ther heary buddes, and milke of poyson black that frō them droppe Thyngs perteyning to witchcraft.
They seke also, and from a tender colt they take the knapp
That from the front at foalyng fyrst the dame for loue doth snapp,
Whome now they do preuent.
Her self at offring altars pure deuout with gifts in hand,
With one fote naked bare, in garment lose vngyrt dyd stand,
Protesting loud before her death her gods and starres aboue
That knowes her destnyes all. Than if there be for them that loue
Remembraunce ought in heauen, or god that iustice kepes in skies,
Regarding breache of fayth: to that she prayes and humbly cries.
Than was it night, and creatures all that wery were on ground Discription of midnight
Dyd take their slomber swete, both woods & seas had left their soūd,
And waues of waters wild, whan starrs at midnight soft doth slide,
Whan whust is euery felde, & beasts & byrds of paynted pride
In bushes, broad that brede, and contrey foules of lond and lake,
By night in silence styll are set on slepe their eas to take.
Forgetting labours long, and care away from hart they shake.
But not so Dido coud, nor neuer rest relieues her mynd.
On slepe she neuer falls, her eyes or hart no night can synd.

Her cares encreasing rise, with raging loue in brest she boyles
A freshe, and surges wild of wrath within her selfe she toyles.
Betwene them thus she striues, & thus her heuy hart turmoyles.
Lo, what shall I now do: shall I agayn go seeke with shame,
My former suters loue: shall I go sue to wedd the same:
Whome I so oftentimes to take to me disdaynyd haue:
Or shall I in the Troian fleete go serue and lyue a slaue:
What elles: for where they had before this time relief of me
They well remember that, and well they quite me now you see.
Admyt I wold so do, what is he there wyll me receyue
To their disdaynfull shyps: O foole, thou dost thy self deceyue.
O creature lost, dost thou not yet the falshed vnderstand
Of that periuryd nation fals of Laomedons band:
What than: shall I alone pursue these boatmen braue in flight:
Or shall I reyse my peoples all in armes with me to fight:
And them that out of Sydon land I skarsely brought with payne,
Shall I go byd them sayle, and send them out to seas agayne:
Nay rather die thy self, as worthy well thou dost deserue,
And with this wepon quenche away thyne own distresse & sterue.
Thou sister, ouercome with teares, on me this mischiefe fyrst
Didst put, and to my mortall foe didst throw me most accurst.
Coud I not yet my life haue led without reproche or misse
As doth some saluage beast: and not haue felt the cares of this:
My promyse broken is that I my husband dead dyd make.
These waylings she within her brest with hart full heauy brake.
Eneas than abourd in shyp assuryd forth to passe
Was taking rest, and for the flight all thing preparyd was.
To hym the god againe in habit lyke and former face
Appearing shewd him self, & thus in dreame bespake his grace.
All things like Mercury he bare, both forme and voyce and hew,
And glosse of shining hear, and comly youth of beauty new.
Thou goddesse son, in all this parlous season canst thou slepe:
Nor how thou art beset with dangers great hast thou no kepe:
Thou foolish man: these goodly westerne winds dost thou not here:
She now on mischief thinks, and wicked craft her mind doth stere,
Assuryd bent to death, and waues of wrath her hart doth cast.
Wilt thou not headlong flee betyme while powr to flee thou hast:

Anone

Anon the seas enclosyd vnder shyps, and blasynge bronds
On euery syde shall shyne, thou shalt see burning all the strondes,
If thee this morning sonne about this contrey synd to raunge.
Breake of, dispatche: a diuersmynded thing and full of chaunge
Is womankynd alway, dispatche. So spake this heauenly wight,
And through the darke of night him self wt̃drew from mortall sight.
Eneas with that sodein voyce in mind right sore appallde
Himself from slepe he shoke, and on his mates he freshly callde.
Now euery man awake, bestow your selues on hatches hie,
In hast hoyse vp your sayles, agayn the god is come from skie.
In hast forthwith to shift, and cables cut from hence to flee,
Lo ones agayn he calles. O blessed god we wayt on thee
Whatsoeuer thou art: thy will agayn with glad chere we obey,
Be with vs now for spede, and send vs starres to gide our way
And wether good (he sayd). With that, he drew his sawchon out
That bright as lightning shone, & cables strake with corage stout.
Than euery man bestyrs: thei seke, thei snatch, thei take, thei teare,
The shores aloof they leaue, the seas for shyps appeeres no where.
And now the Morning read had left syr Tythons paynted bed,
And broad on earth her glistring beames & light had newly sped.
The quene as dawning wared white from tooting towres on hie,
When she the fleete thus vnder sayle in order did espie,
And wind at will to driue, and nothing left behind at shore,
And saw the hauons all empty stond withouten boat or ore:
Thre times her hands she beete, & foure times strake her comly brest,
Yer golden hear she tare, and frantiklyke with mood oppresst
She cried, O Jupiter, O god, (q she) and shalla go?
In deede? and shalla flowte me thus, within my kingdoms, so?
Shall not mine armies out? and all my peoples them pursue?
Shall they not spoyle their shyps, or burne them all wt̃ vengeans due
Out people, out vpon them, folow fast with fiers and flames.
Set sayles aloft, make out with ores, in ships, in boates, in frames.
What speake I? or where am I? what furies me do thus enchaunt?
O Dido wofull wretche, now destnies fell thy head doth haunt.
This fyrst ỹ shuldst haue don, whan ỹ thy kingdom putst from thee.
Lo this it is to trust. This godly fayth and trouth hath he
That so deuout, his contrey gods men say doth seke to reare,

The morning was take for a goddesse and ymagined nyghtly to lye with Tithon king of the East.

And he that on his shulders did his aged father beare.
Coud I not him by force haue caught, & piece from piece haue torne?
Or spred his limmes in seas, & all his people slayne before?
Coud I not of Askanius chopping made? and dresse for meate
His flesshe? and than his father done therof hys fyll to eate?
Than grown a doubt there had perhapps in fyght, what if it had?
Whom dredd I, bent to death? than wold I strait with furies madd
Haue brent his campe wt brondes, & fylld his ships wt fier & flame.
Both sier and son destroyd, and of their nation quenche the name
That done, I wold haue thrown my self full glad vpon the same.
O Sonne with blasyng beames, that euery dede on earth dost bewe,
And Juno goddesse great that knowest what thing to this is dewe:
Diana, depe whose name by night all townes in crospathes crye,
And sendes of vengeans fell, and gods that Dido make to dye
Receyue my words; and turne from me the wreke of sinners paine.
Heare now my voyce: If destnyes do that wicked head constrayne
To enter hauen, and nedes he must with mischief swimme to land,
If god will nedes dispose it so to be, there let it stand.
Yet let him veryd be, with armes and warres of peoples wyld,
And huntyd out from place to place, an outlaw still cryld,
Let him go begge for helpe, and from his child disseueryd be,
And death and slaughters vile of all his kinred let him see.
And whan to lawes of wicked peas he doth him self behight,
Yet let him neuer raigne, nor in this life to haue delight:
But die before his day, and rotte on ground withouten graue.
This is my prayer last, this with my blood of you I craue.
Than to their linage all, O you my people shew despite,
O Moores, applie them still with strife, let hatred hate acquite.
This charge to you I leaue, these offring presents send you me,
Whan dead I am: let neuer loue nor leage betwene you be.
Than of my bones arise there may some impe, reuenger fell,
That shall the Troian clownes with force of fier and sword expell.
Now, than, & euermore, as tyme shall serue to giue them might
Let shore to shore, & streame to streame, be styll repugnant right.
This I desier, let them in armes and all their offspring fight.
Thus sayd she, and her mynd about in compas wide she kest,
Desyring sone this hatefull world to leaue and be at rest.

Of her came hanibal that after plaged Rome.

Than

Than thus to Barcey strayt, Sycheus nurse she shortly sayd,
For at her contrey old, her own, in dust before was layd:
Dere nurse (q she) go bid my sister hast that she wer here,
Attyre her self she must, and washe with streames of water clere,
And offrings bid her bring, and beastes apointed here to leade,
And thou thy head (O nurse deuout) with vesture see thou spreade,
Than let her come. To Pluto depe sothe vowes as I haue take
My mynd is to perfourme, and of my cares an end to make.
The tokens all of Troy to burning fyer I will commyt.
She hearing, stoppyd furth and hasted on with agyd wyt.
But Dido quaking fearce with frantike mode and grisly hewe,
With trembling spotted chekes, her huge attemptings to pursue,
Besides her self for rage, and towardes death with visage wan,
Her eies about she rold, as read as blood they lokyd than.
Anon to the inner court in hast she ronnes, and vp the pyle
She mounting clymes aloft, and on the top therof a whyle
She stood, and nakyd from the sheath she drawes the fatall blade
A gift of Troy, that onto these effectes was neuer made.
There, whan she saw the Troian weedes & couche acquainted laid
With tricling teares awhile, & mourning hart her self she staid.
Than flat on bed she fell, & these her last wordes than she said.
O sweete remayne of clothing left, and thou O dulcet bedde
(Whyle God and fortune wold, and while my life with you I ledde)
Receiue from me this soule, and from these cares my hart entwyne.
A tyme of life I had, of fortunes race I ranne the lyne:
And now from me my fygure great goeth vnder ground to dwell.
My walles I reysyd haue, and citie riche that doth excell.
My husbandes death, and on my brother fals I wroke my tene.
O happy (wellaway) and ouerhappy had I bene,
If neuer Troian ship (alas) my contree shore had sene.
This said, she wried her head, and onreuengyd must we die:
But let vs boldly dye (q she) thus, thus, to death I plie.
Thus, vnder ground I gladly go, lo thus I do erpier,
Let yonder Troian tyrant now with eies deuour this fier
As on the seas he sittes, and with my death fulfill his yre.
Thus speaking, in the middes therof she left, and therwithall
With brest on persing sword, her ladies salwe where she did fall.

The blade

The blade in fomy blood, & handes abrode with sprauling thrown,
To heauen the shoutes arise, & through the town ỹ fame is blown.
Lamenting loude beginnes, & waylinges wyde, & roarings hie,
In enery house they houle, and wemen rasse a rufull crie.
The citie shakes, the noise rebounding breakes the mightie skie.
Non otherwise, than if some rage of enmies all their towne
At ones had ouerronne, and houses hie wer tearing downe,
As all at ones shuld fall, Carthago prounde or auncient Tyre,
And byldinges both of Gods and men shuld burne with blasing fier:
Her sister hard the sound, as dead for dreede she stood vndrest,
With nayles her face she tare, & with her fystes she beete her brest,
And rampyng through the midds of men she ronnes, & by her name
She calls her: now in death. O sister myne and lady dame,
Is this the cause that I from the so far begylyd was:
Did I this pyle of fyer and altars byld for this: alas.
What shuld I now forsaken furst complain: O sister sweete
Hast thou despisyd me to take with the a mate so meete:
Why didst thou me thy sister to this death disdayn to call:
One wepon shuld vs both dispatche at ones from sorows all.
And with my handes haue I so wrought: haue I my Gods so cried:
That from this cruell plight of thine my presens was denied:
O sister, now thou hast ondon this day both the and me,
Thy town, thy peoples all, thy worthy lordes confounded be.
Carthago quenchyd is: O let me washe these woundes in hast,
And if there be remaining yet some lyfe or breathing last,
My mouth shall fetche the same furthwith. So said she, & now aloft
The pyle she clymyd had, and in her bosome claspyng soft
Her syster heauy heide (in pang that was,) and with her weede
She wayling wyppyd of the deadly blood that black did bleede.
She towardes her, her heauy faynting eies wold fayn haue cast,
But fixyd vnderneth her brest her wounde reboylyth fast.
Thre times her self she lift, and on her elbow sought to staye.
And thries she swouning fell, and therevpon she gaue a braye.
Then thries on bedde she tost, and with her eies vprolling round,
Of heauen she sought the lyght, and gronyd sore whan it she found.
Almighty Juno than, these labours hard and passage long
Lamented sore to see, and down she sent in message strong.

Dame Iris hie, that on the Rainbowe read in heauen doth sitt:
This struggling soule to take & frō these payns her limmes vnknitt.
For whereas no deseruyd death, nor destnies her did kill,
But sely soule before her day, by rage of frantyke will,
Her golden heare as yet from her not taken was, nor yet
Diana dampnyd had her head to lake of Lymbo pyt:
Dame Raynbowe down therfore w̄ safron wynges of droppyng showres
Whose face a thousand sondry hewes against the sonne deuoures,
From heauen discending came, and (on her head,) Here I do thee
To Pluto now bequeth, and from this corps I make the free.
She said, & with her hand she clipte her heare so cleare that shynde
And therwithall her lymmes at ones their heat from them resynde.
And thinne as aier her life went out, disperst abrode in wynde.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer. finitum. ix. Aprilis.
Anno. 1556. in foresta Kilgerran
Opus quindecim dierum.

NEAS on his waye this whyle with
shyps the seas did sheare,
Amids the wozking waues of nozthen wind
full rough that were.
Assuryd nowe to passe, and back full oft he
kest his eien
To Didos wofull walles, on euery side that
now did shyne
With flames of burnyng bzyght, what
kindlyd hath so great a fyer
The cause onknowen it is, but wondzous feates in feruent yze
Is wzought by womã kind, whã bzeach of loue hath made thẽ mad:
Thus pensyue passe the Troians from that sight and token sad.
When to the depe their shyps were come, & now on neither side
Apperes nõ land, but seas and skyes about them bzoad ar spiede:
A shoure aboue his head there stood, all dusky black with blewe.
Both night & stozme it bzought, & strayt ẏ waters darck their hewe.
Him self the lodesman Palynure from puppe at stern on hie,
Alack, why hath these cloudes so thick encompast thus the skie:
What wozkst thou father Neptune nowe: he sayd, and therwithall
He bidds them trusse their tacles, and with ozes to labour fall,
And sayles to leewards set, than thwart the wynd he kest about
And thus he spake. Eneas pzince of myght and cozage stout,
If God him self as now this wether standes wold say to me
To fetche Italia land, yet wold I thinke it coud not be.
So wozks these wayward wyndes, & from by west ẏ tẽpest grimme
Doth ryse wõ boystous noise, & aier with cloudes encloseth dymme.
Noz striue no mozе we may, noz if we list we can come there.
Synce foztune therfoze doth pzeuayle, let vs with foztune beare,
And turne where foztune calls, not far it is (as I suppose)
Onto thy bzother Erix coast and hauons of Scicil woose,
(If I in mynd my wonted course of starres do well retayne.)
Eneas gentill said. In deede, I see the striue in vayne
With labour all this while, and so me thinck these wyndes require.

Turne

Turns thou therto thy sayles, is any lond to me moze deere:
Oz where shuld I my wery shyps moze wish to set at rest?
Than where Acestes Troian dwells my frend belouyd best:
And where my father Anchises bones entombyd lyen in chest:
Ye sayd, and toward hauens anon thei make, & winds at west
Doth blow thē through ẏ depes: the chanell swift their nauy dziues,
And glad at last on their acquainted shoze their ships ariues.
And from the mountaine top, with maruell great to see them fleete
Acestes hasting ran, his contrey shyps at shoze to meete.
All hunterlyke, in hide of boystous beare, with dart in hand,
His father (flood Crinisus) him begat in Troian land.
Dame Troye his mother was, his wozthy stock full stout he bare.
Ye bad them welcome backe, and ioyfully with mountayn fare
Ye did them entertayne, and frendly comfozt after care.

He landeth in Scicil frō whence he came out at the fyrst.

The king of Scicill.

The mozning nert, whan fyzst the dawning starrs erpulsyd were,
And cleare the day began, Eneas out from euery where
Assemblyd all his mates, and into counsell did them call.
Than from a bancke on hye, he thus pzonouncyd to them all.
You mighty Troians, from the blood of great gods that discend,
This time is comen about, a perfyt yere is now at end,
Since whan my father Anchises blessed bones were put in ground,
And mourning altars foz his holy relykes we dyd found.
And now the day (if I do not mistake) appzocheth nere:
That onto me, shall euer doolefull be, and euer deere.
Since gods hath pleasyd so: if I this day were cast aland,
Among the saluage Moozes, oz on the shozes of Syrtes sand,
Oz caught on Grekish seas, oz in Mycena town a slaue:
Yet pay my yerely vowes I wold with pompe of dueties braue,
And gifts in feastfull gyse on altars large I wold aduaunce.
Now here in hauen we be, among our frendes, not by no chaunce,
But by the gods (I trust) of purpose wrought, and foz the nones,
To worship here my fathers blessed dust, and pzecious bones.
Come on therfoze, let euery man set fozth these honozs pure,
With myzth on euery syde, that of good winds we may be sure.
And as I yerely now these offring dayes to hym do make,
So whan my city buylded is, in temples he shall take.
For euery shyp Acestes giues to you of oxen twayne,

With charge your selfs to chere, set out your contrey gods again,
Thei feasted alwai before their ydolls. And with our host Acestes gods to feasting se you fall:
In worship of this day, let vs reioyse with corage all.
Moreouer whan the morning nynth to mortall men doth spring,
And sonne w̄ glystring beames the world again to sight doth bring,
For prises proud to strive, I wyll prouoke the Troian fleete.
And who so wrastlyth best, or best can ronne with force of feete,
Or surer driues a dart, or archer best his bowe can drawe,
Or fighting dares combat, with boystous baggs of lether rawe:
Rewardes I shall setfurth, and prises meete for euery matche.
Be present all, and he that best deserues, the best shall catche.
Say all Amen, & crown your heades with bows of Laurell grene,
So speaking, on his head he set his garlond fresh besene.
So Helymus, so king Acestes doth, (full graue of age)
So child Askanius doth, and after him both man and page.
He from the counsell came w̄ thousands thick in mighty throng,
Onto his fathers tombe, in middes of all his princes strong.
Two bolles of blessed wine in solempne gise he kest on ground,
And mylke in basons twayne about the tombe he powred round,
And twayne of sacred blood: than all the graue he spred and layd
With flowres of purple hewes, & thus at last full loud he prayd.
All hayle O blessed father mine, yet ones agayne all hayle:
From death preserued twise, but nought to me can that prevayle.
Thy bones I worship here, onto thy soule mote glory be.
My luck was not Italia fatall feeldes to find with thee,
Nor Tyber flood (where euer it is) coud we togethers know.
Thus talkyd he, whan from the tombe at secret caue by lowe,
A serpent great did slide, with circles seuen of mighty syse,
Along the graue he drewe with foldings seuen in compas wyse,
Embrasyng soft the tombe, and tombling soft on the altars rolde,
His backe as azure blew, bespotted gay with specks of gold,
And glosse of burning skales, as in the cloudes with diuers hewes
Against the sonne, the raynbow read in thousande sortes renewes.
Eneas with that sight astoynyd was, but he along,
Came lagging furth in links, and all the deinty meates among
He tastyd euery dishe, and home agayn in harmeles wyse,
Returning toke his tombe, and was not seue agayne to ryse.

So moch the more his fathers tombe he plied with offrings than.
For what it was, or how therof to think he coud not skan.
If priuat ghost it were, or spryte that in that mountayne dwells,
Or seruant from his father sent, but slaughters down he fells,
Of shepe in nomber fiue, & fiue of swyne full large of syse,
And mighty hefers blacke in nomber syue, as is the gyse.
And wines in bolles he shed, and on the mighty soule he cryed,
Of great Anchises ghost, and spryte that ouer ground was spyed.
His mates also full glad, as euery man was sped of store
Their offring presents brought, and ladyd altars more and more,
And hefers down they slew, & some by rowes their pannes of brasse
Did set to seth in sight, & down they spred them selues on grasse,
On vmbles fat they feede, & broche, & broyle, & tyme they passe.

And now the ninth desyred day was come with morning bright,
And Phethons horses fater had mounted vp the sonne to sight
And by the fame, and for Aceates worshyp, round about
The contreys all were come, and shores they fyll with ioyfull rout
To see the Troian lords, & some in mind themselfs to trye.
Fyrst pryses great in sight, aloft a bancke, aduaunced hye, wagers for rowyng.
Were set amyds them all, threfooted bolles of precious mold,
And crowns and garlonds gay, for them that win the wagers shold.
And poudred purple robes, & armor gorgeous glistryng bright,
And talents great of gold, & plenty plate of syluer pight.
With glee the game beginnes, the trompet blows w noise on hight.
Fyrst vessells foure, that chief elected were from all the fleete,
Come forth to coape with ores of hugy weyght as matches meete.
For Mnesteus his galeon swift whose name was Pistryn driues, Auncetours of certen the noblest men in Rome when he wrote thys booke.
For Mnesteus Italian prince, whens Memmus lyne deriues.
For Gias than with hugy monster shyp Chimera calde,
A cities worke she was, with rancks of rowers treble walde,
And Troian youth with triple tyre of ores dyd shoue the same.
Sergestus than, from whom the house of Sergia drawes the name,
Centaurus him did beare, (that galee great). But Scilla blew
Cloanthus brought: frō whence thy race (O Romain Cluent) grew.
Far out in seas there stands a rocke agaynst the fomy shore,
That sometime vnder water lyeth with surges beaten sore,
When stormes of winter wind encloseth starrs in cloudy skies:

But smoth in calme it lieth, and in the middes therof doth rise
A pleasant playne of feeld, where often Mewes and birds of seas
doth kepe their haũting walke, & sonne their fethers whã thei pleas.
Eneas there aduauncyng set a signe of braunches grene,
A marke of oken bowes, that of the boatmen might be seene,
To know their turning place, & courses long from whence to fold.
Eche man by lot their standing toke, & glistring bright in gold
The gorgeous capteyns stoode, on hatches hie, in garmentes gaye.
The rest of youth with crownes of garlonds grene in due aray,
Their necks and shulders shyne with oyles anoynted naked bare,
On settles down they sit, their ores in hands preparyd are,
Their armes ententise bent, whan at the signe thei shall beginne.
Their harts for ioy doth hopp, & feare doth flapp their brests wĩn,
And gredy pride of prayse, and feruent loue renown to winne.

Than whan the blast of trompet fyrst doth sound, they all arise
Atones, & from their boũds they break, their clamors perce the skies,
Their strokes at ones thei strike, ẏ fomy waters through thei cliue,
The streames resisting breks, and wt their stemmes ẏ seas thei sliue,
Their ores wt labour creaks, by strẽgth of armes thẽ selfs thei driue.
Not headlong half so swift, doth coursing stedes besty3 their heles
Whan for their wager fast with all their force thei flye wt wheles.
Nor charetgyder non more free on feelde doth let them slip,
Or slacker shakes his raynes, or louder them doth lash with whip:
Than wt the shoutes of men that clap their hands and parties takes,
The cries encreasing rise, that euery wood with sounding shakes,
The noise repulsyd ronnes from banck to banck, & through ẏ shores
The voyces broken ben, and hill to hill rebounding rores.
Before them all fyr Gias fyrst escapes through all the throng,
And fyrst to seas he flees with noyse, and him Cloanthus strong
Pursues at hand, and better was with ores, but sluggishe keele
And mast onweeldy letts. Than after him euen hard at heele,
Centaurus preasyng glides, and Piltrys her doth equall matche,
They stryue with sturdy strokes, & formost place thei seke to catche.
And now Centaurus getts, the bauntage now doth Piltris winne:
Now ioyntly both, with side to side, and equall spede they spinne.
And now approching nere the rocke thei were, and marke thei held,
Whan Gias victor prince, (of conquest proud) the land beheld.

And

And as from chanell depe his barge to land he wold haue hied:
Onto Menetes lodesman than therof full loud he cried.
Why ronst away so wyde: take here I say, loue nie the shore,
Fetche me this lefthand land, & on these rockes let beate thine ore.
Let others kepe the depe, he said, but fearing rockes & sholdes,
Menetes still at sterne his hand on helme to seaward holdes.
Where yet astray so wyde: yet (whan I bid thee) fetche the stones,
Sir Gias on Menetes cried and cald, and (lo at ones)
He seeth Cloanthus come, euen hard at back, and formost glide.
He through the roaring rockes, and vnderneth sir Gias side,
Did sheare his lefthand way, betwene them twayne, & swift anon
Escapes them both, and suer in seas beyond the marke is gon.
Than verily for feruent wo, the yong mans bones did glowe,
Nor teares his eies coud hold, but by and by Menetes slowe,
(Forgetting worshyp all, and that he was his helpe at helme,)
Yet hedlong down he threw, and him in seas did ouerwhelme. Menetes is cast ouer bourde.
Him self to sterne he stept: him self his maisters rowme supplies,
Erhorting men with noyse, and fast to shoreward helme he wries.
But whan (good aged man) Menetes vp was cast on brym,
From botom depe of seas, and in his garmentes wet did swymme,
He caught the rocke on hie, and on the drie land there he sat.
The Troians had good game, and sporting all they laught therat,
Whan furst in seas he fell, and whan he rose and flat did fleete,
And whan to pourge his gorge he kest vp floodes of salt onsweete.
Than hope and comfort kindlyd is onto the twaine behind.
Sir Mnesteus and Sergestus strong, they both with burnyng mind
Wold passe syr Gias by, (that hindred is) and passe they do,
Sergestus furst the place doth take, and rock approchith to,
And yet not formost all, nor all her keele hath forhand wonne,
But part before, for half with her doth Pistris striuing ronne.
But kindling fast his mates on euery side sir Mnesteus steeres.
From man to man he steppes, and chafyng vp their corage cheres,
With loude erhorting noyse. Now now (q he) with might & mayne,
Now cherly stur your ores, now all your force do you constrayne.
O Hectors worthy peeres, whome I at Trois extreme decay,
Did matche to be my mates, & chose with me to take our way,
Expresse me now ỹ might ỹ somtime brought vs through ỹ streames

And sturdy

And ſturdy waues of ſeas, and ſondry gulfes of grekiſh realmes.
I ſeeke not now the chief, nor of this game renown to boſt
(Albeit D), but let it go where Neptune ſauours moſt.
Yet laſt let vs not be. O liuely laddes of noble kynd,
Let neuer man for ſhame behold vs laſt to lag behynd.
Now for our contreis loue, (if any thing your hartes reuiues)
Now pull or neuer pull. They than at ones all for their liues,
Laid on with luſty ſtrokes, the braſen puppe with plucking quakes,
With ſtrẽgth of armes thei ſtriue, ẏ ſkudding furth ẏ ſtem it ſtrakes
The land alook wꝺrawes, thã pãting breath doth beat their limmes,
Their mouths of moiſtur dry, on ſtreamig ſwet their bodies ſwims.
Fortune alſo to them deſiryd luck and honour ſent,
For as Sergeſtus (madd in mynd for haſt) in turning bent
To nere the ſhore, and ſtraiter wold haue cut the ſhorter ſpace:
Among the ſtones he ſtack (vnlucky man) in parlous place.
The rockes therwith they ſhoke, & on the craggy pointed pykes:
Their ores with crashing breake, & kele on ground wꝺ danger ſtrikes
The botemen riſe wꝺ noyſe, & loude with cries them ſelues thei let.
And proppes and pykyd poales, with hurlyburly great they get.
And ſome their broken ores, in peces fleting vp they fet.
But Mneſteus reioyſing than, and proud for this miſchaunce,
With cluſter ſwift of ores, & wyndes at will that did aduaunce,
All groueling through ẏ ſeas he ſkouring ronnes, & through ẏ depes
The waues he ſmothly cuttes, & ſwift his way on water ſweepes:
Moſt like a doue, whom chaunce diſtourbyd hath from pleaſant reſt,
That in ſome corner cloſe within ſome houſe, doth kepe her neſt.
Affraid ſhe ſtertyth furſt, & ſhushing loud ſhe flappes her wynges,
That all the houſe reſoundes, than vp to ſkies aloft ſhe ſpringes,
And faſt to feld ſhe flies, where gliding ſoft in aier aboue
She ſheares her tender way, and wyng for haſt doth neuer moue.
So Mneſteus, ſo Piſtris makes her way with might extreme,
So ſlides ſhe through the ſeas, and ſo with force to flye they ſeeme.
And furſt Sergeſtus ſtrong that on the rock did yet remayne,
He leaues him ſtruggling there, and calling helpe full oft in vayne,
Among the ſholdes, and glad with broken ores to lerne to creepe.
Than Gias, than Chymera ſhip her ſelf that monſter ſteepe,
He ouertakes, (for of her maiſter late ſhe ſpoylyd was)

And now

And now remaines there non but sir Cloanthus last to passe,
Whom fast he doth pursue, and hard at hand he hath in chase,
With power and pyth he pulles, & towardes him he drawes a pace.
Than noyses dubblyd ben, & shoutes of frendes eralting cries,
Prouoking furth with praise, that vp to heauen the clamors skies.
They proud of former praise, their honour won they will not lose.
And if they shuld, no longer than to liue they do dispose.
Those other fortune feedes, thei thinck to winne, for winne thei may
And with the prise (perhaps) or half therof had gon their way:
Had not Cloanthus to the seas his handes abroad displaied,
And cald his gods for help, and thus to them full loude he praied.
O Gods that empier kepes on seas, whose kingdoms here I strake,
Upon this water shore to you myne altars wyll I make.
A whyte electd bull I vowe to giue with seruice braue,
And cast his flesshe in floddes, if I myn honour now may saue.
And plenty pure of wynes, I will to you in waters throwe.
He spake that word, and him beneth in botoms deepe by lowe,
The god Portunus hard, and virgin rout of Mermaydes all:
And lasses bright that daunsing liues in seas with bodies tall.
Him self his mighty hand to send her furth did set behind.
So did the noble water Nymphes, she swifter thanne, than wind:
And swifter glaunsing smoth than arow gliding goeth from bowe,
To land she leapt, and sauf in hauen her self she did bestowe.
ENEAS than eche man in order due let call by name,
And sir Cloanthus victor chief by heraldes did proclame.
And crown of Laurell grene about his browes him self he set.
Than giftes for euery shyp, three hefers large he bids to fet,
And plenty great of wynes, and talentes fater of siluer bright.
But specially the capteins all with due rewardes he dight.
A mantell riche to him that wan the chief was giuen of gold,
Whome purple borders broade did enuyronne with diuerse fold,
And wrought therin ther standes a princes child of preciose face,
That in the woodes with dart in hand both hart & hynd doth chase.
All lyuely, breathinglyke, whome, falling down from Joue on hie:
An Egle seers vptoke, & in his pawes conueied to skie.
His kepers wayling stande, and handes abroad to heauen they hold
In vayne, & barking noyse of dogges against the cloudes do skold.

The story of Ganymedes

But he

But he that second place by doughty deedes deseruyd had:
A harneis coat to him with heauy hokes of gold bestad,
A harneis coat he gaue, whome he him self in battell broyle
Did vnder Troian walls from Demoleus brest dispoyle.
That worthy gift he had, and strong defens in armes to weare.
Skant yemen twayn with shulders ioyntly set the same coud beare,
So sondriefolde it was, but Demolee him self alone
Was wont therin to hunt the stragling Troians one by one.
Than for the third renown, two caudrons great he gaue of brasse,
And siluer cuppes, with signes of stories old engraue that was.
And now rewarded all, eche man full proud in best aray,
They went with garnisht heades, & bare their giftes galanta gaye.
Whan from the parlous rock, with much adoo to shape the same,
(Besides his losse of ores, and of a ranck of rowers lame)
With laughter great of men, his praiseles shyp Sergestus brought:
In maner lyke, as whan some serpent (by some banck onsought)
Is brusyd by some whele, that ouerthwart his back hath past,
Or pylgrym passing by, with stroke of stone welnere hath brast.
In vain he sekes to flee, and wrigling wreathes his limmes about,
His angrie half onbroke, and hissing neck he launchyth out,
Al bright with burning eies, & though his lymping half him holdes:
He knittes him great in knobbes, and in him self him self he foldes.
Non otherwise, and lyke, with feble ores his ship did steere,
Yet sayle he makes with wynd, and into hauen approcheth clere.
Eneas to Sergestus gaue reward of duety there,
Reioysing for the shyp, and for the men that sauyd were.
A woman him was giuen, a seruant good to weaue and spynne,
And sucking boies a paier, of gyauntes kind, her pappes betwynne.

Ronnyng. Than good Eneas went (whan all this matche discharged was,)
Into a goodly feld, that ouerspred was all with grasse,
Whome woodes and crokyd hilles on euery side did compas round,
And in the myds a vale ther lay, and pleasant playne of ground,
Where he with thousands thick did make for plaies a semely plat,
And in the myds of all, in stately seat, as prince he sat.
Here they that lyst to ronne, & trye them selfes with force of feete,
With giftes he them prouokes, & settes before them pryses meete.
On euery side they came, both men of Troy and Sicil land,

Euryalus

Eurialus and Nyſus fyrſt.
Eurialus a ſpringold freſh of youth and beauty clere,
And Nyſus that of all mankynd had him in loue moſt deere,
And yong Diores, of king Priams blood a princely childe.
Than Salius, and Patron, auncient ſtocks and vndefilde.
Panopes than, and Helymus, of Sicill, ſtriplyngs twayne,
That hunters were in woods, and men of old Aceſtes trayne.
And many more alſo there came, whome fame in darkenes hides.
To whom in middes of all Eneas thus his tale deuides.
Take this for certayn trueth, and in your minds conceyue it ſo,
Not one of all this number here ſhall vnrewarded go.
For dartes I wyl them giue, with pointed ſteele full bright a paier,
And wrought with ſiluer fyne to beare in hand a pollax faier.
All men alyke ſhall here rewarded be, ſaue oncly thre,
With bows of Oliues grene, as victors chief ſhall crowned be.
The fyrſt a palfray bright, with harneis gorgeous gliſtring braue,
Shall get, the ſecond for his paynes a quiuer gay ſhall haue.
A quiuer gay, with gyrdle broad of gold and arrowes fret,
Embroydred fine that is, and precious ſtones thereon are ſet.
The third ſhall with this Grekiſhe helme depart and be content.
Whan this was ſayd, their place they toke, and right incontinent,
At ſigne of trompet hard, their bounds they break, & out they powre
As light as whirling winds, and to the marke in ſight they ſkowre.
Hyrſt and before all other bodies, nimble Nyſus ſpringes,
More ſwifter yet than wind, & than the dint of lightnings wings.
Nert vnto him, but long aloof, in diſtance nert of place,
Doth Salius purſue, and after him a certayn ſpace,
Euryalus the thyrde.
And nert Euryalus syr Helymus enſues, and ioyntly than
Behold he flyes, and heele to heele with him Diores ran
With elbow nert and nert, and if the race do long remayne:
Is like to ſcape them all, or one to leaue in doubtfull gayne.
And towardes now the latter end they drew, and wery all,
They ranne with panting breathes, whan ſodenly dyd Nyſus fall,
(Vnhappy man) where heſers had ben ſlayne by chaunce on graſſe,
And ground was ſlypper made by certein blood that ſhed there was.
There now the gentle lad, (whan conqueſt proud he had in hand)

His legges he coud not hold, nor stombling so, coud longer stand,
But groueling flat he fell, and in the slime embrewd him vyle.
Yet not Eurialus his frend, did he forget that whyle:
For quickly sterting he, syr Salius way with sote did stopp,
That headlong down in dust he duerturnyd tayle and topp.
Eurialus than springing skudyd forth, & through hys frend,
With ioyfull shoutes of men, he gets the chief at races end.
Than Helymus and now Diores third in place succedes.
Ther, whan ỹ lords wer set & eche came forth to clayme their medes:
Syr Salyus before them all, with noise exclaming cryed,
And prayed his honours dew, that by deceyt was him denyed.
The peoples fauour helpes Eurialus, and comely teares,
And vertue found in body fayer the greater grace it beares.
Diores eke, that third in wager was, doth him complayne
What wrong sustayne he must, & all his course hath ron in vayne,
If Salyus, without desert, the fyrst reward shall haue.
Than lord Eneas sayd, you shall not nede to striue nor crane,
Your prises certayn ben, shall no man them from vs der stere.
Yet let me rue the plight of myne vngylty frend so dere.
He sayd, and than a Lyons heavy hyde of combrous fold,
To Salyus he gyues, full rough of hear and pawes of gold.
Quoth Nysus than, if soch rewardes haue folkes that conquerd be:
And pity shew thou dost to fallyng men, what giftes to me
Shall worthy yelded be: that chiefest prise did fyrst deserue:
Had not enuious fortune me (as Salyus) made to swarue.
And as he talkyd thus, his face he shewd with dyrt defyld,
And body moyst of mudd. The noble prince on hym than smylde,
And bad bring out a sheld, a target great full costly wrought,
That by the Grekes somtime was for a gift to Neptune brought.
That semely gift he gaue onto that gentyll lad to beare.
Whan courses all was past, & all the gifts dispatched were.
Now he that manhood hath, or corage bold doth beare in brest,
Shew forth him self, & with his armes in thonges let him be drest
He sayd, and therwithall he setts rewardes of honours twayne.
A crownyd bull, all clad with gold, shall be the victors gayne,
A sword and sheld to him that beaten is, shall comfort be.
Nor lynger long they do, but strait with force full huge to see,

Fyghtynge with bagges or flappes of lether and lead.

Auaunceth

Aduaunceth Dares furth, with murmour great of men ertold.
Alone sometyme that durst with Paris fyght in armour bold.
Ye, in the place where Hector most of myght entombyd lyes,
Did ouerthrow syr Buten, gyaunt byg of monstrous syse,
That wrastlyngs all did winne, & Bebrix lynage boastyd strong.
Yet Dares him to death did ouerturne and layd along.
Soch one this Dares was, and hye on feld his head he lyfts,
And shewes his shulders broad, and to and fro his armes he shifts,
And braggs w̄ boystous brawnes, & with his fists he beats the wind,
A matche for him they seke, but through them all is non to find,
That durst with Dares coape, nor ones his fingers touche.
Ye proud therof, and thinking all mens might to him did couche,
Before Eneas feete he stood, and longer nothing stayed,
But by the horne in left hand toke the bull, and thus he sayd.
Thou goddesse son, if no man dare come furth to trye with hand,
What end of wayting is: How long am I thus bound to stande:
Let me rewarded be, the Troians all did crye the same:
And, yeld onto the man his promyse due they do proclame.
Aceftes there, as on a bancke by chaunce he next did syt,
With these rebukes of speche Entellus old at hart he smyt.
Entellus, thou sometyme of doughty knightes the capteyn chief,
(In vayne) so goodly giftes to lose is it to thee no grief:
How canst thou suffer this: shall from thy syde with tryall non
These worthy prises passe: O where is now our maister gon:
Erix our maister good: where is become that glorious fame:
That Scicil land did fyll: & spoyles with thee recordes the same. }
Within thy halls that hang, is it for nought ỹ knewst that game: }
Ye therunto: it is not for no feare (do you not thynke)
Nor loue of prayse I lacke, nor for no doubt therof I shrynke.
But age me feble makes, and sleuthfull blood congealyd cold,
Hath spent my former force, and dull doth make my carcas old.
If I had now the strength sometyme that was, & yet wherwith
This ponglyng proudly braggs, if of those yeres I had the pith.
Not for no prise ywis, nor for no bull, but glad (onprayd)
I wold haue come, for gifts I care not for. When he thus sayd,
Ye brought before them all, of baggs on weldy, matches twayne,
And threw them down in sight, wherw̄ somtime in battayl playne

Syr Erix wonted was to giue combat, and hand to hand
Against all men to striue, and sturdy strokes he did withstand.
Wens hartes astoynyd were. Of backs of bulls seuen boistous hydes
All vnderlayd with lead, and stil of steele they stode besydes.
Aboue all other wondryth Dares most, and doth refuse
Soch great onlawfull tooles, or in conflict the same to vse.
Eneas eke, their mally wondrous weight, and endles fold,
He vewd with maruell mothe, and vp and down full oft he rold.
Than onto him with brest onfaynyd, spake Entellus old.
What if a man had sene the dredfull baggs and wepons sore
Of Hercules him self: in doolefull fight here on this shore:
These tooles thy brother Erix than did beare, with these he stood
Agaynst syr Hercules most strong, here yet thou seest the blood
And braynes that broken were, thou seest how yet thei ben enbrewd
These wepons I somtime (whan better blood my strength endewd)
Was wont in vre to put, whan not as yet enuious age,
Nor head with hoary heares my lusty corage did aswage.
But if this Troian Dares here, these tooles wyll nedes refuse:
If so Eneas please, and me Acestes wyll excuse:
Let vs be matchyd meete. These Erix baggs I pardon thee.
Cast of thy feare, and thou of Troian baggs onburdend be.
Thus speaking, from his shulders twayn he kest his garments all,
And bare with mighty bones, and mighty ioyntes of membres tall,
And sinows great in sight, among them all he stood full stout.
Than baggs of meaner matche Eneas prince him self brought out,
And eche with equall weight, and hands of bath, he bound and drest.
Vpright forthwith they stand, and face to face, aduauncing prest,
their arms to beauẽ thei heaue, & void of fear thei throw their slings,
eche one frõ others dints, their heads ful boistous backward wrings
And strokes in strokes thei mire, & hands in hands, & fers thei fight,
That one with lusty leggs, & frely of youth in shifting light,
The other huge in heyght, & large of limmes, but mouing slowe,
His trembling knees him letts, & troblyd breath doth panting blow.
Full many a wound is giuen betwen them twain wt leaden lomps,
And many a stroke in vaine, & on their ribbs full thick it thomps.
Their sides wtin them sounds, & loud their brests wt bobbings rings,
And still their armes thei stur, about their browes ỹ buffetts flings,

About

About their eares, & crackling both their iawes their wepõs swings
Entellus heauy standes, and in his place onmouyd bydes
With armes and watching eies, & for the strokes defence prouides.
But he, as one, that with some engyn worck doth siege a town,
Or tour of castle strong, and long therat is beating down,
And this way now, and that way now he sekes, and entries all
Assautes with sondry sleightes, and faylyth yet to breake the wall.
Entellus rowsing than, his right hand bent on hie did lift:
Ye from the stroke that came, with good foresight and bodie swift
Auoyding shranck for fear, and from the dynt therof declynd.
Entellus myst his marke, and all his force he lost in wynd,
And ouerthat, himself, with heauy peyse and heauy sound,
All grouling flat he fell, and with his lymmes he spred the ground.
Non otherwyse, than whan some auncient oke and ouergrown,
From mountain top on hie, by vndermining down is thrown.
The Troians rise for ayde, so doth the youth of Sicil land,
To heauen the cries ascend, and furst to him with helping hand
Acestes swiftly ronnes, and from the ground his frend he takes,
Of equall age, and in his hart for him great mone he makes.
But nothing slack for this, nor with his fall one whit affright,
This valiant knight vpstood, and fercer yet renewes his fight:
And forcing prealyth furth, & wood for wrath his strength vpsteres,
Than shame prouokes his might, & manhood felt of former yeres,
And hedlong Dares down, through all the feld, he dashing dinges,
And now the righthand strokes, & now the left hand sends ỹ slinges,
Nor time, nor rest ther is, but as a stormy shoure of hayle,
On houses ratling falls: so doth this knight with force assayle,
With thondringes thompyng thick, & wery Dares wretche on soyle
With both his armes he bumpes, & vpside down doth tosse and toyle.
Than lord Eneas wold no longer wrath shuld in them fret,
Nor more Entellus bitter mood on rage he wold haue set.
But end of fighting made, & tyeryd Dares vp did take,
And soft with gentill speche in comfort thus to him he spake.
Vnhappy man, what fonde outrage hath thus possest thy mynde,
A stronger force than thyne, and Gods against the dost not fynde?
Giue place to God, he sayd, and with his word the batell brake.
Him dragging weake his legges, & to & fro his head did shake,

And casting

And casting moche at mouth, & cloddyd blood with teeth among,
His trusty mates vptooke, and bare to ships away from thyong.
And than commaunded came, & swoyd and helmet did receaue,
And to Entellus did the bull and fame of combat leaue.
Than bragging proud in mynd, and of his bull conceiuing ioye,
O Goddesse son behold, and you (q he) ye men of Troye,
What strength in lusty yeares somtime I had now iudge in me,
And from what death your Dares taken is, now shall you see.
He spake that word, and right afront before the bull he stood,
That there for gift was set, and vp the slinges with corage good
In righthand marking held, and iust betwene the hornes at ones
He strake, and brake the braynes, & all in peces droue the bones.
The beast is ouerthrown, and groueling dead on ground it quakes.
He stamping therupon, with feruent mynd his praier makes.
This better soule to the for Dares death I victor send,
(O Erix) here of bagges and all myn arte I make an end.

Shotyng. Anon Eneas them that list contend with arowes wight,
For wagers he prouokes, and settes before them giftes in sight.
And from Sergestus ship aduaunsing huge in height a mast,
He hanges a pygeon there, and by a cord he made her fast.
A marke for men to shote, and where their darts they shuld direct.
Assembly great ther came, and by their lottes they were elect,
In brasen helmet cast, and furst of all with ioyfull cries,
Onto Hippocon worthy lad by draught the lot doth rise.
Nert whome sir Mnestcus, that late at seas was victor sene,
Sir Mnesteus with crown and garlond gay of Olive grene.
Eurytion was third: (thy brother deere thou noble knight
O Pandarus, that didst sometime the leage asonder smight,
And furst cōmaunded didst, among the Grekes thy wepon throwe)
Acestes last of all, and last in helmet lay by lowe.
Him self also with hand, the yong mens game did not disdayne.
Than bending al their bowes, their corage great thei do constrayne,
And eche to serue him self do from their quiuers drawe their tooles.
And furst from sounding string along by heauen his arow driues
Hippocon lusty lad, and swift ther with the skies he cliues,
It lightes apace, and in the mydds the mast it stack and staied.
The tree with trembling shoke, and of the stroke the byrd afraied,

Dyd

Dyd flickring flushe her wynges, and noyse ther risyth round about.
Than Mnesteus his bowe to drawe, forwith with strength stood out.
And stretching hand aloft, his dart and eie did leuell right,
Yet coud not he (good man) for all his art the culuer smight.
But hit the hemping corde, and of the knot the bandes he brast,
Wherby the byrd was bound, and by her fote did hang at mast.
She toke the wynd forwith, and to the cloudes full fast she flewe,
And euen that time (as he his bowe and dart directing drewe)
Eurytion, and for his brothers help in heauen, he cried.
The byrd he sawe was lose, and sporting her in skies he spied.
Yet marking well with eies, and stedfast hand, in cloudes aboue,
He quickly brake her playe, with sodein stroke, & slew the doue,
That tombling down she fell, and in the starrs her life she last,
And dead she came to ground, and in her body brought the shaft.
Acestes than alone with no desert did yet remayne.
Who neretheless his dart to hurle in ayer did him distrayne.
And sheude his former might, and of his bowe to prouc the sound,
There sodenly their eies a wonderous monster did confound.
And token fore of thinges, as afterward the end did teache,
And al to late for nought their fearful songes did prophetes preache.
For as in tender cloudes his arow swift from him did flie,
In sight it caught a fyer, and flamyng forth it went in skie,
And wasted thinne in wynd, as oftentymes we thinke do slyde,
The fired starres of heauen with drowping tayles along that glyde.
Astoynyd all they stood, and on their Gods aboue they praied,
Sicilians and Troians both, nor he him self denaied
Eneas pereleſſe prince, to take that same in signe of grace.
But glad with great rewards, he did Acestes thus embrace.
Most noble father deere, (for by these tokens wel I see,
The myghty king of heauen for thy good will doth honour thee,)
Thou shalt haue here a gift of old Anchises frend of thyne,
A drinking bolle of gold, that portraied is with figures fyne.
Whiche onto him somtyme, Cisseus great, of Thrace the king,
In token gaue of loue, for euermore with him to bring.
So spake he and with laurell grene his temples twayne he tyed,
And loud before them all Acestes victor chief he cried.
Nor good Eurytion did his preferment ought enuie,

Though

Though he alone it were, that brought again the byrd from skye
Aduaunced nert with giftes was he that cord aſonder braſt,
And laſt of all was he that with his arowe ſtrake the maſt.
Than lord Eneas, ere theſe matches all diſſoluyd were,
Epitides to him, Aſkanius mate and keper there,
He calde, & rounding thus to him he ſpake in ſecret eare.
Go bid Aſkanius (if by this time he the childerns crewe
Aſſembled hath with him, and horſes put in order due)
Before his graunſire here let him bring out his bandes in rowe
For worſhip of this feaſt, and let him ſelf in armour ſhowe.
Diſpatche (q he) with ſpede, the people than he bidds deuide,
And broader ſpreade them ſelfes, and made a lane both long & wide.
Than come the childern furth, and proud before their parents ſight
In order semely ſhine, on barbyd courſers brydled bright,
Whome for their freſh araye & comly marching through the felde,
The youth of Sicil land, and Troians all with ioye behelde.
Eche one as was their giſe, with rounded hear & garlond bandes.
And horny dartes a paier, with pointed ſtele they bare in handes.
With quiuers light at backes, & down their breſtes in diuers folde,
About their gorgetts ronnes, the rolling cheines of wreathid gold.
Thre bandes of horſmen wer, and capteins thre their bands did gide
And rankes of riders thre, and childern twelue on euery ſide.
In gliſtring armour went, with maiſters like and equall peres,
One ward of ſtröger youth, whom trimme triũphãt fearce of peres,
Did Priam yong conduct, (thy noble child Polytes tall,
That of his graunſirs name encreas Italians ſhortely ſhall.)
A valiant ſteede him bare, beſpotted whyte, of kynd of Thrace,
And white his fote before, and lifting white his loftly face.
Another trowpe ther was, that litle Atis gyding ladde,
The litle Atis, whome Aſkanius ſmall for darling had.
From whence the lyne at Rome of Atis name doth now procede.
Than laſt of all, and moſt of beauty bright and precioſe weede,
Aſkanius him ſelf, on palfray gorgeous borne aboue,
Whome onto him ſomtime quene Dido gaue for pledge of loue.
The reſt of youth, and loche as wer of old Aceſtes trayne,
On horſes faier they rode.
The Troians them did chere, and did receiue with wondrous ioye,

And in

And in their minds conceyue reſemblaunce old of former Troy.
Whan muſtryd all they had, and all the feeld had compaſt round,
And vewd Anchiſes tombe, thei ioynyd all on equall ground,
Epitides to them with noyſe and whipping gaue a ſound.
They courſyng brake their bands, and thre from thre diſſeueryd all,
By matches half from half, and faſt agayn they turne at call,
With weapons breſt to breſt, and compas round returning mett,
By courſyngs byckring braue, and race with race entanglyng lett,
Inuading ſkyrmiſhe wiſe, and lyke the face of battayll fyght.
And now retyre they done, now ſhew their backs in ſigne of flyght,
Now turning throw their darts, now truce thei make w̄ hand in hād
Lyke Labyrinthus maze, that men repoꝛt in Candy land,
Is compaſt depe in ground with ſondry walls and crokings blind,
And thouſand wandring wayes, and entries falſe for men to find,
Where tokens non there be, nor ſkape can non that ſteppes aſtray,
Soch turninges them begiles, and ſo deceytfull is their way.
Non otherwiſe, the Troian youth by courſyngs round about,
Diſporting chace them ſelfs, and windings weaue both in and out.
Lyke dolphin fiſhes light, that for their paſtime daunſing ſwimme,
In middes of depeſt ſeas, and play them ſelues on water brimme.
This kind of paſtime fyrſt, and cuſtome boyes to learne at Baaſe,
Aſkanius whan Alba walls he made, did bring in place.
And taught the Latines old, in ſolempne ſort to vſe the ſame,
As he ſometime a child with Troian youth had made that game.
The Albans than from thence w̄ practiſe lyke their children taught,
And thens hath pereles Rome & moſt of might that cuſtome caught.
And for their contreys loue, with honor due this day it ſtandes,
And yet the name remaines of Troian boyes and Troian bandes.
Whan Aſſaracurth worſhipt was, his father dere with ſeruice due.
There fortune falſe to truſt, dyd turne their caſe w̄ chaunges newe.
For as about Anchiſes tombe with playes the time thei ſpent,
Dame Juno down from heauen the Rainbowe read her ſeruāt ſent.
Reuoluing former griefe, and rancours old not yet from mynd,
Againſt the Troian fleete, and as ſhe went ſhe gaue her wynd.
She ſwiftly bent her bowe, & through the clouds w̄ thouſand hewes,
Full virginlyke ſhe falles, her new deuiſe onknowen, to vſe.
A huge concourſe ſhe ſeeth, and compas wyde ſhe vewes the ſtrandes,

How plai of Baaſe came vp.

A newe vexation by Juno.

How bare the hauons are left, and nauy dry defenceles ſtands.
But ſecret by them ſelfs, the Troian wiues aſſembly kept,
And for Anchiſes loſſe lamenting ſore they ſtode and wept.
Beholding broad the ſeas: alas, alas, O wretches we,
So moch of boyſtous waues remaynes vs yet that wery be?
A towne to dwell they craue, and of the ſeas abhorre the payne,
Eche one to other wayles, and all with one voyce do complayne.
Dame Raynbowe ſubtile there, amidds them all her ſelf did place,
Her garmentes gay ſhe left, and layd a ſyde her goddeſſe face,
And of Doryclus wyfe the lykenes toke, a ſober dame,
That ſometime great renown, and children bare of noble fame,
And Beroe was cald, and thus to them ſhe dyd proclame.

O women miſers moſt, whom hands of Grekes wold neuer kyll,
O curſyd nation, whan of thee ſhall fortune haue her fyll?
What death or miſchief more are we thus kept to bide at laſt?
Sins Troy vproted was, now ſomers ſeuen are comen and paſt,
That we through ſeas and lands and contreys all (the world beſide)
To ſtraungy ſtarres of heauen, & endles ſtreames we wander wide,
In ſeking land that fleeth, and we alway with ſurges toſt.
Here is our contrey ground, here dwelles Acceſtes dere our hoſt.
Why ſhuld we hence remoue? who letts vs here our walls to bylde?
O former natiue ſoyle, O contrey gods, (in vayne eryde)
Shall neuer Troy vprize? ſhall citie Troian neuer be?
Thoſe Hectors holſome ſtreames ſhall I from henceforth neuer ſee?
Come on (good wiues) come burne wt me theſe ſhips of luck onkind,
For ſo Caſſandra through my dreame apeering dyd me bind.
And gaue me burning brondes, ſeke here (q ſhe) your troian walls,
Here lyeth your contrey reſt, this is the time that fortune calls.
What nede we longer loke? lo Neptunes altars ſoure on fyer,
Lo god him ſelf (you ſee) with minds and might doth vs enſpier.
Thus talkyd ſhe, and with a brond in hand full fierce ſhe ſprang,
With (whirling loof aloft) agaynſt the fleete the ſame ſhe flang.
The reſt amaſyd were, their hartes aſtoynyd ſtood with rage.
Than one among them all, dame Pyrgo matrone moſt of age,
King Priams nurſe that was, and princely children vp dyd reare:
Not Beroe (q ſhe) this woman is, you wiues I ſweare,
Nor neighbor none of ours, behold what beauty bright deuyne,

What

What lively spyte she beares, & marke me well her glistring eyen,
Her loke, her sounding voyce, and of her pace the great estate.
I left dame Beroe my selfe at home full sycke but late.
Full sycke, lamenting sore that she her self from vs alone,
This day must absent be, and yeld Anchises worshyp none.
This spoken:
Therwith the matrons fyrst, with wauering minds began to dout,
And with peruersyd eyes beheld the nauy round about.
And what betwene the loue of present land and present rest,
And fame of fatall realmes, they wot not which of them is best.
Whan lifting vp her self to clouds aboue with equall wings,
In flight before them all, with bowe full broad the goddesse springs.
Than verily with monsters wild affright, and madd for yre,
They crie to burne their shyps, & from their tentes thei reaue ỳ fyre.
Some spoyle their altar pyles, & burning bows, & sticks, & brandes,
Abourd the shyps they spreede, vpleapyth flame vō loosyd bandes,
On hatches, decks, and ores, & plancks anoyntyd thicke on sydes,
Onto Anchises tombe Eumelus post with panting rides,
And shews that shipps are brent, & they them selues beholding spie,
The sparcklings risyng broad, & blustring smoke to spreede in skie.
And fyrst Askanius as coursyngs styll he kept and played,
Ye toke the campe in hast, that with vprore was all dismayed,
Nor for their liues his maisters him coud hold, or backeward send,
What sodeyn rage is this? where now (q he)? what do ye entend?
O neighbors, wretched wiues, your enmyes host you haue not here.
This is no Grekishe campe, you burne your own relief most dere,
Lo I Askanius your owne, and to the ground his helmet kest,
Wherwith in battaill plaies, he for disport that tyme was drest.
Eneas eke with hast, and Troians all, therto them spedd.
But straglyng diuers wayes, through all the shores ỳ women fledd,
To woods, & mountain caues, & holes of rocks thei michyng ronne,
And creping hide themselfs, repenting foule their worke begonne.
Abhorring sight of heauen, & on their frends thei thinke & quake,
With better chaunge of mind & from their brest dame Juno shake.
But not therfore the flames, nor burning rage the lesser spreedes,
But catchyng still encrease, it more and more preuayling breedes.
And spitting spelwes a smoke, whom vapor wild of pitche and tolwe,

And dropping timber seedes, & mischief close in keele doth growe,
Nor might of men can helpe, nor water floodes that on they throwe.
Eneas from his shulders than his garments tearing brast.
And calde his gods for helpe, and broad to heauen his hands did cast.
Almighty Ioue, if not as yet all Troians from thy mynd
Reiected ben ts death, if seruice old of poore mankynd
Not vtterly be lost, now saue these shyps from burning fyer,
Good father now, preserue these Troian goodes and small desyer.
Or thou thy self (which one thing yet remaynes) wt lyghtnyng fell.
Here whelme me down to death, if I deserue, and driue to hell.
Skant spoken wer these words, whā ratlyng storme not sene before,
And rayne downraging falls, & thonders thick doth romblyng rore,
That tremblyth hills & feldes, down rolle ẏ skies in gushing shoures
And troublous water streames from all ẏ heauen ẏ tempest powres.
That shyps therwt are fyld, & burning bourds are quenchyd quite,
And still descending driues, & on the fleete with force doth smite,
Tyll smoke was ceasyd all, & all the shyps from plage was kept
So sauyd all they were (by gyft of god) but foure except.

But lord Eneas whom this great mischaunce did pinche at brest,
With heapes of hugy cares, now this, now that was sore oppest.
Reuoluing moch in mind, shuld he remayn in Scitill lond:
Forgetting destnyes all, or styll go seke Italia strond.
Than father Nautes old, whom goddesse Pallas learnyd had,
With artes of worshyp great, & famous name of wisdom sad:
These answers him did tell, which either gods eternall yre,
Or fatal destnyes wrought, or fortunes course did so requyre,
And thus with frendly speche Eneas mynd he set on fyre.
O goddesse son, where destnye drawes & driues let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune wyll, must fortune beare.
Thou hast Aceste here, of Troian blood and stocke deuine,
His counsell take to thee, and ioyne with hym aduise of thine.
And leaue with him those people which thy shyps can not receyue,
And soch as of thy great affayres no corage doth conceyue,
Both aged feble folks, and wiues of seas that wery be,
And all that fearefull is, or weake of strength shuld comber thee,
Let them be chosen furth, and here on gods name citie frame,
And of Acestes name, Acesta they shall call the same.

Incensyd

Incensyd so by this, (for from his frend this councell past)
Than verely from care to care his mynde discoursyd fast.
And night with darknes dymme, ẏ poles of heauen had vndercast
That tyme his fathers face descending down, in vision clere,
From heauen appering came, and sodenly thus did him chere.
My son, more deere to me than life sometime, whan life I had,
My son, whose vertues Troy doth trye, by destnies good and bad.
Commaunded here I come, from mighty Ioue in skies aboue,
That comfort sent at last, and from the fleete did fyer remoue.
Obey the counsells good, whiche faythfull Nautes the hath told,
And for Italia land, pyks out a youth of corage bold
To take with the to seas: an eger nation feers and tough
Thou hast to vainquish there, & must subdue in batailes rough.
Yet furst Auerna caue, and vnder grownd the dwellings grymme,
Of Lymbo must thou see, and dangers passe of darcknes dymme.
And thens ascend to me, for I (my son) am not in hell:
Nor with no wickyd kynd of wofull gostes haue I to dwell.
But feldes of pleasur pure, and paradise, doth me retayne,
With ioyfull sort of soules, in blissfull state that do remayne.
There Sibly pure, by offringes black of beastes, shall thee conduct,
And there thine offspring all, and fortunes all I shall thee instruct.
And now farewell, for midnight moist her half cours hens doth wreathe,
And dawning day with blast of horses, hote on me doth breathe.
Ye spake, and thynne from sight as smoke, in skyes dispersst he styed.
What now? where gost away? why dost thou shrinke? Eneas cried.
Whome fleest ẏ thus? or who from swete embracings vs wtstandes?
Thus talked he, and from the dust he steres the sleping brandes,
And Troian sacred fyer of Gods that euermore doth dure,
And offryd symple floure, and frankinsens, in plenty pure:
Strait for his mates he calld, and furst onto Acestes old
Commandments great of Ioue and what his father dere had told,
Ye shewes before them all, and wherunto his mynd enclynes.
Nor counsell long they make, nor good Acestes ought repynes.
A towne they measur furth, and wiues and people there they plant
Of baser hartes, deseruing worship small, for corage skant.
Them selfes their ships repare, and burnyd bourdes anew restores,
And cables meete they make, & shrowdes & sailes & strength of ores.

Sprites can not abide the dayligh

A youth

A youth of nomber few, but lyuely bluddes in bataill tough.
Ther whiles, Eneas did the cities plat describe with plough,
And houses laid by lot, here Ilion toures: here gates of Troy
He sets: and of his kyngdome new Acestes makyth ioye.
And market place he made, & lawes he taught and iudges gaue.
Than large & broade in sight, right nere the starrs, a temple graue
To Venus founded is, in hiest place, and priest deuine
To serue Anchises tombe, and sacred groue theron to shyne.
And now nyne daies this people feasted had, and altars all
Applied with offringes due, and sonne had made the sea to fall,
And sound of pipling wind, eftsones to depes their ships doth call:
A wondrous weping noyse through all the shores is reisyd wyde,
And all that night and day they twyn them selues embracing byde.
The matrones now them selues that of the seas wer earst affraied,
And doubted labours long, and of their strength dispairing staied,
Now gladly go they will, and trauayles all susteyne at seas.
Whome good Eneas did his best with frendly speche to appeas,
And weping did commend onto Acest his kinsman deere.
Thre calues to Erix than, and to the stormes a lambe full clere,
He bidds for offring kill: and cables loose through all the strandes.
Him self with garland freshe, & crownet grene of Olive bandes,
Aduauncing stood in ship, and bolle in hand he held on hie,
And flesh in fluddes he threw, and wynes in plentie kest in skye.
Behind them blowes a coole, & wynd at will them furth doth drive,
His mates thei shomme the feme, & saltsea brine to turne thei striue.
But Venus in this whyle, whome care for Troians sore did straynge,
Onto Neptune she came, and thus to him began to playne.
The greuous wrath of Junos brest, whom no reuenge can slake,
Compells me now (Neptune) to the, all humble sute to make.
Whome neither length of time, nor pyty non, from ranor staies,
Nor destnies order non, nor Joue him selfe one whit she waies.
She thinkes it not ynough the Troians town to haue down torne,
And all their last remaine with turmentes long almost forlorne,
The bones and pouder poore she persecutes, and all their broode
She wold destroy, let her declare one cause of soche a moode.
Thy self can record beare, how in the waues of Lyby coast,
What wyld vprore she made, & seas and skies turmoyling tost.

With

With ſtormes of Eolus her frende, and all with labour vayne:
So bold within thy kingdomes thus to do?
O vile deſpite, to yet of late how Troian wyues in fume
She made their ſhips to burne, and foule their nauy to conſume,
And leaue their kinred there, in contrey ſtraunge onknowen to bide.
There is no more, but let vs now (I pray the) ſauſly ride
In ſayling through thy ſeas, let vs arryue where Tyber flowes,
If graunted things I are, if deſtnies vs thoſe kingdomes ſhowes.
Than ſpake Neptune, that hie ſeas doth controll w̄ lordly browes.

Good reaſon Venus is, that in my kyngdomes thou be bold,
From whence thy lynage leades, I haue deſeruyd eke of old.
Full oftentymes ere this, both ſeas and ſkies onkindly rage
I brydlyng couchyd haue, and madnes wood did oft aſwage.
Nor leſſe my care on land, as all the ſtreames of Troy can tell,
Was for Eneas thyne, whan ferce Achilles did compell
His throngs in felde to fal, whā thouſands thick down tōbling dead,
He vnder Troian walls with ſlaughter wood did trampling tread.
That brokes & ryuers cried, whan peoples heapes their chanels fild,
Nor fall to ſeas they cond, nor fynd their waies for bodies kylde.
I from Achilles than, Eneas thine, full fore beſtadd
In fight, (that neither force with him nor goddes indifferent had.)
Conueyd away by clonde, whan pece from pece I wold haue tome.
(Myn own handwork that was) the walls of troy ſo fals forſwome.
And now alſo that mynd with me remaines: caſt of thy drede,
In hauons where thou doſt withe he ſhall ariue right ſauſe w̄ ſpede.
One only man ſhall be, whome loſt in depe ſeas he ſhall ſeke,
One poll ſhall walke for all.
Whan he the goddeſſe breſt with ſpeking thus had put from care,
As prince his horſes proud he copling ſet and bound in chare.
With fomy bridling bittes, and lowſyng gaue them all the raynes,
Full ſmoth his charette flies, and blew ſea brym it ſkantly ſtraynes.
Down ſynck the ſurging waues, & great ſea ſwolne in thōdry ſkies, Faierwether
Doth couche their waters cloſe, from all ẏ heauen the ratches flies.
Than ſondry fourmes & faces ſhew them ſelfes, onweldy whales,
And moſſy Glaucus grey, and mankynd monſters voyd of ſkales,
And pollantines, & armies broade of ſeales, and dolphins blewe,
And Tritons blowe their trompes ẏ ſounds in ſeas w̄ dropping flewe

Dame

Dame Thetis lefthand kepes, & daunſe doth leade of mermaydes all,
And ladies bright, that leaping liues in ſeas with bodies tall.
There lord Eneas ſecret mynd a ſodein ioye did fetche.
He byds them reiſe their maſtes & all their ſailes abroad to ſtretche.
Togyther to their tacles all they ſtep, and ſlackyng lynes,
To larboord now they ſet, and now to ſtarboord ſayles enclynes,
And haling boiſe their wings, ỳ thrō wdes & hokes & bowlines bends
And ſwift in ſeas they ſwym, ỳ wyndes thẽ ſelfes their nauy ſends.
Palynure his principal pylot. Hs prince and pilot chief, ſir Palynure his courſe doth beare,
Before them all, and eche to marke at him commaunded were.
And now frō heauẽ ỳ drowping night her myd courſe nere had paſt,
And folkes in ſlomber ſweete, their wery lymmes on reſt had caſt:
And mariners had laid them ſelfes on batches hard of barres:
When lighting ſwift from ſkies, ỳ God of ſlepe did fall from ſtarres
And brake ỳ darck of night, with glymſing ſhade of fainyd beames.
To thee (O Palynure) & brought to thee right heauy dreames,
Without deſert, and on the puppe full hie his ſeate did take,
Reſembling Phorbas face, and onto him theſe wordes he ſpake.
Frend Palynure, lo how the tydes them ſelues conueies the fleete,
This gale by meaſure blowes: an houre of reſt to take is meete.
Lay down thy head, and ſteale thy painfull eies one nap of ſlepe,
I will for the my ſelf ſupplie thy rowme thy helme to kepe.
Whome aunſwerd Palynure, ſkant lifting eies for ſlomber depe:
Know I not yet my ſeas: what: thinckſt thou me ſo ſmall of wyt:
To truſt this fawning face: ſhall I my lord and prince commyt
To this inconſtant beaſt: ſhuld I beleue that monſter wylde:
So oft as I with flattring ſeas and ſkies haue ben begylde:
Soche thinges he ſpake, & holding hard at helme he cleauyd faſt,
And ſtill did ſerue the ſtreames and ſtyll on ſtarres his eies did caſt.
Behold, the God on him a dropping braunche of Lymbo pyt
With deadly ſleeping dewe, on both his temples daſhing ſmyt.
And ſtruggling to reſiſt, his ſwymmyng eies with ſleepe oppreſt.
Skant furſt reſoluyd were his wery lymmes with ſodein reſt,
And leanyng nodyding lowe, whan half the puppe with him he drew,
And rother, helme, and all, in myddes of ſeas he falling threw
Quyte hedlong ouer bourd, and calling oft his mates in vayne.
The God than toke his wynges, & thinne in wynd he went agayne.

yet nere

Yet neretheleſſe therfore, with ſauf conduct their fleete did pas,
And careleſſe ronnes their course, as god Neptunus promiſe was.
And now they entring were the ſtraites Syrenes rockes that bight,
A parlous place ſometime, and yet with bones of people whight.
Than breakyng broad ꝑ floods, ꝑ ſaltes ſtanes full hoarce did ſound
When lord Eneas felt his ſhyp to ſtray and maiſter vnſound.
And toke himſelf the giding than therof in ſeas by nyght,
Lamenting moch in mynd his frends miſchaunce & heauy plyght.
O Palynure, that flattryng ſeas and ſkyes to moch dydſt truſt,
All nakyd on ſome ſtrange ſand enburyed lye thou muſt.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran, finitum. iiii. Maii. Anno. 1557. poſt periculum eius Karmerdini.

Opus. xxiiii. dierum.

Here he cõmeth to Italy at Cumas

SO talkyd he with teares, and to hys fleete he gaue the raynes.
And at the last on Cumas coast Italia land attaynes.
Their forefhips al from seabourd than they turne, and ankers strong
They pitching layd a land, and all the crokyd shores along
Theyr shyps in order set, out leapes the youth with long desyer
To tread Italia land, some seke for seedes of lurkyng fyer
In secret vaynes of flynts, some breake the bedds of beastes onkind,
& reauing spoyl their dennes, some shew what woods, what floodes (thei find.

He visytes the tẽple of Apollo at Cumas wher Sybylla that tyme dyd prophecye.

But good Eneas to Apollos church & temple towres.
He went to seke the secret caue of Siblyes dreedfull bowres.
A vaute of wideues wast, where mighty spyrite and mighty mind
Apollo her inspires, that all thyng knowes in secret kynd.
And things that fatall ben he doth to her full broad vnfold.
And now the sacryd groues they see, and houses bright of gold.

Dedal' made the temple at Cumas.

By old report whan Dedalus from Mynos kyngdoms fled,
With bold attempt of wings he toke the skyes hie ouerhead.
And Northward fast he flew, a passage straunge onseen before,
And lighting down at last, he stood a land on Cumas shore.

Diuers hystories grauẽ vpon the walles.

There he arriuyd fyrst, and there (O Phebus bright to thee)
Did consecrate his wings, and made a temple huge to see.
Upon the dores Androgeos death there stands, than yere by yere
How Athens was compeld, (a wretchyd thyng), their children dere

Cytye of Athenes.

By couples seuen & seuen both sonnes & doughters bound in bandes
To send to slaughter vile, the pot with lotts there redy standes.

Pasiphae wife to king Mynos of Candy.

Right theragaynst in seas doth Candy kingdoms answer full.
There Pasiphae was made, and nert to her there stood the bull
With tokens foule of loue, and how by stelth, in metall thinne
She vnderlay that beast, with stinking lust of lothsome sinne.

A monster half mã half bull.

And Mynotaure there was, that mongrell byle of myxed kynd,
Inclosyd kept in maze, where issue non there was to kynd.

There

There lay the labour sore, & wandring house of endles wayes,
In corners croking darke, a wofull worke for them that strayes.
But Dedalus, that pitie did the quenes outragious loue,
Him self the craft did teache, and dangers all he did remoue,
By giding through the darke her passage blind by threde full fine.
And thou O Icarus also, among those workes deuyne
Hadst had no slender part, if sorowes him not letted had.
Two times in shining gold, thy drowning fall with hart full sad
Thy father there beganne, and twise his hands for fainting fell.
These stories old, and things of former fame right long to tell
They shuld haue ouerwhd, whan (sent of purpose there before)
Achates did returne, and brought the priest with head full hoare
That seruyd Phebus church, and did Dianas offrings make.
And Deiphebe she hight, and to the king these wordes she spake.
This time requiryth not with gasing thus to lynger there.
Now hefers seuen to kill to serue the gods more wisdom were.
And seuen of chosen sheepe (as custome is) you shuld haue brought.
These things she spake, & thei furthw̄ her iust cōmaūdmēts wrought
Than she the Troian lordes into the temple gorgeous calles.

Icar⁹ son to Dedal⁹ flew from Candy with hys father and was drowned by the waye in the sea, now called therof mare Icariū.

A caue there is, cut out in rocke, euen through the temple walles,
Both huge and broad at mouth, a hundred bautes, a hundred doores,
A hundred roarings sound, whan Siblies answers beates ỹ floores.
Before the same they stood, whan she the virgin close within,
Diskried her self and spake. Now doth (q̄ she) my tyme begin
To learne at god, lo here comes god. As she thus babbling prates,
All sodenly, with faces more than one, before the gates,
And colours more than one, dissyguryd wild she stood in traunce,
Her hear vpsterting stands, her trēbling brest doth panting praunse.
Her hart outraging swelles, nor mortallike she lokes at last:
Above mankind she speakes, whan of the god she felt the blast,
In spite approching nere. And standst thou styll and dost not pray?
Thou Troian thou? (q̄ she) and standst thou styll? shall not this day
Vne doore disclose it self tyll prater come. Whan she thus sayd,
She silence made: than quaking cold in Troians limmes affrayd
Did ron through al their bones, & thus their king ful hūbly prayd.

Siblies caue in the tēple and how she prophecied at certayne houres by fyttes. The sayde caue yet remains

No grace without prayer.

Eneas oration to Phebꝰ and to Sybilye.

O Phebus whom the paynefull toyles of Troy dyd euer greue,
Thou that syr Paris hand and dart (poore Troians to releue)

Directing didſt conduct, and gaueſt Achilles moꝛtall wound.
Thus many mighty ſeas that mighty lands encompas round
I entryd haue by thee, thꝛough nations wilde and parlous ſtrands,
Thꝛough coaſts of mountain Moores, & contreis cloſe of Syrtes ſands
And now Italia ſhoꝛe (allwayes that thꝛancke) we touche at laſt.
Thus farfurth now haue we thꝛough dangers all our foꝛtune paſt.
And you alſo your indignations great is time to end
You gods & goddeſſes eche one, whom Troy dyd ought offend
With gloꝛy great of pꝛide, eke thou, (O ſacryd pꝛophet trewe)
That foꝛtunes doſt foꝛſee, (I aſke nothing but kingdoms due
That deſtny doth me gyue), Italia land let vs enioye
Our wandꝛing gods to place and relykes bere outcaſt of Troye.
Than I, to Phebus cleere and to Diana, temples pure
Of marble ſtone ſhall make, & feaſts that euermoꝛe ſhall dure.
Rewardes alſo to thee and offryngs great foꝛ thee ſhall ſtand
Within my kingdoms all, and I my ſelf ſhall out of hand
Enrolle thy ſacryd lotts and dities deere of holy ꝛymes.
My people them ſhal learne, and choſen men at ſtanding tymes
Shall conſecratyd be, thy mighty mind that ſhall expound.
Do thou this time thy ſelf thy verſes ſpeake with perfyt ſound.
Noꝛ wꝛite no lyne in leaues, leſt whirling wind therw̄ may play,
Confounding them from courſe, & leſt in ſkies thei fly their way.
He endyd thus. Speake thou (q he) thy ſelf I humbly pꝛay.
But wꝛaſtling wild as yet, againſt the god in thentry large
Dame Sybly mombling made, & ſtrugling ſtrong wꝛoode the charge
If haply ſo ſhe might the gods enfoꝛcing ſhake from bꝛeſt:
But he pꝛeuayling ſtill, with moꝛe and moꝛe her ſpꝛite opꝛeſt.
Her hart, her raging mouth, he tamyng ſtayed and fiꝛyd faſt.
And now along the caue, a hundꝛed doꝛes were open bꝛaſt
Of pꝛoper ſtrength, & thꝛough ꝑ vaute theſe anſwers out the caſt.

Sybilles voyce.

O thou that dangers great of ſeas at laſt haſt ſkapyd all,
But greater things on land remaines foꝛ thee. The troians ſhall
To Lauyn kingdom come, caſt from thy bꝛeſt that point of feare.
But ſome repent they ſhal, & curſe the tyme that bꝛought them there,
Repent right ſone they ſhal: warꝛs, dꝛedful warꝛs vpꝛiſing growes,
And Tyber flood I ſee with fomy blood how thick it flowes.
Eftſones of Troian ſtreames noꝛ Grekiſh campes ꝑ ſhalt not fayle,

This was accompliſhed afterwarde, and i Rome there wer x. interpreters of Siblies bokes, called decem viri Sibillini, with a colledge of the ſame.

Sybyll reſyſted tyll the ſpꝛite cōpelled her.

And

And in Italia thee a newe Achilles ſhall aſſayl,
That borne of goddeſſe is, nor from the Troians Juno ſtout
Shall one where abſent be, whan thou at nede extreme for dout,
What nations of Italia land ſhalbe: what cities great:
That thou that tyme for ayde with humble ſute ſhalt not entreat:
The cauſe of all this wo, ſhall be a wyfe of forayne lyne.
A forayn ſpouſe yet ones agein to Troians.
Yet for theſe miſchiefes all do thou not ſhrink, but bolder preaſe
Where thee thy fortune leades, thy chiefeſt helthe & cauſe of peas,
(Where leaſt thou doſt ſuſpect) ſhall from a Grekiſh town apere.
Theſe wordes did Sybly ſpeake, & rapt with ſpright in caue onclere,
Her compaſs crokyd ſonges & doubtful rymes ſhe bellwyng ſountes,
Inuoluing trueth in darck, ſothe bridling bittes & rauing bounes
Apollo giues his preeſt, and cloſe to preache he prickes her breſt. Trueth in darkenes.
Whan furſt her pattring mouth and raging limmes wer left at reſt,
Eneas prince began. No trauayll new this is to me
O virgin pure, nor face of labour non vnfelt I ſee.
All this I do conceiue, and in my mynd conſidryd late.
One thing I ſhall deſire, (for here men ſay begynnes the gate
Of great infernall king, and darckſome floodes by hell that fleete)
Giue licens me to go to ſeeke and ſee my father ſweete.
Vouchſaue to gide my way, & holy dores do open make.
Him I from thouſandes ſwordes & burning flames away did take.
Theſe ſhulders, eue theſe ſhulders, through ỹ foes did bring him out
He paſſage toke with me, with me all ſtreames & londes about,
And threatninges all of ſeas, & tempeſtes all with wery payne,
Aboue his age and ſtrength, on weldy man, he did ſuſtayne.
And now that I this tyme before thy dore ſo mekely pray:
He me commaunded thus. Haue pity now of both vs tway
O ſacred virgin pure (for thou maiſt all) nor here in vayns
Diana the hath ſet, on Lymbo woodes to rule and rayne.
If Orpheus opteynyd ones his wife from vnder ground:
By ſynging ſweete at harp, and ſtriking ſtringes of pleſant ſound:
If Pollux did his brothers death redeme with his erchaunge,
And went and came ſo oft, what ſhuld I talke of Theſeus ſtraunge:
Or ſtrongeſt Hercules: my ſelfe from hie Joue do diſcend.
Theſe thinges he talked thus, and faſt he held the altars end.

Than

Than prophet Sibly said. O borne of blood of heauenly kynd
An easy way to hell. Thou Troian duke, the way that leades to hell is lyght to fynd.
Both nightes and daies, the doze of Lymbo black doth open gape.
But backward vp to clime, and free to skies eftsones to skape,
There worck, there labour is: few men whome equall Ioue did loue,
Or vertue percing all, did to the starres aduaunce aboue,
Coud worck so great a worck: the mydwaies all ar compast wide
With desertes darck of woodes, & slimy flood full black doth slide.
But if so great desier, soch feruent loue thou hast in mynd,
For he must die neuerthe les afterward Two times to loke on helle, two times to swym those lakes onkind,
If pleasont ought there be, this frantick toyle to take on thee:
These things furst must ỹ do. In shadowes great ther lurkes a tree,
She apoints him furst to the golden tree wherby is signified wysdome that ouercometh all thynges. With golden cropps & bows, wᵗ leaues & braunches smothe of gold:
Which to Diana, deepe infernall queene, is sacred hold.
This tree hath euery wood, & darke in vales doth hide with shade.
But no man breathing life can vnder ground haue power to trade,
Tyll frᵗ those goldilockes of bows he brings one braunche deuine,
Which to her self for chief reward Diana doth assigne.
Whan one bough broken is, another springes as fresh in sight
Of gold, & twigges are euer like, with buddes of metall bright.
Seke out therfore with spede, & whan thou duely hast it spied,
Lay thou theron thy hand, for willingly with eas, onwried
Itself it shall releas, if destnies thee therto do call:
For otherwyse not breake it will, for strength nor wepons all.
Moreouer, now thy frend deceassyd lieth with corps on ground.
Alas onware thou art, and all thy fiete he doth confound.
While here ỹ harkning standst, & councels great of God dost craue.
Him furst go bryng to earth, and giue to him his worthy graue.
And slaughters black of beastes for sinnes redemption see ỹ leade.
So maist ỹ Lymbo woodes, where breathing man may neuer tread
Behold at last, (q she.) With that, her mouth she stopping staied.
Eneas mourning went, with firyd eies on ground dismayed.
He founde his trompet tour Misen' dead on the sand. And leauing thus the caue, these fortunes hard & chaunces blynd
He ponduring did reuolue, so did with him Achates kynd.
And ioyntly step by step with equall cares they walking went.
Moch talk betwen them twayn of sondry things thei speaking spent
What frend dame Sibly meanes, what corps it is they shuld entiere.

But whan

But whan to shore they came, on ware on sand approching neere,
Misenus slayne they see with giltles death, their frend full deere.
Misenus trompetsounder chief, whose nobler neuer was,
In kindling men with noyse, and fighting feldes to chere with bras.
Sometime sir mighty Hectors mate he was, to Hector strong
With trompet bold and speare he corage gaue in battayl throng.
But whan that him from life Achilles victor spoylyd had,
Onto Eneas Troian prince this valiant captain sadde
Did place him self as peere, and nothing worse his chaunce he drew
But than (as mischief was) while brasen trompe he swimming blew
For pride, and calling to compare the Gods of seas did greeue:
Him Triton toke for spite (if men may boldly this beleeue)
And dragd him through the rockes, & depe in seas his enmy drownd.
The Troians than with noyse his body dead encompast round,
And good Eneas chief: than to acomplysh Siblies charge,
No longer tyme they take, but weeping fast an altar large
They lade with tymber logges, and hie to heauen a pile they bylde.
Into a forest old they gon & hauntes of beastes onmylde,
Down tomblyng crake the trees, vprysyth sound of ares strokes,
Both holmes, & beeches broad, & beames of ashe, & shides of okes,
With wedges great they clyue, & mountain elmes w̃ leauers rolle.
Eneas eke their worck with corage kindling did controlle.
And toles in hand he toke, & formost man amongst them wrought.
Yet heauynes in hart he bare and often thus he thought.
If now this golden braunche wil through this forest thick apeere,
Than verily right true it is (as all thinges ells ben cleere)
And toto true (alas) of the shee spake Misenus deere.
Skant spoken wer these wordes, whan culuers twayn by chaunce in sight,
Came ouerhead in skies before his face, & down they lyght,
And softly sat on ground, he knew forwith his mothers burdes
Eneas mighty prince, and thus he prated in silent wurdes.
O, be my gides (if any way ther be,) & through these glades
Dyrect me to the place where fertill soyle in darcksome shades
Doth beare this golden braunche, & O thou mother great, I pray
Now fayll me not at nede. Thus speking still him self did stay.
Beholding brym those burdes, & how they ryse, & where they flye.
They feeding there a whyle amounted furth & went in skye

So far

Triton a fyshe with a trompet did drown Misenus in the sea for spite.

Doues are Venus birds for their encreas,

So far as eies of man coud them purſue, or marke coud make.
Than whan againſt Auerna mouth they came, (that ſtinking lake,)
They lift them ſelfes aloft, and through the tender aier they ſlyde.
And falling down at laſt, they toke their tree, & there did byde.
Where glitſtring braunches ſhewes of ſondrygloſſyd ſhining gold.
None otherwyſe, than myſteltewe on woodes in wynter cold
Renewes his buſhes grene, whome tronck of tree did neuer breede,
But ſaffronfrutyd bowes the ſtubbes therof doth ouerſpreede.
So from the tree that golden branche did ſhewe, ſoche was ẏ kynd,
So wauering ſoft it wagde, and tyncling ſweete it made in wynd.
Eneas at it ſtraight, and caught a crop with moch ado.
And glad with comfort great, dame Siblies houſe he brought it to.

Myſteltew callyd of ſomo myſtelden growyng on trees in wynter with a yelowe ſlymy bery clāmy lyke byrd lyme, it cometh by dōging of byrdes on the trees.

Nor nothing leſſe this whyle, the Troians al in ſolempne gyſe
Did wayle Miſenus corps, and gaue to him their laſt outcries.
Furſt, cut in culpons great and fat of ſappe with pytche among
A ſtately pile they bylde, with tymber trees, and ciprs ſtrong
(That dead mens treaſour is) his gorgeous armes alſo they ſet.
Some brought the water warme, & caudrons boylyng out they fet.
The body cold they waſhe, & precioſe ointments on they powre.
Lamenting loude is made, than cloſe his lymmes in bed on floore
Thei couch wᵗ weeping teares, & purple weedes on him they throw:
His robes, his harneis bright, & enſeignes al that men may know.
In mourning ſort, ſome heaue on ſhulders hie the mighty beere,
(A dolefull ſeruice ſad) as childern do their father deere,
Behind thē holding brondes, than flame vpriſing, broad doth ſpreede
And oyles and deinties caſt, and frankynſens the fier doth feede.
Whan falne his ſynders were, and longer blaſe did not endure:
His reliques and remain of duſt with wynes they waſhyd pure.
Than Choryney his bones in braſen coffyn bright did cloſe.
And ſprincling water pure, about his mates thre tymes he goes,
And dropps of ſacryd dewe wᵗ Olyue palmes on them did ſhake.
And compas bleſt them all, & ſentence laſt he ſadly ſpake.
To feldes of ioye thy ſoule, and endles reſt we do betake.
But good Eneas than, right huge in height his tombe did rere,
And gaue the lord his armes, his ore and trompet firyd there.
On mountain nere the ſkies, that of Miſenus beares the name:
And euerlaſting ſhall from world to world retayne the ſame.

Marme water and cryengs, for many ſeme dead and be yet alyue.

Nouiſſima verba.

This

This done, dame Sibilles further mind to execute he shapes.
A dongeon darke there is, that euermore wide open gapes.
Full rough of rocky stones, and lothsome lake there flowes about.
Therouer dare no bird attempt to flie, for deadly dout,
Soch poyson breath outbreaks, & through that throte w̄ stinking stink
Soch smoithring vapour smokes, & vp to skies is borne from brinke.
Whereby the Grekes by name Auerna mouth that place do call.
There heifers chosen foure, full blacke of backes, he fyrst of all
Did bring, & wines betwen their frontes the priest of custome threw,
And w̄ her hand she pluckt the hear betwen their hornes that grew,
To cast in sacryd fier, redemption chiefe of deedes amis.
And on Diana calls, in heauen and hell that mighty is.
Some other sturres w̄ knines, & blood lukewarm in bolles thei take
Him self a lambe by darke, onto the dame of furies blake
And to her sister great with sword he strake, and onto thee
(O Proserpyne) a fruteleſſe cowe he kyld full blacke to see.
Than onto Lymbo king his altars large he made by night.
And bowelles whole of bulles in burning fyer enflamyd bright.
And plenty fatt of oyles, tyll offrings all were wastyd quight.
Behold, before that light of sonne did ryse in skyes aboue,
The groūd with roaring shooke, & vnder feete dyd trembling moue.
And toppes of trees do turne, & doggs in shade dyd seme to houle,
When fyrst the goddesse came. Auaunt, auaunt, you sinners soule
Dame Sybly loud did crie, from all these woods stand out beneath.
Kepe thou thy way by force, and nakyd sword pull from thy sheath.
Now time of corage is, now fire thy mynd Eneas fast.
And with that word into Auerna mouth her self she cast.
Ye voyd of feare doth stalking her pursewe at elbowe fast.
O gods that empier kepes on ghostes, and soules of silens dumme,
Thou Chaos, and you firy boyling pittes and places glumme:
Giue licens me to tell your secret workings vnder ground,
Giue pardon to disclose thinges depe in myst and darkenes dround.
They walking went in night, alone, in sylens through the shade,
By Lymbos kingdoms wast, and houses empty voyde of trade.
Like as the feble mone doth giue sometime a faynting light
To men ỹ walke in woods, when cloudes do kepe ỹ skies frō sight,
And all things altred ben, & coloures cleere are hyd by night.

Descriptiō of a place in Italy called auerna, wher ātiquity supposed to be the entry in to hell, and is yet a terrible place to loke on.

Sibly brought Eneas in to Auerna mouth, and so vnder ground to Lymbo wherin Virgyll expresseth all the belief and opiniō of the Pagans.

Euen at the porche, & fyrst in Lymbo sawes, dome Waylings dwell,
And Cares on couches lyen, and Settled Wyndes on vengeans fell.
Diseases leane and pale, and combrous Age of dompishe yeres,
And Feare, and sylthy Nede, and Hunger bard that mischief steres.
Wishapen things in sight. Thã Death himself, whose neighbor nert
Was Slepe that kinsmã is to Death, than proud Minds vnperplext
Reioysing vile in sinne, and mortall Warres afront the gate,
And Furies sight in beddes of steele, and Discorde sarre from state,
with bleeding browes, & vgsome startlyng heares of angry snakes.
Amids them all an Elme with armes outspreding, shadow makes.
An Elme both huge and old, that seat, men say do Fansies keepe,
And Dreames oncertayne dwell, and euery leafe thei vndertreepe.
And diuers monsters more there was, of sondry sortes onkynd.
As Scillas and Centaurus, man before and beast behynd.
In euery doore they stampe, & Lyons sad with gnashyng sound,
And Bugges with hundryd heades as Bryarey, and armyd round
Chymera sightes with flames, and gastly Gorgon grym to see,
With beardes of Harpies vile, & goblins soule of sygures three.
Eneas sodenly for feare his glistring sword out toke.
And as they threatning came, he towards them his sauchon shooke.
And (but his learnyd gyde instruct him did, to let go by
Those flittring tender formes, & not to touch those shappes that slye
Which nothing ben but life, & substance none, but likenes thinne)
He wold against them fought, and did in vayne to beate beginne.

Here now the way doth lead to Lymbo lake and sylthy fludd,
Whose chanell chokyd is with troblous grounds of myry mudd,
And belching boyles a sand, which to ỹ banks it throwes frõ depes.
A dreedfull feryman that streame with visage lothsome keepes,
In tattryd wretched weede, and Caron he by name doth hight.
His hoary bushe and beard both ouergrown and soule vndight,
With skouling steaming eyes, & from his shulders down his loynes
His sylthy mantell hanges, whom sluttishe knot vncomly ioynes,
Himself with pykyd poale his boate doth guyde, & beares a charge,
Transporting styll the soules, in rusty dusty cankryd barge.
Well agyd now, but sappy strength he kepes of grener yeres.
To this place all the rout doth draw themselfs wt louring cheres,
By nombers great, both men & women dead, nor long delayed.

With

With princes, preased boyes and gyrles, that wedlocks neuer sayed,
And flouring youth, that in their parentes time were layd in groud.
And all that life had borne, about that banke thei clustryd round,
As thick as leaues of trees among the woods in winter wynd
When fyrst to ground they fall, or lyke as foules of water wynd
Assembling flocke them selfs, when yere of frost hath fyrst begonne,
And ouer seas thei seke in warmer londes to take the sonne.
Thei stood, and crauing cried, that fyrst transport thei might before,
And stretching held their hands desiring moch the further shore.
The churlish feryman, now these now those by course receyues,
And some down thrusting throws, & from ẏ sand restraining weyues
Eneas than for of this great tumult he merueld sore.
O virgin tell (q he) what meanes this busye great vprore?
What seke they thus? why to this water bancke ronne they so fast?
Wherfore be these reiect? and yonder those their course hath past?
And some with ores I see are sweeping yet this chanell bleke.
Than shortly thus to him dame Sybly spake, that prophet true.
O great Anchises son, vndouted child of gods in blisse.
Now Lymbo lake thou seest, infernall poole this water is.
Cocitus cald it is, and Stigies moore the name doth beare,
By which the gods them selfs so sore affrayd ben to forsweare.
This prease that here thou seest, ben people dead not layd in graue,
A piteous rable poore, that no relief nor comfort haue.
This boateman Caron is, and those whom now this water beares,
Are bodies put in ground with worshypp due of weping teares.
Nor from these fearefull bankes nor riuers hoarce they passage get,
Tyll vnder earth in graues their bodies bones at rest are set.
A hundryd yeres they walke, & round about these shores they houe,
And than at last full glad, to further pooles they do remoue.
Eneas stopt his fote, and stayed him self against that place,
Reuoluing moch in mind, and pitied sore their wofull case.
He sawe lamenting there, and lacking graues and worship due,
Leucaspis and Orontes, lords of Troian fleete full trewe.
whom ioyntly both from Troy, as through the swelling seas thei past
The southe wind whirling toke, and ship and men did ouercast.
Behold, his maister chief and pylot guyde syr Palynure
Did chaking vere him self, who late in Scicill seas full sure

Hys courſe in ſayling kept, while ſtarrs of heauen he bewd at helme
He through the puppe was ſaine, & ſeas him quite did ouerwhelme.
Him ſcarſe he coud diſcerne among the ſoules with frowning face.
Than kyrſt he ſpake. O Palynure, what god with heauy grace
Hath ſpoyld me of thee? and thee in depe ſeas thus hath drownd?
Declare to me, for neuer heretofore that fals was found,
With this one tale ontrew Apollo me dyd ſeede in vayne.
Who ſayd, that ſauf from ſeas Italia land thou ſhuldſt attayne,
Lo where a man may truſt. Is this his fayth ſo vndefylde?
He thereonto. It is not Phebus thee that hath begylde.
O Troian king, nor me that god in ſeas did ouerwhelme.
For as at ſterne I ſtood, and ſteering ſtrongly held my helme,
Wherwith I chargyd was, & courſe of ſhips with ſailes did beare,
I hedlong fell therwith. By all the ſeas full rough I ſweare.
Nothing ſo ſore I dredde, nor for my ſelf ſo moch dyd care,
As leſt thy ſhyp diſpoyld, and of her guyde and maiſter bare,
Shuld by miſfortune fayl, as wawes ſo great that tyme dyd ryſe.
Three wery winter nightes, in combrous ſeas in waltryng wyſe,
With waters borne I was: the fourth day ſkant at laſt I ſpyed
Italia land, as ouer wawes full hie my head I wryed.
By ſmall and ſmall to landward than I ſwamme, and ſure I was,
Had not that nation wild deſtroyd me there onknown, alas.
And as I creping held with crokyd hands the mountaynes toppe,
Encombryd in my clothes that dabbing down from me did droppe.
They ſlew me there with ſwordes, & thought by me to gayne a pray.
Now ſtyll in floodes I fleete, & to and fro with winds I ſtray.
That I thee, by the gladſome lyght of heauen and ioyfull ſkies:
Now for thy fathers ſone, and for thy ſon whoſe lucke doth riſe:
Unwrap me from thes wrongs, o pereles prince, & bring me a groũd
I pray thee, (for thou mayſt) in Velyn hauons I ſhall be found.
Or thou, if any way there be, yf goddeſſe mother thyne
Hath ſhewd thee how to ſhyft (for not without ſome power deuyne
This place I think thou ſeeſt, nor Lymbo pooles thus canſt ỹ ſwim)
Reatche me thy hand, and take me wretche with thee by water brim.
That after death at leaſt, in pleaſant reſt I may remayne.
Soch things he talking ſpake, whan Sybly thus replyed agayne.
Synce whan O Palynure, hath all this madnes comen on thee?

Woldst thou the Lymbo poole & dolefull fluddes vntombyd see?
Vnbydden from this bank dost thou in deede to skape entende?
Seke neuer Gods eternall dome with speche to thinke to bende.
Yet take with the this word, and comfort thus thy greuous fall.
For they that borders next onto that mount, and cities all,
By tokens great from heauen shalbe compeld thy bones to take,
And tombe they shall the byld, and solempne seruice thee shall make.
And Palinurus name for euermore that place shall kepe.
This spoken, from his heauy hart his cares abating crepe.
And sorowes partly shrank, & glad on earth his name he knewe.
They on their iourney went, & towardes now the flood they drewe.
Whome as the boteman furst, with eies vpcast, in cõming spied:
To walke in silent woodes, & how to shore their feete they plied:
He thus began to chafe & towardes them full loude he cried.
What euer thou art, that armyd thus onto our fluddes dost trace:
Tell what thyne erand is, and stay thy selfe, and stop thy pace.
Here is the seate of soules, the place of sleepe and slombry night,
Nor breathing bodies non this boat may bear by law nor right.
Nor Hercules (whome I did last receiue) did me no good,
Nor Theseus, with Pirythous, that passyd here this flood,
Though born of Gods thei were, & pereles lords of strength & mynd.
He with his mighty handes the mastif hound of hell did bynd
Before the king at benche, and dragde him trembling out to light.
Those other did attempt to steale from hence our empresse bright.
Than Sibly prophet priest, with gentle speche thus did entreat.
Here is no treason soche, be thou not chafe nor further freat.
These wepons work no harme, the porter huge for euermore
May barking keepe his caue, and bloodles soules affraie from shore.
Well may Diana chast her vncles chamber long enioy.
Eneas famous here, the curteis prince, in armes of Troy
Onto his father goeth, onto the soules of Lymbo lowe.
If vertue non so great may moue thy mynd this man to knowe:
Behold & she this braunche, and from her garment out she toke
The golden braunche, than angry wrath his swelling hart forsoke.
Nor more he spake, but wondring at that blessyd gift of grace,
And fatall rod, that seldome seen had ben within that place,
He shouyd furth his ship, and on the banck approching hit.

Than other

Than other soules, that on the sides in long arayes did sitt,
He tombling draue them down, and made a rowme, & in he takes
Eneas mighty prince, the boat in ioyntes for burden crakes.
And through the lethyn seames the filthy flood in plenty drinkes,
Yet landed sauf at last both priest & man on the vtter brynkes.
In myry woase, and slymy mudde myschapen foule that stynkes.

There Cerberus, infernall hound, with throotes wide open three
Doth bawle with barking noyse, at Lymbo mouth full huge to see.
Whose neck whan Sibly sawe with startling snakes to swelling firt
A soppe of bread with sleepy seedes & hony sweete commixt
Against his throte she threw, he gaping wyde his threfold sawes,
All hungry caught that gubbe, & couching strait w̄ stretchyd pawes,
He bowed his boistous back, and on the ground him self he spred,
Encombring all the caue, and groueling lay with slombry head.
Eneas toke the place, while thus the porter slurging was.
And skoope the further shore, wher backward home no life can pas.

Anon were voyces hard, & piteous cries, and waylings shrill,
Of soules of tender babes, and infantes weping voyd of skyll.
That pleasure sweete of lyfe did neuer tast, but from their brest
Vntymely death them toke, and fortune grym hath down oppress.
Next them be soche, as false surmyse haue don to death by lawe,
Nor they w̄out their iudge, & for their seates their lotts they drawe.
King Mynos moues their bore, & as a iudge their liues enqueres
And calles enquestes of soules, and all their synnes in silens heres.
Than louring nert in place, ben they that fell with wilfull death,
And gyltles slew them selfes, with hasty handes, abhorring breath,
And shoke from them their soules, how gladly now in skies againe:
Wold they full poore estate, and hardnes all of life sustayne.
The destnies do resyst, and lake onlouely them detaynes,
And pooles of Lymbo nyne in compas ronnyng, them restraynes.
Not far aloof from thens, disperst abroad on quarters all
The mournyng feeldes they see, (for so by name men do them call)
There they whome cruell loue consumyd hath w̄ fretting moodes,
In secret pathes they walk, & hyde them selues in Myrtyll woodes,
Encombryd styll with cares, nor death it self their sorowes slakes.
There Phedra, Procris, and Euriphilen he seeth that mourning makes
For loue, and of her son vnmercyfull the woundes doth beare.

Euadnes

Euadnee than, and Paſiphae, lykewyſe that martryd were.
And Ceneus, a lad ſomtime that was, but now a wyſe,
Conuerted eft by kinde to former ſhap of females like.
Among all theſe, quene Dido late that died of fatall wound,
In foreſt wandring went, whom as the Troian duke had found,
Approching nere and knewe, in ſhymring ſhadowe darck & thynne:
Moche lyke, as after chaũging new whan prime doth furſt begynne,
Men ſee, or thinke they ſee, the doubtfull moone in cloudes aboue.
He blubbryd out in teares, and thus did ſpeake for dulcet loue.
O wofull Dido deere, the tale to trewe (as now doth ſeme)
Was brought me of thy loſſe, & of thy ſtroke & wound extreme.
I was thy cauſe of death, alas, now by the ſtarres I ſweare,
By all the Gods, and if there be remayning yet one where
Unfaimyd faith, if trueth on ground or vnder ground may bee:
Againſt my wyll (O quene) from thy dominions did I flee.
But me, the threatninges great of Gods ỹ through theſe glymſyng glades
Compells to ſeeke, theſe hoarye moory muſty darckſom ſhades:
Hath foreyd me to this, nor neuer quene coud I beleeue,
That my departing thee, ſo ſore at hart coud euer greeue.
Now ſtay thy ſelf, and from my ſyght withdrawe the not ſo faſt.
Whom fleeſt thou thus? this onto thee muſt be my talking laſt.
Eneas thus to her, that frowning ſtood, with ſkouling eies,
He ſpake to ſwage her mynd, and teares outguſhing ſtill did riſe.
She turning, kiryd faſt her face on ground with louring looke.
Nor more to him did moue, nor at his tale regard ſhe tooke:
Than ſturres a ſtanding ſtone, or mountayn rock for blaſt of wynde.
At laſt from him ſhe brake, and back ſhe fled with ſpiteſull mynde,
To ſhadowes thick of woods, where ioynt with her, her huſband old
Sycheus doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth holde.
Eneas neretheleſſe, whom thys miſchaunce full ſory ſhooke,
Purſued her, weeping long, and at her parting pitie tooke.
From thens their way thei ſought, & now the borders laſt thei helde.
Where worthy lordes of armes enhabit thick in ſecret felde.
There met he with ſir Tydeus, and valiant noble knight
Parthenopee, and pale Adraſtus ghoſt, that wofull ſpright.
There, they that moch lamentyd were on earth, and died in warre:
The Troian lordes, he knew them all in long araies a farre.

Ther

Therſilochus, and Glaucus deere, he ſobbyd them to ſee,
And Medon, and of Anthenor the famous childern thꝛee.
And Polybetes, Ceres pꝛieſt that was, both ſtrong and bold.
Ydeus eke, that hoꝛſys ſwyft and armours yet doth holde.
By flockes about him dꝛew the ſoules full thick on euery hand,
Noꝛ ſatiſfied they ben with lokyng ones, but ſtill they ſtand,
And ſteppes with him they ioyne, and glad thei be his cauſe to lerne.
But all the Grekiſh lorde, and Agamemnons captains ſterne,
Whan furſt the man they ſaw in gliſtring armour thꝛough ỹ night.
Thei trẽbling ſhoke foꝛ feaꝛ, ſome turning toke their wonted flight
As to their ſhips ſometyme they ran, ſome others ſqueaking thynne
Wold lift their voyce, but in their iawes begonne, it ſtack within.
Deiphebus that maried Helen after the death of Paris.
There Deiphebus, Priams ſon he ſawe, all boucherwyſe
Bemangled foule in face, with body toꝛne in cruell gyſe.
Both body, face, and handes, and temples twaine, & eares dyſpoſilde,
With lothly croppyd noſe, & ſhamefull woundes echewhere deſoilde
Skarſe him he coud diſcerne, that trembling ſhꝛank, & couered wold
His filthy woundes, than thus he ſpake with voyce acquainted old.
O Deiphebus, mighty moſt in armes, O Troian blood:
What ſaluage tyꝛant beaſt hath giuen to the this plage ſo wood:
Who might ſo great a powꝛ obtayne on thee: The rumour went
Yow in that night extreme, of Grekiſh ſlaughters wery ſpent
Thou hedlong thꝛewſt thy ſelf on myryd heapes of enmyes ſlayn.
Than I my ſelf to thee, an empty tombe on Rheta playn
Aduauncing vp did bylde, and thꝛies thy ſoule ſalutyd cleere.
Thy name and armes that place pꝛeſerues, but the (O frend ſo dere)
Coud I not ſee, that in thy contrey ground I myght enteere.
Than Deiphebus ſayd. Nothing (ſwete frend,) can I require,
All dueties done thou haſt, noꝛ moꝛe my goſt can the deſier.
But me, myn own miſchaunce, and Helen ſtrompetts miſchief moꝛe
Hath plungyd thus in paynes, thoſe tokens me ſhe left in ſtoꝛe,
Foꝛ whan that latter night with toyes deceitfull vs did feede
Thou knowſt: and ouermuch therof to thinke we muſt of neede.
Whan furſt that fatall hoꝛſe our countreis walls did ouerſkyppe
With armour freyghted full, & harneiſt fotemen down did ſlippe:
Diſſymlyng than to daunſe with ſonges & hympnes in ſtretes about
She dꝛew the Troian wyues, & in her hand amyds the rout

She bare

She bare the burning torche, & from the towres the Grekes did lure.
Than ouercome with cares, I wofull miser sleeping sure
Within my chamber was, in pleasant eas, and layde at rest,
And slomber sweete and deepe most like to death had me oppressk.
My goodly spouse this while, my wepons all away she cloynde,
From all my house, and from my head my trusty sword purloynd.
And Menelae her former husband cald, and fyld the doores
With clusters great of Grekes, and open wide she set the doores,
And me to them she gaue, for token chief of former loue.
That fame of old offence by that amendes she might remoue.
What shuld I longer make? into my chamber all they thrust,
With fals Vlisses helpe. O gods redubbe them vengeaunce iust.
If due rewardes I seke, if Grekes with me ontustly wrought.
But the, aliue, what wōdrous fortune here this time hath brought?
Declare to me, by wandring wide at seas art comen astray?
Or gods appoyntment great, or what mischaunce doth thee dismay?
To see this troblous place, these houses heauy voyde of sonne.
With talking thus, the Morning golden bright had ouerronne
The compas halfe of heauen, and middes of skies she now did clime.
And happly speaking more, they shuld haue spent their pointed time.
But Sybly warning gaue.
The night approcheth fast, we weepe away the time in vayne.
Here is the place where now the way deuides it selfe in twayne.
The righthand path goeth vnderneth the walles of Pluto deepe.
That way we must, if path to Paradise we thinke to keepe.
The lefthand leades to payne, and dampnyd sinners sends to hell.
Than Deiphebus sayd. O prophet pure that dost excell,
Do thou no further frett, I wyll depart to yonder feeld
To fyll the nombre there, and me agayn to darknes yelde.
Go worthyp, go, thou glory great of Troy, with heauenly grace,
God send thee more good lucke, and wō that word he turnd his pace.
Eneas turnd his eyes, and in the rock on lefthand syde
A castle broad he seeth, with thre thicke walls encompast wyde.
Whom enuironnes with rage a flaming flood that fyer outspewes.
A dampishe fyry flood, that sounding stones outbelching stewes.
A gate agaynst it stands, full huge of height, with pyllers great
Of Adamant vncut, whom force of mankind non can beat.

Nor gods them ſelfs of heauen: vpſtands to ſkies a braſen towre,
Where ſits Tyſiphonee with bloodread tooles and viſage lowre,
that combrous monſter fend, both daies & nightes ỹ watch ſhe kepes
Before that entry grym, with gargell face, and neuer ſleepes.
Frō thens wer howlings heard, & wretches wawling toſt in paines,
And clinching loud of yron, & gyngling noyſe of draggyng chaynes.
Eneas ſterting ſtood, and all that buſtling harknyd to.
What vengeaunce noyſe is this: O virgin tell, what haue they do:
That thus tormented ben: what meanes this boūſing: this outrage
Than Sybly thus began. O Troian duke of wiſdome ſage.
No good man may come nere this curſyd houſe of dampnyd Hell,
But me, whan in Auerna woodes Dyana ſett to dwell,
ſhe taught me than theyr paynes, & through theſe places al did gyde.
This boyſtous empier kepes ſyr Radamanthus, king of pryde.
Correcting men for ſynne, & all their falſhedes heres and tryes,
Conſtrainyng to confeſſe what euer thing they did in ſkies:
Differring till their death, as yf all paynes eſcapyd were.
Anon, the giltie ſoules with ramping force and griſly feare
Tyſiphonee doth take, and ſcourging them ſhe ſwapps wō whippes.
And ſerpentes grim ſhe ſhakes, & ouer them ſhe ſtamping ſkippes,
With flockes of ſwarming feends, and all her ſiſters out ſhe calles,
Infernall hideous haggs, and to their turmentes them ſhe ſtalles.
Than verily with thondring fearefull noyſe, the ſacryd hookes
doth opening turne their gates, ſeeſt what a gard againſt vs lookes:
What faces: what a watch there ſtands at euery gate in ſyght:
With fifty gaping heades a monſtrous dragon ſtands vpryght:
Yet ſitts a worſe within. Than, Hell it ſelf, that ſynkehoole ſteepe
two times as broad deſcends, two times as hedlōg downright deepe
As heauen vpright is hie, if men therto from thence might peepe.
There lie the Tytans brood, & of dame Earth the linage olde:
Downthrown wō lightning dyntes, & in that gulf are tomblyng rold
There ſaw I ſerpentfeeted baſtards twayne, of gyauntes ſyſe,
That in conflict with heauen, to teare the ſkies dyd enterpryſe,
deſpiſyng Ioue himſelf, whō from his throne thei wold haue thruſt.
Eke Sulmon there I ſaw, in cruell wreake of turmentes iuſt.
For he the flames of god and thondring ſoundes wold counterfeat.
He borne with horſes foure, and ſhaking brondes and torches great

Through contreys all of Grece, & townes triumphing went about,
And honors due to God vsurping toke of euery rout.
A frantik man, that pereles lightning clouds wold think to skorne,
With brasse and ronning steedes, that footed ben w̄ hoof of horne.
But Joue almighty than, a fyry dart on him down flang,
His artes coud him not helpe, nor crefletts ferce wherw̄ he sprang.
But hedlong he to hell in whirling storme was thrown to deepes.
There plungyd now in paynes, he in the botom crawling creepes.
Eke Tition, the darling dere of Earth which all thing breedes
Jou shuld haue sene, that furlongs nine of ground w̄ body spreedes.
And huge on him there sitts, with crokyd becke & croming pawes,
A gastly Gripe, that euermore his growing guttes outdrawes.
And tyring tearyth furth his euerduryng lyuers baynes,
Nor neuer rest there is, but fresh renewes his endles paynes.
What shuld I now rehearse the beastly Centaures rable all?
Whom ouer hangs a stone that euermore doth seeme to fall.
Their bridebeddes faier are spred, & golden carpets shine ful bright,
And precious princely fare before their face is set in sight.
Than comes the foulest feend, and all their deynties ouerbroodes,
forbidding thē to touche, & from their hands doth snatch their foods,
And beats w̄ burning brondes, & thondrings thick her mouth dost cast
There thei that did their brethren most abhorre while life dyd last,
Or beet their parentes, or their clyentes cause haue foule betrayed.
And soche as gatheryd goodes onto themselfs, and no man payed,
Nor almes neuer gaue, wherof there is to great a throng.
Or for aduoutry haue ben slayne, or reysyd warres in wrong.
Or rebells to their prince, or maisters goodes wold not discerne:
Includyd in that tayle their paines thei bide. Seke not to lerne
What payns: what world of wo there is: how ech his fortune feeles
Some rolls vnweldy rocks, some hangs on hie displayd on wheeles,
Some tombling tyre themselfs. There euer sitts and euer shall
Vnhappy Theseus and Phlegias most of misers all.
Among those caytiues darke, & loud with voyce to them doth rore.
Learne iustyce now by thys, and gods aboue despyse no more.
One wretch his contrey sold, & prince of strength therto did call,
He forgyd lawes for bribes, and made, and marrd, and altryd all.
Another leapt into hys doughters bedd, confoundyng kyndes,

All ment outragious dedes, and fyld their ſoule outragious minds.
Not if I had a hundred mouthes, a hundred tonges to ſpend.
And voyce as ſtrong as ſteele, yet coud I neuer comprehend
Their ſondry ſinnes & paines, nor of their names ſhuld make an end
Whan Sybly to Eneas thus had ſayd. Now make we ſpeede,
Go furth, kepe on thy way, perfourme thoſe things that ỹ haſt neede.
Diſpatche we now (q ſhe) I eſpye from hence the chymneys topps
Of Cyclops boyſtous walles, I ſee their gates and forges ſhopps.
Where we commaunded be to leaue this gift of golden prayes.
She ſayd, & ioyntly both thei paſt through crokyng darkſom wayes,
And marching through the middes, onto the gates approchyd nere.
Eneas through them ruſht, and than him ſelf with water cleere
Beſprynckling, toke the braunche, and at the gate he fyrt it faſt.
Theſe things ſo done, and all the goddeſſe gyft fulfyld at laſt:
Into the gladſome feeldes they come, where arbers ſweete & grene,
And bleſſed ſeates of ſoules, & pleaſant woods and groues are ſene.
A freſher feeld of aier, whome larger light doth ouerſtrowe,
& purer breath, their priuat ſonne, their priuat ſtarres thei knowe.
Some to diſport them ſelfs there ſondry maiſtries tried on graſſe.
And ſome their gambolds playd, & ſome on ſand ther wraſtling was
Some friſking ſhake their feete, & meaſures tread, & rimes thei ſown
And Orpheus among them ſtands, as prieſt in trayling gown.
And twancling makes them tune, wt notes of muſyke ſeueral ſeuen.
And now wt euery quill, now ſtrings he ſtrikes with fingers euen.
There were the Trotan lords, and antike ſtocke of noble race,
Moſt prudent princes ſtrong, and borne in yeres of better grace.
Both Ylus, and Aſſaracus, and founder fyrſt of Troy
King Dardan, ar their armour weedes he wondred moch with ioy.
Their ſpeares beſyde thē ſtand, their charetts ſtrōg are ſet on groūd.
Their comly courſing ſteedes along the laundes do feede onbound.
What minds, what louc thei had, to dedes of arms whā like thei drew
Or what delite in ſteedes, the ſame them dead doth now purſue.
Another ſort he ſeeth, with hand in hand where gras doth ſpring,
That feaſting feede them ſelfs, & heauc and hoaw for ioy thei ſing.
Among the Laurell woods, and ſmelling floures of arbers ſwecte:
Where bubbling ſoft with ſound the riuer freſh doth by them fleete.
There ſoch as for their contreys loue while liues in them did laſt

In

In battell ſuffryd woundes, or prieſtes that godly were and chaſt,
Or prophetes pure of life, and worthy thinges to men did preache:
Or to adorne mans mortall life did ſcyence goodly teache:
Their heades ar compaſſknit w̄ garlond floures right freſh of hewe.
To whome than Sibly ſpake, as round about her faſt they drewe.
Onto Muſeus furſt, for he incloſyd is in throng
With nombers great of ſoules, and him they kepe alwaies among,
Brefthigh aboue them all, & all to him their heades inclyne.
Declare (q̄ ſhe) you bleſſyd ſoules, and thou prieſt moſt diuyne
What place Anchiſes hath: where ſhall we fynd him: for his ſake
We be come here, and paſſyd haue the fluddes of Lymbo lake.
Than onto her the ſacred prieſt with wordes full gentle ſpake.
No man hath certen houſe, but in theſe ſhadowes broad we dwell.
In beddes of riuer bankes, and medowes newe that ſwetely ſmelle.
But you, if ſoche deſire you haue, paſſe ouer yonder downes.
My ſelfe ſhall be your gyde by eaſy path into thoſe bownes.
He ſayd, & went before them both, & feldes full bright that ſhynd
He ſhewd them from aboue, and all the downes they left behynd.
Anchiſes prince, that tyme in pleaſant vale ſurueyeng was
The ſoules included there that to the world agayn ſhuld paſſe.
And reknyd all his race, and childerns childerns lyne he told
And keſt their deſtnies all, and liues & lawes & manhoods bold.
He whan againſt him there Eneas comming furſt beheld:
As he did walke in graſſe, his handes to heauen for ioy vp held,
With tricling teares on cheekes, & thus his voyce frō him did yeld.
And art thou comen at laſt, long lokyd for, my ſon ſo deere:
Thy vertue ouercame this paſſage hard, and now ſo cleere
Do I behold thy face: with rendryng ſpeche to ſpeche of thyne:
So verily me thought, and in my mynd I did deuine
Acompting ſtyll the tymes, nor me my carck hath not begylde.
What cōtreis thee (my ſon) what cōbrous ſeas: what nations wilde:
Turmoyld with daungers all, thee ſcapyd now do I receyue:
How ſore afraied I was, leſt Lybie landes ſhuld thee deceyue:
He theronto: Thy ghoſt O father ſweete, thy greuous ghoſt,
Perturbing in my dremes hath me compeld to ſee this coaſt.
On Tyrrhen ſhore my nauy ſtandes at ſeas, now let vs ioyne
Good father hand in hand, now the from me do not purloyne.

Thus

Thus talkyd he with teares.
Thre times about his neck his armes he wold haue ſet, and thries
In vaine his lykenes fast he helde, for through his handes he flies.
Lyke wynd, vngropable, or dreames that men most ſwyft eſpies.
This while Eneas ſeeth a croked vale, and ſecret wood.
Lethee a floud of forgetfulnes. And ſhrubbes of ſounding trees, & fleeting through thē Lethee flood,
With ſleeping ſound, that by thoſe pleaſant dwellings ſoftly rann:
And peoples thick on euery ſyde that no man nomber can.
As bees in medowes freſh, (whom ſomer ſonne doth ſhining warm)
Aſſemblyng fall on floures, and lyllies whyte about they ſwarm.
With buzzing feruent noiſe, that euery feeld of murmour ringes.
Eneas with that ſight amaſyd ſtood, and of thoſe thinges
The cauſes all did are, what floud it is, ſo dull that glides?
Pagans opinions. And what thoſe peoples ben, that fill ſo thick thoſe water ſides?
Anchiſes than to him. Theſe ſoules (q he) that bodies new
Muſt yet againe receiue, and lymmes eftſones with life endue.
Here at this Lethee floude they dwell, and from this water drinck
Theſe liquors quēching cares, & long forgetful draughts thei drink.
That of their liues, and former labours paſt, they neuer thinck.
Theſe things to thee, full trew I ſhall ſet furth before thine eies,
And ſhewe thee all our ſtock of thee & me that ſhall ariſe.
That more thou maiſt reioyce Italia land to find at laſt.
O father, is it true? may ſoules that ones this world hath paſt
And bleſſed ben in ioye, to bodies dulle agayn remoue?
What meane they ſo? why wretched worldly lyght do they ſo loue?
I will declare forſooth, nor long (my ſon) I wyll thee holde.
Anchiſes aunſwer made, and all in order did vnfolde.
Furſt heauen and earth, & of the ſeas the flittring feeldes & fynes.
Thes glorioſe ſtarres, this gliſtrig globe of moone ſo bright ỳ ſhines
One lyuely ſoule there is, that feedes them all with breath of loue:
One mind through al thes mēbers mixt this mighty maſſe doth moue
From thence mankind, & beaſtes, & liues of foules in aier that flies.
And all what marblefacyd ſeas conteines of monſtrous fries.
One chaſing fier among them all there ſittes, & heauenly ſpringes
Within their ſeedes, if bodies noiſom them not backward bringes.
But lompe of liueles earth and mortall members make them dull.
This cauſeth them, of luſt, fear, grief, and ioye, to be ſo full.

Nor cloſyd

Nor closyd so in darck, can they regard their heauenly kynd.
For carcas foule of flesshe, and dongeon vile of prison blynd.
Moreouer, whan their end of life, and light doth them forsake:
Yet can they not their sinnes nor sorowes all poore soules of shake.
Nor all contagyons fleshlie, from them voydes, but must of neede
Moch things congendryd long, by wōdrous meanes at last outspreed
Therfore they plagyd ben, and for their former fautes and synnes
Their sondry pains thei bide, some hie in aier doth hang on pynnes.
Some fleeting ben in fluddes, & deepe in gulfs them selfes thei tyer.
Tyll synnes away be washt, or clensyd clere with purging fyer.
Eche one of vs our penaunce here abides, than sent we bee
To paradise at last, we fewe these feeldes of ioye do see.
Tyll compas long of tyme, by parfit cours, hath purgyd quyte
Our former cloddryd spottes, & pure hath left our ghostly spright
And sences pure of soule, and simple sparkes of heaucnly lyght.
Than al, whan they a thousand yeres the wheele haue turnd about:
To drinck of Lethee floud, by clusters great, God calls them out.
That there forgetting all their former liues, and former synne,
The mortall world afreshe, in bodies new they may begynne.
Anchises said, and therwithall his son and Sibly takes.
And drawes them through ỹ myds of al ỹ prease ỹ sounding makes,
Unto a mount, from whence they may their orders long a rowe,
By leysour ouerread, and as they come their faces knowe.
Now let vs see what glory great our Troian lyne shall spreede,
And what redoubted lusty laddes, Italia lande shall breede.
Most princely soules, our noble Troian fame aduaunce that shall,
In brief I will dispatche, and thee declare thy destnies all.
Seest thou not yonder liuely child that leanyng bendes his speare?
His lot is nert to ryse, and nert in world his head shall reare.
Of Troian and Italian blood commyxt, thy worthy chylde,
Thy Syluius, borne after thy decealle in forest wylde.
Whome late at last to the thy wyfe Lauynia bearing brynges.
A stately kyng him selfe, and father great of stately kynges.
From whome our lynage long shall Alba kingdoms riche enioy.
Than yonder Procas nert, the proud renowm of former Troy,
And Numitor, and Capis good, and he that thee by name
Shall represent, Eneas Siluius of noble fame

Here Virgil taketh a wōderfull occasion to discourse the posteritie of Eneas and to set furth the glory and nobilitie of Rome.

And armour

And armour dedes with vertue mirt, yf euer he may raygne,
If euer he his Alba landes and kingdoms may obtayne.
Whiche lusty laddes behold from them what corage doth redound.
And how their toppes with oken bows & ciuill crownes ar bound.
They onto thee Nomentum landes and Gabyos towns shall tame.
And Fydenas, and cyties great and proude they shall reclame.
Pometium, and Innus castles strong, and Bolam bowres,
And Collantyne, and Coram hilles, suppresse they shall with toures.
These names shall than vprise, now nothing is but nameles dust.
Than Romulus, that valiant ympe of Mars, him furth shall thrust,
To matche his graunsir great, whome Ilia quene shal bring to light
Of Troian blood, seest not his dubblecrastyd head vpryght?
And w̄ what grace ẏ king of heauen doth mark his chosen knight?
Behold my son that man, for through his luck & huge deuise:
That pereles mighty Rome, that glorioſe Rome aloft shall ryse.
whose rodd shal rule ẏ total earth, whose mindes shal match ẏ heuen
And reise their walls thei shal, including toures & mountains seuen.
Most fortunat in frute of men, as Berecynthia quene
From whome the race of Gods and lynage all discended bene.
She riding through the world, in charet borne with godly grace
Her hundred derlinges sweete her childerns childern doth embrace
All heauenly wightes, all scepterbearers bright, in starrs on hie,
Now this way turne thy face, and on this nation cast thyn eie.
Behold thy Romains, see where Cesar is, and of yule
The progeny that vnder poles of heauen shall beare the rule.
This man, this is the man, of whome so oft I haue the told.
Augustus Emprour, prince deuine, she shall the world of gold
Saturnus golden world (sometyme that was) eftsones restore.
On Garamants, and Indes, and contreis conquerd more & more,
His empier out shall stretche. Beyond the starres ẏ kingdoms ronne
Beyond the firmament and signes, from course of yeare and sonne.
Where Atlas (mighty mount) on shulders strong ẏ heuen doth turne
And vnderpropps the pole that beares the starres that euer burne.
At this mans comming, lo, euen very now, all Asia quakes
For drede, and temples great of Gods with aunswers grisly shakes.
And Nylus flood for fear his issues seuen doth soule confound.
Nor neuer Hercules him selfe could walke so muche of ground.

The chief crowne of honour among Romains were of grasse and oken bows.

Romul⁹ the founder of Rome.

He puts Augustus next Romul⁹ for dignity beig many yeres after in time.

For Augustus subdued Egipt.

Though

Though he with dart the wyndyfooted hynde did ouertyer.
Though monsters swift he slew, & dragons quaking brent w̄ fyer.
Nor Bacchus victor so, cond nations wyld and proud reclame,
Though he with bridling bitts of vynes did ryde on Tygers tame.
And stand we styll in doubt by valyaunt deedes to purchase fame?
Or for Italia land to fight, shuld we our destnyes blame?
But what is yonder he, that Olive palme so comly beares?
Most like a priest? lo now I know, I know those hoary heares, Here he returneth to Romul' succession.
And whitishe beardyd chinne of prudent Numa, Romayn king,
That onto lawes and peace shall fyrst the simple people bring.
From poore estate to mighty kingdom cald, whom shall succeede
Ye that his contreys ydlenes shall breake, and force of neede
To sturre themselfs in armes, king Tullus, he shall vp reuiue
Their slurging spirites, and teach to winne, & triumphes eft atchiue.
Nert onto him, with greater boast, king Ancus them shall gyde,
That of the peoples prayse to moch already takes a pryde.
Wilt see the Tarquin kings? and stately soule of Brutus brest?
Of Brutus, mischief wreaker? and by him the kings suppresst?
Ye fyrst the Consulshyp on him shall take, and fyrst of all, Brut'. slewe his sedicious sons.
His onely sons onto their death, for welth of Rome shall call,
Whan they with battayles newe against the Consuls wold rebell:
Himself for fredom faier, with edge of are shall do them quell.
Unlucky man, how euer latter age shall prayse the same,
His contreys loue him driues, and gredy lust of endles fame.
See Decios, and Drusos, and his arc that doth distrayne
Torquatus. Lo Camillus, standards lost that brings agayne. Camillus recouer of ensignes.
But yonder matches twayne, whom thine ỹ seest in harneis bright,
Now louing soules they be, while both are wrapt in darke of night.
Alas, what wondrous warres? yf euer they in life apeere.
What bloody fighting feeldes? what slaughters wyld shall they vpsteere?
The fatherlaw from Alpes hilles & towres of Fraunce shall fall. Iulius Cesar
The son in law, from Estern lands shall moue with armyes all. Pompeius.
Not so my ladds, not so, soch greuous warres do you not mynd,
Nor with your handes your contreis wombe to teare be so onkynd,
And chiefly thou, thou from the gods of heauen that dost descend,
Cast from thy hand thy wepons, O my blood.
Ye with triumphant ioy, in charet borne, and mighty trayne Pompeius,

Shall clyme the Capytoll of Rome, whan lords of Grekes are ſlaine,
And townes vprooted ben, Corynthus, Argos, great Myceane,
Quintius. Ye victor conquer ſhall, and from the ground ſubuert them cleane.
Another vanquiſhe muſt Achilles brood, ſyr Pyrrhus wylde,
And wreke his graunſyrs old of Troy, and Pallas church defylde.
Cato. Who can but thinke of thee, moſt worthy Cato ſterne of mynde?
Coſſus. Or noble Coſſus thee who can forgetting leaue behynde?
Gracchus. Or gracious Graechus lyne, or capteynes twayne who can wt̄ſtand?
Scipios de- Two Scipios? two thonderboltes of warre: for Lybye land
ſtroyed car- A deadly fatall plage: or who can thee extoll ynough
thage. Fabritius? that moch canſt do with ſmall, or from thy plough
Fabritius. Serranus thou that comeſt? and after conquests ſo weſt thy corne.
Serranus. Where now away withdraw you wery me? you noble borne
Fabi° max. You Faby? thou Maximus, thou onely art the man
That all our welth forlorne, by ſober lyngryng reſkue can.
Some forging metalls fyne ſhall brasen shappes wt̄ breath endue,
I wene they wyll to marble ſtones giue life with likeneſſe true.
Cicero. They cauſes beſt ſhall pleade, & courſe of heauen in wondrous wiſe,
Firmicus. They ſhall deſcribe with rodd, & teache the ſtate of ſtarres that riſe.
Remember Romayne thou, to rule thy realmes with empier iuſt.
good coũſel Let this thy practiſe be. To moch on peace ſet not thy luſt,
Thy ſubiectes euer ſpare, & ſtomacks proud down vanquiſh playne.
So lord Anchiſes ſayd, and (as they wondryd) ſpake agayn.
Behold, how gorgeous gay with ſpoyles Marcellus goth vpright,
Aboue all men, by ſhulders hie he doth ſurmount them quight.
Marcellus. He, whan the Romayn ſtate with great commotion troubled is,
Shal ſtay wt̄ horſemen ſtout, & make the Moores their purpoſe miſſe,
And ouerthrow their throngs, and rebell French in combat kylde,
His armour ſpoyles to Ioue, for offring thyrd he ſhall vpyelde.
Yong Mar- Eneas there, (for walke with him he ſaw a ſemely knight,
cell' Augu- A goodly ſpringold yong in gliſtring armour ſhining bright,
ſtus ſyſters But nothing glad in face, his eyes down caſt did ſhew no cheere.)
ſon, that O father, what is he that walkes with him as equall peere?
ſhulde haue His onely ſon? or of his ſtock ſome child of noble race?
ben his heir what buſtling makes his mates? how great he goth wt̄ portly grace?
in ỹ empier But cloude of louring night his head full heauy wrappes about.
Than lord Anchiſes ſpake, and from his eyes the teares brake out.
O ſon, thy peoples huge lamented loſſe ſeeke not to knowe.

The destnyes shall this child onto the world, no more but shows.
Nor suffer long to liue, O gods, though Rome you thinke to strong
And ouermoch to match, yet for enuye do vs no wrong.
What waillings loude of men in stretes, in feeldes, what mournyng cries
In mighty campe of Mars, at this mans death in Rome shall rise?
What funeralls? what nombers dead of corpses shalt thou see?
O Tyber flood, whan fleeting nere his new tombe thou shalt flee?
Nor shall there neuer child, from Troian lyne that shall procede,
Eralt his graunsyrs hope so hie: nor neuer Rome shall breede
An impe of maruell more, nor more on man may iustly bost.
O vertue, O prescribyd fayth, O righthand valiaunt most.
Durst no man him haue met inarmes conflicting, foteman fearce,
Or wold he fomy horses sydes with spurres encountring pearce.
O piteous child, if euer thou thy destnyes hard mayst breake:
Marcellus thou shalt be. Now reatche me Lyllyes, Lylly flours,
Giue purple Violetts to me, this neuews soule of ours
with giftes that I may spreade, and though my labour be but vayne
Yet do my duety deere I shall. Thus did they long complayne.
And compasround the campe thei wandring went & vewd about,
In borders broad of ayer, & of the soules surueyed the rout.
Which whan Anchises thus had shewd his son in order due,
And kindlyd glad his mind with fame of things that shuld ensue.
Than him of all his warres, and great affayres to come, he told,
Of king Latinus towne, and of his realmes and peoples bold,
And how eche labour best may voydyd be, or easely borne.

He dyed in youth and was buried wyth syxe hundryd hearses.

For these xxvi. verses octauia mother of marcellus dyd gyue in reward to virgil asmoche as amoũted in englyshe money to more than v. M. french crownes.

Two gates of sleepe there be, the one men say is made of horne,
Wherthrough by passage soft do spirites ascende with sences right.
That other gate doth shine, and is compact of Yuery bright.
But false deceytfull dreames that way the soules are wont to send.
With talking thus, whan lord Anchises syrst had made an end:
And counsayle gaue his son, and all his mind had put from dout,
He brought them both, and through the Yuery gate he let them out.
He toke his way furthwith, and to his nauy went by land.
And finding there his mates, he brought them to Caieta strand,
Their ankers frō their forships cast, their pupps on shore thei stand.

Caieta in Italy betwene Cumas and Tyber.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per T. Phaer in foresta Kilgerran. 13. Augusti. 1557. Opus triginta dierum.

He burieth his nurse Caieta, gyueth her name to that coast.

AND thou Caieta, Eneas nurse, deceassyng on our shore:
Hast therby gyuen therto a lastyng fame for euermore.
Thy bones and name thyne honor there preserues, and settlyd be
In great Italia land, yf that may worshypp do to thee.
But good Eneas, whan her obyt ryghtes were ended all,
And tombe vpreysyd round, as sone as hye seas down dyd fall,
He toke his way with sayles, and from that port departyd quight:
The wind w̄ pipling blowes, nor mone doth lack to gyue them light
The trembling water shines with beames reflected glistring bright
Along dame Cyrces coast adioynant nert, their course they cut.

He sayleth alonge the coast of Circes a famous enchātresse, or wytche, than dwelling in Italy whiche turned men into beastes.

Where Cyrces Phebus doughter proud her welthy seates hath pat,
In sounding saluag woodes, & sauours sweete by night she burns,
And precious weauing webbs w̄ clattring tooles she works & turns,
From thence wer waylings hard, & lions wrathfull loud did grone,
Resisting in their bandes, and nere to night they make their mone,
Both brystlyd groyning bores, & beares at mangers yelling yawle,
And figures foule of wolues thei heare for wo to fret and wawle,
Whom from the shappes of men, to brutishe beasts and faces wyld
Dame Cyrces dyd transforme, w̄ herbes of might & charmes onmyld,
Which sore misehaunce, lest simple Troians poore shuld feele the like,
Or in those hauons arriue, or on that parlous coast shuld strike:
Neptunus fyld their sayles with prosperous wynd, & gaue them way
To flee that cursyd shore, and from that daunger dyd conuey.
And now the sea with sonne beames waryd read, and hie from skies
The golden morning bright with roset wheles dyd mounting ryse,
Whan euery wind was layd, and sodenly no breath dyd blowe,
And they their ships in marble seas with ores dyd wrastlyng towe.

Here he espieth the ryuer of tyber in Italy.

And there Eneas from the seas beheld a hugy wood,
where fleeting swift w̄ whirling streames most pleasant Tyber flood
Breakes out it self in seas, with sandy waters troblous read,

Where

Where sondry sortes of soules, on euery syde, and ouer head,
Their wonted chanel keepes & bankes, whose chereful noyses shrill:
Reioycyd sweete the skies, and in the groue they flew at wyll.
Their forships all to landward than to turne, & inward bend
Ye bids his makes, & to the deepe floud glad he doth descend.
Now muse, now let vs se: what gouernment, what state of things,
In Italy that tyme there was, what captains great, what kinges
Whan furd[illegible]is straungers fiete in Latium, land did ships ariue
I will setfurt[illegible], and causes furst of sight I shall descriue.
Thou Goddesse giue me might, of gastly warres now must I sing,
Of mortall battayles fought, and slayne with armies king by king,
Uprores of angrie realmes, and all Italia myrt with blowes
I must report, a greater course of thinges to me there growes,
A greater worck I steere. King Latyn than that contrey helde,
Well aged now, and cities long in welthy peas did welde.
This man was Fawnus son. Marica goddesse was his dame.
King Picus, Fawnus father was, and he doth fetche his name
From thee O Saturne great, thou art his syre and furst of blood.
No son to him ther was, non issue male (so fortune stood)
For in his springing youth withdrawen he was, and life did yelde.
One doughter did remayne, and all that house sustayning helde.
Now husbandrye, now wedlockable full, of laufull yeres.
From large Italia land, full many a lord and princely peeres,
Full glad for her did sue, but ouer all, of beauty most,
King Turnus lusty prince, (of kingly stock that best might bost)
Aboue them all was chief, & him the Queene did see most mete,
And wondrously did hast, to ioyne with him her doughter sweete.
But monsters great frō gods & heuēly threatnings makes her drede.
A Laurell tree there was, amids the court, that hie did sprede,
With sacred cropps & bows, & many a yere in reuerence had:
Whiche whan king Latin furst that towr did bylde, by destny glad
Ye found, and onto Phebus great did consecrate the same.
And of that Laurell tree, did Laurent call that cities name.
A wondrous thyng to speake, this Laurel bushe full thick of browse,
From skies descending down, a swarme of bees beset the bows,
Incessant thick with noise, & fast with feete in cluster clung
All sodenly did close, and on the top with heft they hung.

They enter Tyber.

In al the syx bokes he described the trauayles of Eneas, now in other syx he declareth of his warres perfourming his promise: Of armes and of the man I sing.

Laurentum. the citie of kyng Latin'

Anon

Anon the prophet cried. An alien captain, O (he)
An alien army comes, & gettes possession here I see.
And parties clustring cleane, & gathring strength the tewr thei take.
Besides all this, whan she her self to godds did offring make
Lauynia virgin pure, and stood at the altars next her syer,
Awondrous sight was seen, that all her hear had caught a syer.
And crakling flame outspred, and all her garmentes brent at ones.
Her robes, her virgin lockes, her crown beset with precious stones.
Whiche sodenly dyd stint, than blustring smoke and blasing light
With violence vpflew, and to the roof it ran vpright.
This dreedful signe, & on this wondrous sight men marueld moche.
For like to her in fame all prophetes sang shuld be non soche.
But causes great of warre, betokened were by her to growe.

Lauynia kyng Latin' doughter.

That time spirites gaue aunswers in woodes.

But kyng Latyne, that on these monsters all did muse & carck.
His father Fawnus mynd and sentence sooth he went to harck,
To dark Albumea wood, which on that mountain growes ful great
Where sacred flood doth sound, & fountains falling down do sweat.
From thens the countreis nere, and through Italia nations all
Doth fetche their councell chief, & in their doubtes for aunswers call.
The priest his offring makes, and killes the shepe at dead midnight.
And laieth his limmes at rest, and soundly sleepes on fleeses white.
There visions straunge he seeth, & many a spyte ful thynne ỹ flittes,
And sondry voyces heares, & with the Gods in talke he knittes,
In heauen, in Lymbo pooles, & soules he seeth in hell that sittes.
There: whan king Latyn furst deuoutly prayed for aunswer full,
A hundred chosen sheepe he down did kill that bare their wolle,
And spred their backes on ground, & resting slept vpõ their skynnes,
With meke desier: thã through ỹ grouc a loud voyce thus beginnes.
Seke not to set thy doughter deere with none of Latyn land,
O worthy son, nor trust this wedlock now thou hast in hand.
A son in lawe from contreis far there comes, whose stately race
Onto the starres our name shall lift, whose issue great of grace,
All thinges within this world, where euer sonne doth round recule,
On both sydes londes & seas, shall vnder feete down tread and rule.
These warninges of his father Fawnus giuen at dead midnyght,
Kyng Latyn did not hide, but Fame the cities filde furth ryght,
Of all Italia realmes, whan to the shore this Troian fleete

In landing

In landing tooke their banck, & faſtned ſhips with cables meete.
Eneas with his captains chief, Aſkanius faier to ſee,
On grene graſſe tooke their eas, and vnderneth a ſemely tree,
Their deintees furth they drew, & meat they ſet on cakes of meale,
Refreſhing ſweete their myndes, ſo Ioue him ſelf did pleas to deale.
And mountayn frutes they toke, & heapes of apples hie they pight.
Whan al things els wer ſpent, & they by chaunce wer driuen to bite
Their cruſtes of cracknell cakes, & eat for ſkantnes vp their crõmes,
And hungry brake with handes their leauings laſt, & ſet ther gõmes
Upon their fatall bread, nor trenchers broad they did not ſpare:
How now ſirs: haue we eat our tables vp for want of fare:
The child Aſkanius ſaid. Nor more to this did he allude.
That voyce receiued ſtrait, all fear from them did furſt exclude,
And end of labours brought, & from his mouth as he it ſaid
His father tooke that word, & with deuotion great he ſtaied.
Than kneling, thus. Alhayle O contrey myne by deſtnye due,
And you alhayll (q he,) O Troian gods of promiſe true.
Here is my dwelling houſe, my reſting lond: my father old
(Now comes it in my mynd) theſe ſecretes me full often told.
Whan thou (my ſon) thy ſhips on coaſt onknown doſt furſt ariue,
And hunger hard for lack to eat thy tables thee ſhall driue:
There maiſt thou truſt thy reſting place to byld, & ſafly there
Foundations make of walles, and houſes hie be bold to rere.
This was that hunger ſore, this is our laſt of labours all,
All ſorowes now ſhall ceas.
Wherfore come of, and in the morning next at ſight of ſonne,
What people dwells hereby, what townes they keepe, & where they
Let vs enquire & loke, & from ẏ hauen wardrawe we al. (wonne,
Now ſkynck your cuppes to Ioue, and great Anchiſes cherely call.
And pray to Gods for helpe, & fetche furth wynes in plenty round.
This ſpoken, he with garlond bows his temples freſhly bound,
And praied his gods of peas, & worſhip gaue onto dame Ground.
(That formoſt is of godds) and aungell good that keepes that place.
And Nimphes, & fairie quenes, & fludds onknown he ſought of grace
Than Gods of night he calde, & ſignes of ſtarres by night that riſe.
And chiefly Ioue, and both his parentes ſtrong in hell and ſkies.
The almighty father than, thre times a rowe from heuens on hight

Here the prophecie of the harpie was fulfild, mencioned in the thyrde booke that thei ſhuld be driuen to eat their tables.

Did ſigne

A token frō heauen to Troians.

Did signe of thondring showe, & golden beames w̄ burning light
Was sene, & with his hand him self in cleare skie shooke the cloude.
Anon the rumour spred, and through the campe was blasyd loude.
That now the daie was come, that houses hie they shuld possesse.
Their banketes they restore, and man to man their ioyes expresse.
And wynes in bolles they set, & cuppes they crowne, & feasts renew.
The morning nert, whan torche of burning sonne ỹ world did bew,
And day dispersyd was, on euery syde they seke, and send
Sutuetours through the coast, & topps of mountains nert ascend.
A cyty chief they finde, of Numyk lake, here springes the well.
This ryuer Tyber is, here Latyn peoples strong do dwell.
Than lord Anchises son, from all his bandes a hundred knightes
Embassadours did chose, and to the king on message dightes.
Their crownes in compas knit with bows of peas & myld attyre,
To beare the king his giftes, and leage to Troians to desyre.
They furth without delay, with spedy feete did plie their pace,
Whiles he describing drewe to bylde his walls a comly place,
In facion like a campe, with trenche and bulwarkes strong and hie.
And now the knightes their iourney nere had past, & toures thei spie
Of kyng Latynus town, and loftly castels large appere:
And orderly they set them selfes, and walls approchyd nere.
Before the towne the liuely youth and children fresh of lust
On horses tried them selues, and coursers wyld vpturnd in dust.
Or whyrling driue their dartes, or launces lōg w̄ strēgth thei shake
And some their bowes did bend, & some for wrastling matches make.
A ryding post furthwith vnto the king doth tidings beare,
How foreyn knightes onknown in garments straunge approching were.
He bids men them receiue, & to his court to bring & call.
Him self to counsell went, and in the midds he sat in hall.

The description of kyng Latinus hal.

A Halle of huge estate, with pillers hie a hundred borne,
Aboue the towne there stood, king Picus court in time before,
Besett with sacred woodes, where old religion dredfull dwells.
There wonted wer ỹ kynges to take their crownes & no where ells.
And there their scepters stood, this was both Mynster, court, & hall,
Here stood their offring pewes, and many a slaughter down did fall.
And lordes at tables round in solempne daies did feast and dyne.
There was besides all this, full many an ymage old and fyne

Of antick

Of antike Cedar wrought, and row by row his graunsyrs tall,
Both Italus and Sabyn kinges, and he that fyrst of all
Did plant Italia vynes, Saturnus old, with crokyd hooke
In hand, and doublefacyd Janus sye dyd backward looke,
At entry fyrst they stood, and other kinges of old discent,
That for their contreys loue, in battayle fight their blood had spent.
And ouer this, there hangs moch enmyes harneys fyrt on height,
And spoyles, and captiue chares, and halberd ares huge of weight,
And helmet crestes, and brasen bolting barres of conquerd townes,
with speares, & battryd sheelds, & topps of ships & garland crownes.
Him self in kingly throne, with cuttyd coape, most lyke a god
In heauenly armour sat, and held in hand his bagle rod
King Picus, king, & tamer proud of stcedes, whom caught w̄ loue
Dame Cyrces deere his spouse from shap of mankynd dyd remoue.
She chaungyd him by charme, and smit his head with golden spray.
And poysoned drinkyng draughtes, & him of man she made a faye,
And to the woods he flew, with spetyd wings of colours gay.

a bagle staff whom prelats that time did vse in their religiō and was called Lituus.

In soch a temple, and so costly seat and comly wrought,
King Latyne sat, and bad before him Troians should be brought.
When they were in, with gentle speche him self did thus beginne.
Tell on you Troyan knights, for of your name, nor town, nor kinne
We neede not aske, nor vnbeknown to vs your shipps ariue.
What seke you here? what cause or nede of things do you thus driue
To touche Italia land? so many a port as you haue past.
With wandring from your way? or by some storme haue ye ben cast?
As like mischaunces oft, in depth of seas do shypmen byde.
How entryd you this hauen? and in our rode so saufly ryde?
Refuse not our relief, nor let it be to you vnknown:
How we of Saturns stock, that quietly possesse our own,
Do iustice truely deale, not bound by leage, nor by no lawes,
But vncompeld, our gods example old our freewills drawes.
And now I call to mind, (the fame by yeres is made obscure)
Of aged mens report, and mencion yet therof doth dure,
How frō this nation fyrst king Dardan sprang, & from these bowns
Departyd fyrst, and percyd Asia land and Trotan towns,
And Samos yle, that Samothracia yet by name is calde.
Now hie in heauen he sitts, and on the golden starrs is stalde.

King Latinus to the Troians.

In pallays bright of ſkies, and power of gods he doth encreaſe.
He ſayd, and Ilioneus thus began as he dyd ceaſe.

Oration of Ilioneus to king Latyn moſt artificiall.

Moſt noble king, O Fawnus worthy blood, by neyther blaſt
Of ſtorme, nor winter wind, we to your countrey ſhore be caſt.
Nor ſtarres haue vs begyld, nor we our way miſtaken haue.
Of purpoſe here we come, and with good wyll did alway craue
To reatche this coaſt. Expulſid out from realmes, that none ſo ſtout
The ſonne did euer ſee that all the round world whirles about.
From Ioue our linage leades, the youth of Troy from Ioue on hye
Reioyſeth to deſcend, our king in blood to Ioue is nye:
Eneas Troyan prince, from him we ſeeke your ſacryd towre.
What plage, what tempeſt wood, frō cruel grece did late down powre
On Troian feeldes and townes, & how the world on miſchief ſett,
Both Aſia and Europe ſides in fatall conflictes fulfilyng mett,
Well knowen it is: and he that furtheſt dwelles in furtheſt yles
Hath heard therof, (and if there be) whom ſcorching flame exiles,
Diſſeuered out from men by ſtrength extreme of ſtraglyng ſonne,
In middes the circles foure, as far for heate as man may ronne.
From that deluge, thorough many a deſert ſeas we turnd and toſt
Beſeke your grace of reſt, and for our gods a harmeles coſt,
Of water, wind, and ayer, that open is to all mankynd.
No loſſe to your eſtate, nor vs vnthankfull ſhall you fynd,
Nor ſmall your fame ſhalbe, nor neuer we wyll you deceyue,
Shall neuer Latyns greeue that Troians poore they dyd receyue.
By king Eneas fortune great I ſwcare, and valiaunt myght
Of his right hand, who liſt with him to trie in fayth or fyght:
Full many a nation ſtrong (deſpiſe vs not that here we ſtand
As ſuters poorely ſent with wordes of peace and palmes in hand)
Haue ſued likelinſe for vs, and faine with vs wold haue compound.
But we commaunded come, and by predeſtin ſeeke this ground.
By tokens ſtraunge frō heauen. King Dardan hens that did deſcend
Now claymes his right, & gods enforcing vs doth homeward ſend.
To Tyber flood, and to the ſacryd fourdes of Numykes welle,
Our wandring gods to place, and peaſably with you to dwelle.
He giues you here alſo, theſe tokens ſmall of fortune left,
Remayntes of former welth, from burning troy by force byreft.
This offring bolle of gold Anchiſes great was wont to lyft,

This

This royall pall king Priams garment shewes, this stately gift
His kingly scepter was, whan lawes in peace he did pronounce,
Or nations subiect cald, or leages of princes wold renounce,
Lo here also, embroydred sacryd robes, and crownes attyre,
And clothes, the Troian ladies worke.
At this oration of syr Ilionee, the king Latyne
With fired countnaunce stood, and round about him kest his eyen,
Considring moch in mind, nor him the pall nor purple weede
Doth moue so moch, nor to king Priams scepter giues soch heede,
As on his doughters fortune thinkes, he therin wholly stayes,
And in his brest his father Faunus answers depely wayes.
How this the straunger is, whom gods appoyntment dyd prouide
To matche his doughter to, and him his realmes to helpe to guyde.
Of whom their shuld (as lately bruted was by prophetes true)
An issue spring, that all the world with vertue shuld subdue.
At last he cherely sayd, God worke our meaninges to the best,
And send encrease of grace. Thou shalt haue Troian thy request.
Your giftes I not reiect, and while king Latyn hath his health:
Aboundant soyle shall you not lacke, nor wishe for Troian wealth.
Now let your king himself, (if soch desyre he beares in mynde,
If frendship soch he seekes, and if he lyst this leage to bynde)
Approche our presence to, let him not feare his frend to see.
His right hand ones to touche, shall pledge of peace remayne to me.
Depart your way, and to your kyng do you my wordes declare:
A doughter I haue, whom ioyne to neighbour non I skarcely dare
For tokens down from heauen, for wonders dayly thicke that ryse.
The destnies do forbid, and prophetes bookes pronounce likewise,
That for the peoples welth, a straunger born shuld haue that chaūce
whose famous blood shuld to the starrs of heauē our name aduaūce.
Perhapps him fortune calls, and if in mind I ryghtly gesse,
This man is he, and if gods wyll so be, I wolde no lesse.
These thinges he spake, & horses straight from stables furth he calles.
Thre hundryd fresh there stood, at mangers hie bestowd in stalles.
For euery Troian knight, a palfray braue he bidds out bryng,
In crymsyn couerid all, and of their feete as swift as wyng.
Their brestes embroydryd gylt, their paitrells pendant cōpasse,
All gilded glistring bright, and vnder teeth thei gnaw their golde.

Prophecies had settled hys mynde before the commynge of Eneas

A charet for Eneas eke, with coursers lyke in tyre,
Of heauenly seede, & from their nosethrills fierce outbreathing fyer.
Engendryd of that race, whom Cyrces liuely did inuent
To mixe with mortall studdes, and stale the stormes for that intent.
with soch rewards, and wt king Latyns words, the knights of Troy
On horses hie returne, and peace thei bring with feastfull ioy.
Behold, from Grecia land dame Juno queene did than remoue.
(The testy spouse of Joue) and hie on cloudes she stood aboue
Beholding all these things, and from the Cape of Sicill strond
She bewd the Troian fleete, and army lustly set a lond,
She seeth Eneas glad, and plattes vprise for men to dwell,
And nauy desert stand: with boyling moode her brest doth swell.
Than shaking madd her head, her wrathfull hart did thus expell.
O hated brood, O spitefull fortune, me that alway frettes.
This fortune vyle of Troy, how euery chaunce my purpose lettes:
were thei not cleane downkyld: yet coud thei not be cleane destroyd:
were thei not caught: yet coud thei not be caught: hathster the noyd:
hath burning troy the burnt: but through ỹ thrõgs & through ỹ fiers
Thei found a way: I weene against their luck my power erpiers.
Or haue I left my wrath: and yet not fylde am faine at rest:
Erpulsyd from their land I them pursued, and down oppressed
With totall power of stormes, and totall seas on them I brought.
Both force of skies and deepes on them I spent & all for nought.
What good did Scilla me: what coud preuaile Charibdis, wood:
Or Syrtes parlous sandes: be they not now in Tyber flood:
In spite of seas and me: and where they wysht are settlyd sure.
Yet Mars coud haue the might to kill down quite without recure
The huge Centaurs kind. Diana dyd of gods obtayne,
On auncient Calydon to wreake, while one man did remayne.
For what offence: or how coud Centaurs so, soch wrath deserue:
But I, the mighty spouse of Joue, whom al things ells shuld serue,
That nothing left vntried, to euery shift my self transformd:
My strength, my practise spent, & yet my purpose vnperformd:
Eneas makes me shrynke, and Troyes of me shall conquest crake.
What shuld I therfore dout where euer I can my frendes to make:
Synce heauens I may not moue, yet pitts of Hell I wyll vprake.
From Italy to kepe them of, no shyft I see can hold.

Cyrces inuẽted to ioine celestial horses to mortall mares wherof cam a diuin race of steedes.

A new vexatiõ by Iuno

Let

Let pas, Lauinia wedded nedes shall be, by destiny told.
Yet styll prolong the time, and discorde soule betwene them breede,
And peoples both dystroy, were in my mynd a worthy deede.
The stepsone and the father both, shall haue their louedayfee,
With Troians and with Rutils blood, this wenthe endowde shall bee.
This Venus goodly broode, and second Paris, fyne and nyce,
Shall bring again to dust this second Troy, by myn aduyse.
Nor Priams wyfe alone shall be, whose wombe a brond of fyer
To world did bring, but like succesfe I giue this gentle squyer.

These things whan she had said, adown on earth she grisly falles.
From darck infernall dampes, Alecto mournfull vp she calles.
Alecto foulest feende, in dolefull warres that doth delite,
And wrathes, and treasons vile, & sinnes, and slaunders, & despite.
A dampnyd monster grymme, whome all her systers deadly hates,
Yer father Pluto lothes, and euermore she breedes debates.
Soche faces foule she shiftes, so many mouthes she turning makes,
So serpentfull she seemes, and ouer all begrown with snakes.
Whome Juno quickned thus, and sone with spethe she set on fyer.
Thou chyld of nyght: Do (virgin) this for me at my desyer.
This trauaill shall be thyne, let not our honour shrink nor quayle,
Let not the Troians leage with king Latinus ought prenayle.
Nor let them lande optayne, nor yet this wedlock to perswade,
Thou best canst worke this feat: Of strife & wo thou hast the trade.
Thou frendships all canst cut, & brethern kynde constrayn to fight,
And townes vntwyne with hate, & cities whole subuert with spight.
And houses burne with brondes, a thousand shiftes thou hast to spil.
A thousand names of harmes, now shake thy self, & work thy fill.
Giue causes thick of warre, disturbe this peas that is begonne,
Set all their youth in armes, & to their slaughters let them ronne.

Anon, Alecto vile, with poisons ranck infected, flies,
And furst to Latium land, and vp king Latynes house she sties,
And to the quene Amata furst in secret sort she slides,
Behind her chamber dore, & close her selfe in silens hides,
Where she, with comining of this Troian nation moch turmoyld,
Both Turnus care, and wrath, her female brest enflaming broyld.
To whome this goddesse, from her vgly hear one viper blewe
Did drawe, and in her bosom soft against her hart she threwe.

She resembleth him to Paris whose mother in vision seemed to bryng furth a fyer brond.

Alecto is reysyd.

Virgyn, for non will haue her.

She tarieth not to answer.

Amata the quene vexid by Alecto.

That therby

That therby all her house with sondrie mischiefes shuld be vext,
He creping through her clothes, her tender breast approching nert,
Did fold him self vnfelt, and serpentes soule within her breathes.
Than shifting sondry shappes, about her neck him self he wreathes,
And semes a golden cheyne, sometimes a hearlace long to knyt,
To rolle her lockes, & thus from lymme to lymme doth fall and flyt.
And whyle the poison furst, and tyeing sting with soking synkes,
And gropes her gristle bones, & venym droppes her sences drinkes.
Nor yet in mynde the burning flame did rage without restraint,
More soberly she spake, as mothers vse, & made her plaint.
Oft wepyng for her childe, and oft for Troians wedlock daye.
To wandring outlawes shall Lauinia thus be giuen away:
O man: nor of your self regard nor doughter mercy showes:
Nor me her mother (wretche) whom w̄ the nert northwind ỹ blowes
This traitour wyll forsake: and to the seas the pyrat thief,
Our virgyn doughter strale, and spoyll from me my comfort thief:
Dissymblyng rouer vile: hath not the like, ere this be seene:
Did Paris so not cloyne from landes of Grece dame Helen queene:
Where is your godly mynd: your wonted carck of contrey deere:
And faith so often plight in Turnus hand, your kynsman neere:
If son in lawe from contreis straunge, we only must admyt:
As Fawnus answers bidds, and in your breast it doth so syt:
All landes that of them selues from our estate ar seuered cleane,
I call them straunge, and so I take, in deede the godds do meane.
Than Turnus, (if ye list his elders lyne to call in mynd)
Of great Micena town, & middes of Grece you shal him find.
Of Ynachus descent, and of Acrisius noble kynd.
With language like, whan she Latinus mynd in vayn had felt,
And seeth him still withstand, and poison more did inward melt,
Whiche from that serpent shed, & al her lymmes infecting strated:
Than verily with monsters huge affright, & deepe dismaied,
She rayling rampes & ronnes, & through the town she troublyth all.
Noche like as whan by strength of sling is cast a whirling ball,
Whome boyes for their disport, in clotsters wide or vacant halles,
Intentif driue with noyse. It thrown with force, before them falles.
The careles preasse pursues, with wondring moch the bowl of bore,
From youth to youth ỹ rolles, their courage kindlith more by knore

This play is yet vsed in wales and the ball is called knappan.

Non

Non otherwise, & with no lesse concours she gaddes about,
Through cities middes & townes, & people thick she gatherith out.
Besides all this, in woodes, with fayning feast of Bacchus name,
A greater mischief springes, and frauly moue, & voyde of shame,
She flies abroade, and in the bushie hilles her doughter hides,
The Troians to preuent, whyl day of wedlock passing slides.
With heaue & hoaw, on Bacchus name they shout. For thee alone,
This virgin worthy is, thou shalt her wed or neuer none.
Thou god, thy custome is, to shake triumphant hie thy speares.
Thy chief delite is daunse, thou comly kepest thy holy heares.
The Fame outflies, & madnes like enflames the mountain wiues,
To seeke them dwellings new, the quenes example out themdriues.
Their houses all they leaue, & with their heares disheuyld bare,
Their nakyd neckes they wag, and frantykiyke they rage & fare.
Some others lift their voyce, & skies they fyll w quauering shrickes
And girt in skinnes they iett, w vinetree garlonds borne on prickes
Her self among the middes with flaming torch in hand outspringes,
Proclames her doughter bryde, & Turnus wedlock feast she singes.
With wresting wild her face, & sodenly with bloodread eyen
She makes an oyse. O matrons wise, O frendes, O subiectes myne.
Who euer Latyn blood doth loue, and you that mothers be,
Resolue your heades attyre, & celebrate this daunce with me.
To Bacchus let vs sing, and to the mountains out go we.
If any gentle hart doth pitie this my wofull plight.
If any touched be with iust remorse of mothers right.
Thus into desert mountain woodes, & hauntes of beastes unmyld,
Alecto stynging driues this carefull quene with madnes wyld.

Bacch' triũphes moche like to our morice daũses in somer

Cõmotion of women.

Whan she with mischief soche king Latins counsel troublyd had,
And topsiturvy tost his houshold all with sorowes sad:
Incontinent this dolefull dame vpskirtes, with waylful wynges,
And to the walles of Turnus bold, in Rutyl realme, she flinges.
Whiche citie, whan dame Danae by stormes was cast on ground,
Men say she furst did bilde, and for a bow the same did found.
A place, whiche of our grandsirs old did Ardea name obtaine,
Of antick date, & yet the name of great Arde doth remaine,
The fortune, somtime was: There Turnus king in toures of might,
Was taking sweete his rest, and sleepyng sound at darck midnight.

Alecto incenseth Turnus king of the Rutyls to whom the virgyn was despoused

Arde in Italy.

Alecto

Alecto than, her frowning face and secondly lymmes of wormes
Putts of, and to a woman old in likenes her transformes.
Her forhead foule w̄ wrincles long she plowes, & hore white heares
In cap and kerchief knittes, and Olive braunche theron she weares,
Lyke Calybee, dame Junos temple serten, old of yeres.
And sodenly before his eies with these wordes she apperes.
Why Turnus? wilt thou see thy labours long thus lost in vayne?
And canst thou suffer Troian clownes thy kingdome thus obtayne?
King Latyn the reiectes, and with thy blood that thou hast bought
Thy wedlock he denies, and heires of aliens in ar brought.
Go now, go venture yet thy self in danger, laught to skorne.
Go fight, & vanquishe yet the Tyrrens host, their enmies sworne.
Bring Latynes to their peas, & kyl their foes, for thanck forlorne.
These thinges to the to tell (where now thou liest in pleasant rest)
Almighty Juno bad, and me this tyme on message dyest.
Wherfore come of, in mustryng cal thy youth, & through thy landes
In harneis put thy power, come boldly forth with all thy bandes,
And Troians now by Tyber flood that sit, with captains all,
Destroy them down to death, and burne their ships resist that shall.
The great assent of heauenly gods so biddes, & king Latyne,
If he refuse to obey, and to thy wedlock due incline:
Than let him feele, and Turnus power at last repenting knowe.
The bachler hearing this, to her in mocking made a mowe.
Than thus he said. The nauy lately brought to Tyber shore:
Not as thou dost coniect, hath ben to me vntold before.
Fayne me no needeles fear, no soch tumult, nor Juno queene
Unmyndfull is of vs.
But thou a doting trot, whome withryd age from trueth exiles,
In vayn thy selfe dost vere, w̄ causeles carke (O foole therwhiles)
And kinges affaiers & warres w̄ nedeles feare thy mynd begiles.
More meete thy temple keepe, and serue thy godds good aged crone.
To men belonges the warres, let men with warres & peas alone.
In talking thus: Alecto flaming wood with wrathfull looke
Uprose, and sodenly his lymmes a tremblyng palsy tooke.
His eies vpstaring stood, soche sondrie faces out she settes,
So many hissyng snakes, so many waies she fomyng frettes.
Than burning broad w̄ eies, as he in space wold more haue spoke,

She thrust

She thrust him of, & serpentes twayn fro among her locks she broke,
& strake him loude, than frō her mouth these wordes she kest wō smoke
Lo, I the doting trotte, whom witheryd age from trueth exiles,
Whom kings affayres & warres wō nedelesse carke affrayd begiles.
Loke hereupon: lo, here I am, of hagges infernall mosk,
Both warres and death in hand I bring.
So speaking, to the yong mans brest a fyrebrond boat she cast,
With blustring smoky light, and in his hart she fyrt it fast.
Than from his dead sleepe feare him brake, his bones and limmes
On water brasting out, & streaming swett down gushing swimmes
For armour, madd he crieth: for armour, house & bedd he turnes,
With cursyd rage of warres, & loue of steele that in ward burnes.
His wrath vpswelles, as whan a caudron great is set on fyre,
And stickes are kindlyd fast, and flame with noyse doth close vpspyre
The liquor leapes for heate, and water waues vptossing toyles
In smoke, and ouerflowing flood of some redounding boyles,
Nor can it self receyue, the vapor black in ayer vpskyes.
A choyse therfore of youth to king Latyne to send he hyes,
Renouncing leage of peace, and byds him strait prepare to fight,
To cleare the coast from foes, and to defend Italias right.
Or he against them both with power sufficing will descend.
Whan this was sayd, his gods he calles wō vowes, good luck to send.
Than strait the Rutyls striue, who shalbe fyrst to serue the warres,
Eche man himself erhortes, him beauty fresh of youth prefarres,
him kings his grāsirs moues, him dedes of armes before time tried
While Turnus thus the Rutils mindes with boldnes fercely plied:
Alecto to the Troian nation drew, and foule with wings,
For new deuise a place she spies, and theron swift she springs,
Where faier Askanius stood, and on the shore the tyme to pas
With engyns after beastes, and course of ronning huntyng was.
There sodenly, among his houndes, this virgyn vyle of Hell
Did cast a trayne, and by the sute their noses fyld with smell,
A hart to find and rouse, which afterward of mischiefs all
Was chiefest cause, and first the plowmen made to fighting fall.
A hart there was, of comly port, and huge with hornes yspred,
whom Tyrrhus children (from the dug withdrawen) for pleasure bred
And Tyrrhus great their syer, that for the king had all the charge

Alecto troubleth the Troians.

Of beaſtes, and truſtyd was with heardes that fed in paſtures large
A tame ſtag Him tame at euery beck their ſiſter Syluia deere did loue,
And wrething garlond floures, wold trimly trick his hornes aboue,
And pure in fountaynes waſhe, and comly kembe his wanton locks.
He ſuffring euery hand, his maiſters bourd and feeding flocks
Did vſe, and thens abroad in woods, & through his wontyd gate,
He wold returne to home, though night on him were nere ſo late.
Him wandring look aſtray, where child Aſkanius ſwift did hunt,
His hounde before them had, as he by cuſtome kept his wont,
To ſoyle himſelf in flood, and vnder bancks to voyde the heat.
Aſkanius kindlyd than, with loue of prayſe and corage great,
His dart for ioye outrewe, and crokyd bowe he bent of horne,
Deſirous of that ſtagge, and ſeldom ſawe the lyke before.
Nor from his hand the goddeſſe abſent was, but ſharply ſent
The quarrel through ẏ paunche & through ẏ gutts wᵭ ſoūding went
The woundyd beaſt forthwith, onto his maiſters houſe he drewe,
And brayed with piteous noyſe, & wailings loud he bleeding threw,
Like one beſeching helpe, and all the houſe with mourning vext.
Their ſiſter Syluia, beating both her hands, for wo perplext,
Outcalls the hynes for ayde, & plowmen tough, & neighbors next.
They fodenly (for in the woods the plage yet lurking ſat)
Aſſembling flocke themſelfs, one brought in hand a burnyd batt,
Another caught a clubbe, with heauy knobbes, & what they found
echman outbrings, wrath weapon makes the Tyrrhus gathreth roūd
As he by chaunce that time with earueſt mind an oke did clyue
In quarter ſhides, and wedges ſtrong with foxe therin dyd dryue.
He toke his are, and down wᵭ threatnings huge deſcending blowes.
But from her tooting place Alecto foule that miſchief ſowes,
(When ſhe her tyme eſpyed) ſhe flewe, and toke the houſes hye,
And on the ſtable top ſhe ſat, to reare the contrey crye.
Her feendly voyce ſhe lifts, in croked cryuklyd horne on hight,
And blew the herdmans blaſt, and wonted ſigne to riſe and fight,
So loud, that with the ſound therof, the trees wᵭ trembling ſhakes,
And caues of moūtayn rocks, & woods of depnes thondring makes.
The lakes aloof it heard, and floods and fountains neighbors all,
And ſulphur ſtreames of Nar, & mountayn waters down that fall.
And trembling mothers to their breſts did claſp their children ſmal.

Than

Than verily onto that noyse, where fyrst theyr trompet blew,
The contrey clownes vprose, with tooles & wepons thick thei drew.
Stifneckyd plowmen stout: the Troian youth also brake out,
With open campe, and to Askanius rescue drewe for dout.
Their armies out they spreade, not now like frayes of contry chubbs,
Nor wonke w̄ burnyd batts, nor sharpyd stakes, nor moūtain clubbs.
But trie with edgyd tooles, & euery feeld with swordes vpright,
As stubble starckly stands, and thick with pointes of wepons pight,
The sheelds with sonne vpshynes, & to the clouds repulse their light.
As whan the tempest risyth fyrst, and seas doth white beginne
By small and small to swell, and belching floods reboyles within,
At last aloft it mounttes, and to the skies the bottom skippes.
Before the boward furst, an arowe swift that sounding slippes
Doth Almon throw to ground, that Tyrrhus child and eldest was,
Beneth his throte it stack, & where his breath and voyce shuld pas
It stopt, and with his tender life expiring left his blood.
About him bodies thicke of men, and old Galesus good
In medling making peace, a man of right and iustnes most
That was, and greatest welth sometyme in all Italia tost.
Fine flockes of shepe he had, and heardes of cattells feeding fine,
And soyle so moch did turne, as plowes a hundryd styll did driue.
While these things working wer w̄ equal chaūce on both their partes
The spitefull goddesse spied so great succesle in all her artes,
And peoples fearce of both, with blood and battaile full embrewd.
And saw their armies ioynt in slaughters vile together glewd:
She left Italia land, and through the skies of compas wyde,
Dame Juno to she comes, & thus she spake with bragging pryde.
Lo, thy request is done, now strife and warres among them is,
Go bid them freendly ioyne, and louingly lyke neyghbors kisse, Alecto to Juno.
Since Troians haue begon Italians blood thus moch to spyll:
Yet more I shall augment (if I may know it be thy wyll)
The townes & borders next I wyll with rumours set on fyer,
And make them such vprore, that battailes madd thei shall desyer,
And bustling ronne to helpe, & euery feeld with armour speede.
Than Juno sayd: ynough there is of false deceyt and dreede,
Good causes stands of warre. Together now I see they ronne,
With bloodshed both embrued, this game of thyne is wel begonne.

Soch wedlocks let them make, that goodly brood, that Venus selfe,
Soch feast is for them fyt, and for the king Latyn himselfe.
Thy person ouer mortall skies with longer leaue to stray:
The gyder great of heauen for ease of mankind doth denay.
Giue place this tyme, yf any chaunce or trauaile be behind,
My self shall take that charge. So Juno speaking told her mind.
She mounting furth did flie, w̃ squeaking wings of lothly snakes,
And leauing light of skies, her wonted seat in Hell she takes.

Descriptiõ of a place in Italy where Alecto wẽt downe to Hell.

In middes of Italy, there is a place in mountaynes cold,
Right notable, and for the maruell moch in contreys told.
A darksome vale and deepe, with woodes encompast thick on sydes,
& headlong down there sinkes, in middes of rocks that hills deuides.
A roring stinking poole, and breaking stones the broke doth sound.
A dongeon darke there is, and dreedfull gulf of gapyng ground,
Where deadly breath outbreakes. Alecto there (so god did please)
Did hide her hatefull head, and heauen and earth thereby did ease.
Nor nothing lesse this while, dame Junos hand did worcking ceas,
The nombers all of heardes, onto the citie came with preas,
To king Latynus court, and brought in sight the bodies twayne
Of Almon flouring lad, and good Galesus fouly slayne.
They crie their gods for ayde, and to the king their case complayne.
In middes of that, is Turnus nere at hand, with sworde and syze
He threatneth Latyn king, that Troians wedlock wold requyre.
Outlandish blood brought in, him self reiect, the realme defyld.
Than from ẏ woods the wiues, whom Bacchus daũse astoynied wyld
cam ramping down w̃ dronnes, ẏ quenes respect doth giue thẽ spyte
From euery coast men come, and with the Troians crie to fight.
Eche one against all right, against all gods, for warre doth call.
The subiectes swarming rise, and to king Latyns court they fall.
He, like a rocke in seas resisting stands, vnmouyd, fast.
Full like a rocke in seas, whan surgyng wanes with wind are cast,
Whom strokes of water strikes, w̃ barking sound, & beates about,
It self with weight it stayes, the floods in vaine their foming spout,
With rattling loud of stones the sides repulse the fleetyng weedes.
Whan nothing doth preuayle, & blind outrage his councell leedes,
And after Junos beck he seeth how backward things apeeres.
Protesting moch his gods, and ayer of skies that nothing heeres.

We ronne to wrack (q he) that wo is me, with tempest borne.
Your selfs shall furst repent, and pay for this your blood forsworne.
O wretched soules, O sinfull Turnus, thou shalt byde the paines,
And call to late thy gods, a dolefull death for the remaynes.
For I am sauf at rest, my feble ship is brought to shore,
Of happy funeralls I am dispoyld. And made no talking more:
But lockt him self in walles, and rule of thinges did cleane forsake.
The maner was in Latium land, whiche cities all did take,
And sacred custome kept, now Rome most mighty still retaynes.
Whan furst their warres thei moue, or for renown wil take ỹ paines
To conquer seas or landes, or to the Moores giue mortall warres,
To nations vnder North, and contreis distant far from starres.
Or perce with power to Ynde, & seeke the seat of morning sonne,
Or from the Parthies people fetch, w̃ bloodshed standardes wonne:
Two gates of warre there be, for so their names at Rome thei bear.
Religiouse, sacred kept to dredfull Mars, and temple there,
A hundred brasen boltes, and euerlasting strength of steele
Doth lock the same, and Ianus keper standes at thresshold heele.
These gates, whan sentens furst of fight ỹ lordes haue full decreed:
Him self the Consull chief, in robes of pompe and purple weede,
In warlyke wyse begyrt, with rombling noyse abroad displaies.
And furst proclames ỹ warres, than all ỹ youth in their araies.
And blastes of brasen hornes w̃ hoarce assent concording braies.
In sothe a sort, kyng Latyn than the Troians to defye
Commaunded was, but he the greuous gates wold not come nye,
The good prince did refuse, and from that seruice vile he fled,
And kept him self in close, and vnder darcknes hid his head.
Dame Juno than her self, the queene of heauen, adown did slyde,
And toke the lyngring gates, and shouing set them open wyde.
Them turning swift with noyse, & brasen postes & hynges brast.
Than all Italia land (vnmoued earst) their peas vpcast.
Uncald thei stur them selues, some ronnes as fotemen fearce in feeld
Some stur their startling steedes, & dust vpthrowes, & speares they weelde.
Eche man for armour cries, & some their sheldes & harneis light
With fat of lard they scoure, & whetstones hack to make thẽ bright.
Their streamers glad thei bear, & trompetts sound w̃ ioye they here.
Fiue cities great therfore, with forges set in contreis nere,

Description of Ianꝰ temple at Rome that neuer was shut but in peas and most in Augustus tyme

Ianus had two faces wherby was signified prudens to loke both before and behynd in beginning of warre.

Renew

Renew them fighting tooles, both Tybur proud, & Atyn ſtrong,
And Arde, and Cruſtum toures, & great Antemna large & long.
Their metall maſſe they bowe, & for their heades the ſtedfaſt plates,
And buckler boſſes broade, & wickers weaue for target grates.
Some beat them coates of braſſe, or ſturdy breſtplat hard thei driue.
And ſome their gauntletts gylde, or bootes wt ſiluer neſhe contriue.
Regard of ſhares & culters all they leaue, both ſythe and plough
Thei turn to this, & ſwordes, & glayues, in furneis neale thei tough
And ſagbuttes now they ſound, vp goeth the ſigne to battel ſtrokes.
One gettes his ſheelde for haſt, another ſwift his horſes yokes
In chare to ryde, & helmet bright on puttes, thredubblyd ſhyrtes
Of gold, with gorget great, & truſty ſword about him gyrtes.

He deſcribeth the muſters and gathering of princes conſpired againſt Eneas.

Now muſes moue my ſong, now let me ſupp your learning ſprings
To tel what nations tough, what captains ferce, what noble kings,
With armies filde ỹ feeldes, what armour ſtrõg, what manred bold,
Italia ſacred land did flouriſhing that tyme vphold.
You ladies, you remember beſt, & vttring beſt can ſpeake.
Skant breathyng thynne of fame by vs doth paſſe wt pipling weake.
Furſt entrith warre from Tyrrhen coaſt, Pezentius, tyrant kyng,
Deſpiſer proude of Gods, & armies ſtrong with him doth bring.
Than Lauſus nert, his ſon, whoſe corps in beauty peere had none,
That tyme, and chiefeſt fame did beare, ſaue Turnus corps alone.
Prince Lauſus, conquerour of beaſtes, & tamer ſtrong of ſteedes.
A thouſand men from Agillina town him after leedes.
In vayne that followd him for loue: well worthy to haue had
A father not ſo naught, and of his realme to be more glad.
Nert them, triumphant fers wt ſteedes that wagers all did wynne,
Duke Auentyne, ſir Hercles worthy ſeede, of heuenly kynne:
Victoriouſly outſhewes his charet faier, and bare in ſheldes
His fathers armes, a hundred dredfull dragons huge to welde.
A hundred ſerpentes grimme, and Hydra monſter girt with ſnakes,
Whome Rea virgyn preeſt, as ſhe to God her ſeruice makes,
In Auentinus mount, and buſhes thick by ſtelth outbrought:
Engendring mirt with God, whan Hercules had conqueſt wrought
In Spayne, and Gerion down kyld, and to Italia ſtrand
Arriuing brought his beaſtes, and oxen faier had ſet a land.
Their parlous pikes in hand, & poncheons cloſe in ſtaues thei beare,

And battell

And battell broachys long, & fight with foyne of poynted speare.
Him self on foote, a folde of Lyons huge onweldy hide,
With brisklyd heares onkempt, and tusked white, & gaping wide
In helmet wyse did weare, so to the court he came full rough:
All terrible, and his fathers weede he bare on shulders tough.
Than brethern twayn of Tybur strong, forsoke Tyburtus walls.
(A town that of their brothers name the people yet so calls.)
Both Coras, and Catillus, eger knightes of Grekish kynd,
Before the woward went, in wepons thick as swift as wynd.
Lyke bulles, or misbegotten Centaurs twayn, from cloudy hilles
Descende with stamping noyse, and hedlong down w̄ restles willes
They ronne, that woods do rustling yeld, & bows w̄ breaking crack.
Nor of Prenesta town, the founder furst therof did lack:
Vulcanus dredfull son, a king of beastes and mountains cold,
A fondeling found besides a fier, (as all report hath told)
Kyng Ceculus. A legion large of heardmen nert his side,
And men of hie Prenestee town, and all that compas wide
Dame Junos sacred landes, and Anyena ryuer chille,
And all that Hernick stones (with watry springs bedewd) do tylle,
Whome Amaseney pastures feedes, & riche Anagnia feeldes,
Nor harneis to them all, nor charettes ratling ben, nor sheeldes.
The greatest sort w̄ slinges their plūmet lompes of lead outsquattes,
And some their sheues of darts, their heads defensed broad w̄ hattes
Of heary skinnes of wolues, their right side shankes be nakyd bare.
Soch is their shift, ther left side legges with rawe hides couered are.
But king Messapus, Neptunes child, that coursers wyld can tier,
Whome neither strength of steele can ouerthrow, nor force of fier,
His peoples long in rest, and out of vre of battell stryfe,
Doth sodenly vpcall, and teache to handle sword and knyfe.
They, from their Fescen hilles, & from Faliscus equall toftes.
They, from Soracte toures, & yelow feeldes of Flauyn croftes.
And mount of Cyminus w̄ lake, where Cappens woods outsprang.
By nombers lyke they went, & on their king in prayse they sang.
As swannes, that in the wauering cloudes do flie, w̄ soūding sweete
Returning from their foodes, whan singing flocks in one do meete.
With stretchid neckes, their melody they yelde, their myryd voyce,
Rebounding beates the skies, that lakes and ryuers do reioyce.

And

And Asia long alook.
Nor by their noise men knew, ỹ harneist bands ther clattring cast
But like a cloude of foules, that from the seas were forcid fast.
And nere to shore wer come, & hoarce with cries their chanell past.
Behold, from Sabyns auncient blood, sir Clausus doth procede,
With mighty throng, and like a throng him self, asmuch to drede.
From whome descending comes both tribe and house of Claudia lyne
In Latium land, since Rome to Sabyns furst did part enclyne.
Togither Amyterna manred strong, & burgeis townes,
And all Mutuska strength, that Olives beare, and all their downes.
They that Nomentum city kept, and rosy contreis pure
Of Velyn, and Heuerus hilles, and all that thought them sure
In Tetrix rocky cragges, and soche as turne the fertyll soyle
Of Forulos, and where Hymella streame full fast doth boyle.
And they that Tyber water drinkes, or Fabaris, good floodes.
Or whome Casperia sent, or Nursia cold for want of woodes.
And peisantes all of Latyn land, and seamen come from ships.
And all, that feets in cursyd streames of dampned Allia dipps.
As thick as winter waues in Marble seas ar turnd and tost.
Whan stormes and tempest rise, and sight of starres & light is lost,
Or like to standing corne, that partchyd is with heat of sonne,
So thick the peoples prease, from euery coast to warre they ronne.
The ratlyng sheldes resound, ỹ soyl with trampling beaten quakes.
Than Agamemnons child, an enmy old of Troy, awakes.
Halesus, borne on steedes, and to king Turnus armies great,
A thousand peoples brings, of them that ground w̃ mattockes beat,
To tyll the blissfull vynes, and they that rake the mountains fat,
Of Vallica, and nere the seas all husbandmen that sat.
And all Auruncus youth, and they that Caleis land forsoke,
And dwellers all beside the fourdes of sholde Vulturnus broke.
Satycula their testy people sent, and Oska strength.
Their weapons troncheons be, & malles of Maces, small of length.
But them by lethryn thonges they whyrle & draw, soch is their gise,
Their lefthandes targettes kepe, & hokyd fawchons from them flies.
Nor thou from this acompt and verses myne shalt passe vntold
O Ebalus, whome Telon gat (as goeth report of old)
Of lady Sebethis (that Nymphe) whan he the kingdome hent

Allia a riuer where the Romains had diuers ouerthrowes and therfore cursed it.

Of Capreas

Of Capreas, and landes, but not his son therwith content:
Sarrastes peoples riche with empier sore that time dyd tread,
And welthy contreys large, where Sarnus broke to sea doth lead,
And they that Batulus doth hold, and Rufas feeldes obiect.
And all that frutefull vale, that Bella citie may prospect.
Like almayn rutters, borespeares long they whirle, or foining forks
Their nuddocks bolstred ben, & skulles of heades w barkes of corks
Thei shine w brasen sheeldes, thei shine w swords, & rapers bright.
And hence to warres thy contry Ursa sent, O noble knight,
O Ufens, moch renowmed both of deedes & great good chaunce,
Whose mountayne people strong, w practise long of sword & launce,
And hunting still in woods, & breking clottes, ben hard of flesshe.
They weaponed tyll the ground, and euermore their prayes afreshe
They fetch from contreys nere, it doth them good to driue & watche.
They liue by booty spoyles, it is their own what ere they catche.
Than from Marrhubia there came, a priest and prophet gay,
His helmet compas knitt with lucky bows of Oliue spray,
From king Archippus sent, most valiaunt knight of Umber land,
That wonted was with songs, and with his charmes, & holy hand,
All poysoned adders kind and serpentes dreadfull cast on sleepe.
And calm their wrathes & stings, & from their bitings peoples keepe,
And eas with art their woundes, & venyms all confound & choke.
But not the Troian blade coud he auoyd, nor heale the stroke
Of great Eneas dint, nor to his woundes coud helpe him ought
His sleping songs in vain, nor lechcraft herbes on moũtains sought.
For thee, the woods did wayle: for thee, the fountains clere as glas:
For thee, the waters wept: and lakes lamenting cried alas:
In all Angitia land.
Than of Hyppolitus also, the child most worthy went,
Syr Uyrbius, whom fresh of fame his mother Aritia sent,
Brought vp in saluage woods, & by the bancks of holsome streames
Of dame Dianas walk, and Nymphe Egerias desert realmes.
For whan Hippolitus (by old report) was put to payne,
And by his stepdams craft, was of his father gyltles slayne,
In peces drawen with steedes, again to breath and worldly skies
He was (men say) vpcald, and eft from death to lyse dyd rise,
By power of Phebus herbes, and at Dianas sute for loue.

The almighty father than, & king of heauen that reignes aboue,
Esculapius was thrown to Lymbo for reysing of Hippolly tus to lyfe.
Disdaining, that a mortall man from dead soules might reuart:
The fynder of that physick furst, and him that made that art,
(Apollos learnyd son,) with lightning dint to Lymbo threw.
Diana than, Hippolitus to secret woodes withdrew,
From sight of man, and to Egeria Nymphe did him betake,
Where he alone in desert groues doth worldly care forsake,
Virbius bis vir.
Nor prayse of people seekes, but leading lyfe as he best can.
He yet remaynes, with name conuerted Virbius, twise a man.
Therfore it is, that from Dianas woodes and temples clere,
All horses ben forbyd, nor to her seruice may come nere.
For they affraied did flee, at sight of monsters than that sprang
From seas, and down the yong man threw and charet ouerflang.
Yet neretheless his son, coragiously with horse in feeld
Did ronne, and fyrie sprited steedes in charet ferce did weeld.
Turnus.
Him self among the chief, with valiant body, Turnus bright,
Displaies him self in armes, aboue all men with head vpryght.
Whose triple crowned creast, and helmet hie, with vgly pawes
Chymera monster holdes, & sparcling flames she spoutes at iawes.
The more she fretting fumes, & more with burnings wareth wood:
The more that fighting feeldes embrew them selfs in sheding blood.
But on his target smothe, dame Io standes, with hornes vpright,
Imboasyd pure in gold, euen lyke a cowe, with hear in sight.
A storie huge to learne: and Argus, with his hundred eien,
Did keepe that virgyn there: so portraid was that worck deuyne:
And Ynachus his noble streame did powre from pitcher fine.
A cloude of footemen followyng him pursues, and mirt with dust,
the sheldes & harneis dimmes, & clustring thick in thrõgs thei thrust.
As well the Grekish youth, as all the strength of Rutyll handes,
Auruncus ayde, and all Sicanus cities auncient bandes.
Sacrana crewes, Labicus painted buclers, and besydes
All soche as Tyber hilles and sacred shore therof deuydes.
That Rutil ground vpgrubbes, & with their shares applie the soyle,
And all that on the mountains neck of Tyrres seat do toyle.
And Anrurs holy hylles, where Ioue him self is patron chief.
Feronia toyfull town, of grenewood groue that tooke relief.
The way that Vfens mighty streame doth stray, & black w̃ pooles,

Doth

Doth seeke by deepest dales, and in the seas himself he cooles.
And ouer this, there came from Volsca realme, Camylla stout, Camilla a Lady.
With trowpes of horsemen freshe, & glistring fotemen many a rout.
She closyd last her trewes, a woman warlyke, strong and sterne.
She neyther weauing tooles, nor distaffe worke did vse or lerne.
Nor female fyngers had, but bruntes of warres Virago grymme
Wolde beare, & ouerpasse the windes, w̄ lightnes swift of lymme.
She for a pastyme wold, on croppes vpright of standing corne
Haue flowen, & w̄ her tender feete, haue neuer an eare down borne,
Or in the myddes of seas, on swellyng waues before they reele,
Wolde course haue fet, and neither dipt in water, too nor heele.
From houses all and feeldes, the youth with wondring issued out,
And matrons gasing stood, both how she rides behind the rout:
how princely purple kepes her shulders lyght, how trym her beares
With gold are vnderknitt, her quiuer gorgeous how she beares.
And dreadfull launce of length, and poynted like to fosters speares.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran, finitum. iii. Decembris. Anno. 1557. Opus. xii. dierum.

¶ Thus farfourth good readers, alwell for defence of my countrey language (whiche I haue heard discommended of many, and estemyd of some to be more than barbarous) as also for honest recreation of you the nobilitie, gentelmen and Ladies, that studie not Latine, I haue taken some trauayle to expresse this moste excellente writer; as farre as my simple abilitie extended.

And

And if God sende me life and leisoure, I purpose to set forthe the reste, vnlesse it maie like some other that is better armed with learnyng, to preuente my labours, whereof I assure you, I would be righte gladde, contentyng my self sufficientlie with this, that by me firste, this gate is sette open. If now the yong writers will vouchesaue to enter: they may finde in this language, both large and aboundant Campes of varietie, wherein they maie gather innumerable sortes, of moste beautifull floures, figures, and phrases, not onely to supplie the imperfection of me: but also to garnische al kindes of their owne verses with a more cleane and compendious order of meter, than heretofore cõmonly hath ben accustomed. And if any further helpe I maie do to that purpose, I shal more gladlie bestowe my trauayle hereafter, if I may know that these my beginninges, be of you gentlie taken, and embraced. Trustyng that you my right worshipfull maisters, & studentes of vniuersities, and such as be teachers of children and reders of this auctour in latyn, will not be to muche offended, though euery verse answere not to your expectation. For (besides the diuersitie betwene a construction and a translation) you know, there be many misticall secretes in this writer, whiche vttered in English, would shew litle pleasour, and in mine oppinion are better to be vntouched, than to deminish the grace of the rest with tedyousnes or darkenesse. I haue therfore followed the counsell of Horace, teachinge the duetie of a good interpretour Qui quæ desperat nitescere posse, relinquit. by which occasion, some what I haue in places omitted, somewhat haue altred, & some thinge I haue expounded, and all to the ease of inferior

rio⁊ readers, fo⁊ you that are learned, neede not to be instructed. I mean not to p⁊eiudice any that can do finer, onlie I desier you to beare with my trauayle, and among other to pardon my first booke, wherin I found this new kinde of fingering somewhat straunge vnto me, and to say trouth, I had neuer any quiet from troubles, to conferre o⁊ peruse that booke, o⁊ anie of the rest, as I moste desyred. you may therfo⁊e accept thē, as thinges roughly begonne, rather than polished, & where you vnderstande a faute, I desier you, with silence pacientlye passe it, & vpō knowledge giuen to me, I shal in the next setting fourth endeuour to refo⁊me it. And if any with this will not be cōtented, than let hym take it in hand, & do it anew himself, and I nothing mistrust, but he shall finde it an easier thing to controlle a pece o⁊ two, than amende the whole of this enterp⁊etacion. Thus I commit you to god gentle Readers, and I p⁊ay you co⁊rect these errours escaped in the p⁊intyng.

In the quaier of A, the second page, &. xb. line fo⁊ did all ouerturne reade, all did ouerturne.

In B. the firste page, line. xxxvi. fo⁊ all euer, reade, all that euer.

In C. the. bi. page, line. biii. fo⁊ heauen goeth, read, heauen turnes.

In G. the firste page, line. xxi. fo⁊ full did, reade, full Moone did.

In K. the thirde page, line. xxiiii. fo⁊ shall be, reade, shall I be.

If any other be, they ar aparant.

¶ Imprinted at London, by Iohn Kyngston, for Richard Jugge, dwelling at the North doore of Poules Churche, at the signe of the Bible.

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